

THE VALIANT
ACTES
And victorious Bat-
TAILES OF THE ENG-

lish nation: from the yeere of our Lord, one thou-
sand three hundred twentie and seuen: being the first
yeare of the raigne of the most mighty Prince
EDWARD the third, to the yeere 1558.

ALSO, OF THE PEACEABLE AND
quiet state of ENGLAND, vnder the blessed go-
uernement of the most excellent and vertuous Prin-
cess Elizabeth: A compendious declaration
written by C. O. And newly tran-
slated out of Latine verse into
English meeter.
By I. S.

Nobilitas sola est atque vinica virtus.

AT LONDON,
Printed by Robert Walde-graue.



¶ The names of the kinges of Eng-
land in whose dayes these warres and
great aduentures haue bene made.

Edward.	3
Richard.	2
Henry.	4
Henry.	5
Henry.	6
Edward.	4
Richard.	3
Henry.	7
Henry.	8
Edward.	6
Phillip, and Mary.	}

TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull Sir William Mohun Knight,
long lyfe, and heauenly felicitie.

IF Maroes Musc, if Homers sacred vaine,
(VVhich auncient Poets, intombed lye in molde:) Parnassus Nymphes had bett into my braine:
If that their skill, my slender quill did hold:
Then (worthy sir) your prayses manifold,
VVith Trojan Dukes should lifted be to skie,
Or Thetis Impes, whose fame shall neuer die.

Virgil count
meth the
deeds of
as,
Homer bla
seth the se
of Achilles
sonn to Il
tis.

But bitter Fate, and cruell destinies doome,
Such cunning rare, denide haue to bestowe,
On me poore lad, to Homers lofty roome
I may not clime, but cowching lye full lowe,
VVith Cherilus, and Virgills vaine forgoe.
They of their store, did spred and blase their skill,
I of my want do testifie my will.

VWherefore in worth accept my willing hart,
VWhich what I could, not what I would, haue brought,
Of Artaxerxes play the princely part,
Of fountayne flouds, who drunke a harty drought,
VWhich to his mouth with handes Synates rought.
Let Macedonian Phyllips courteous minde,
(Right worshipfull) within your brest be shrinde.

The Persian king in bosome shrouded close,
A silie bird, which shund the hawke by flight,
And did her selfe for safetie there repose,
Till that her foe were soared out of sight.
So these my toyles accept with countenaunce bright,
VWhich I present here humbly to your hand,
Your like, or loth, may cause them fall, or stand.

Here Martiall feates by valiant Bravos atchiu'de,
Here hard exploites, here battailes fiercely fought,

THE EPISTLE

Expresed are from Edward third dedi'ud,
In Latian tongue by Occland sweetly caught,
Roughly by mee into our language brought,
Howbeit I vouch not without combrous paine,
That Britaine yonth might pleasure reape againe.

And such as could not Romaine letters scanne,
Their Grandsiers aye and courage haut might set,
Whereby high laude, and endieffe fame they wanne,
And they incenst of corage like to bee,
For Prince and Countrie, dire daungers none to flee.
Let learned Clearkes the Authours poemayewe,
This worke is wrought for the vnlearned crue.

Howbeit if such daine for to beseid their eies,
To reade my worke and errours some discrie,
Their Censures smoth the whole will not dispise
Though here and there, I wretched haue awry,
Homerus erst sometime wold nodding lye.
My youhfull yeares, my iudgemente make beside,
Take for excuse, where from the truthe I glide.

But (Gentle Syr) to whom I do direct,
And Dedicate these first frutes of vine,
Your custome ingraft let not neglect:
Your Client from all viprous tonges to shrine,
So tract of time afforde may puret wine.
Of which I here your worshippe promise tast,
When once the grapes into the presse are cast.

Almighty Ioue which fits in heauenly throane,
Maintaine your health, your great affayres support,
Your Lady keepe, and Children euy one,
Your solace great, and chiefest hartes comfort,
And when deaths dart, shall vitall breath extort,
Your glorious ghost with ioye dissolu'd may flie,
To heauenly costes, to liue and never die.

Your worships most bounden and willing,

JOHN SHARROCK.



To the Gentlemen Readers.



HOW & H^Y many thinges Gentlemen might have deterred mee from attēnting this translation, whch I have as longe beene fardly accomplished, & proffered unto your zene: Yet the remembrance of one thunge above the rest, as it did then somewhat daunt mee, and dischirage me, in myne enterprise, so doth it now in the publishing thereof, haue a little make me afraide, and appalled. I meane the malicious rage, and vipersonges of backbiting carpers, which enueat the endevours of other men, and controwle their doings, so put on a superficial glosē of learning vpon them selues, wheras if they were examined to the proofe in deed, they would be found nothing els, but muddie walls vnder painted cloathes, rotten yolkes, vnder white shelles, wooden Images, vnder glistring ornaments, scholars onely in name, Nomine Gramatici, re barbari, as the old adage distinguisbeth. But in as much as they like curre dogges, can but barke at me, and not bite me, and like ganders runne at my heels, hissing, but being turnd againsts, auauant like geese, gagling, rewarded with their laboure forþeyr paines: I regard them the leſſe, and dispise them the more, considering with my selfe that all writers both of elder age and latter memory, haue bin moleſted and greened with ſuch vipers, and Caserpillers, which by al means poſſible haue ſought to barre them of that reward, which they for their virtue haue deſerved, & to obscure their good name whch the commendation of their laboures hath attributed. Had Maro his Meuius? Homer his Zoylus? Yea the G O D S them ſelues, their Momus? and canne I wan (which am unworthie to bee recited amongett them) a Bauius? But ſay ſuch what the liſt, though it lie not in my power, to ſtoppe their mouthes, yet ſet it in my bands to ſtoppe mine owne eares. I truſt Gentlemen my labors ſhall bee friendly accepted, and imbraced at your hands, whch if I might obtraine, I haue enough, I require no more, I hope I dimerit no leſſe, if you according to your accustomed manner, eſteeme more the goodwill of the giner, then

then the valour of the gift. Howbeit the toyle and labouy in translatyng was myne, the delectation and pleasure in reading shall be yours, if any be, which I would it were as much as I could wishe, to your contentation, and good like: and to my great cōfōrt, anibartes desire: Both incouragements to incense me herenfier, to attept some other thing which shall be peraduenture more pleasant, I will not say more profitable unto you, for besides the notable gestes and high exploites, of our Britaine kings, and other particular personages deciphered in this small volume, here also are lively expressed, & blasēd forth, the hauē stomackes, & famēus actes, of our English natiō in generall, their cōquests in Fraunce, their victorios batailes in Scotland, their memorable aduentures in Spaine, their valure in Justes & combates at home, their order of bataille, their kinde of munition, & Artillery, whereby they haue achiueed so many cōquests, and haue bene most redoubtēd, and terrible to their enemies: I meane Archery, which laudable, and martiall exercise, how greatly it is now in these our dayes, falle into decay, we shall I feare me, if constrained to indure those brutes, and attept those aduentures, and perills which our forefathers haue done, to soone for our selues, though it to late repente. I haue not preserued is here, as a thing exquisitely done, but as a worke rudely ouerrame, rather then curiously absolued and perfited. If any one hereafter to the better explication of the Poets meaning, to the linelier bewtifying of his Countries exploites, and famous attempts, and to the greater delight, and utilite of the reader, shall in a more lofie vaine, and heroicall stile polishe and publishe this Author a new, who I confesse deserueth a translatour farre better then I am, then let these my toyles be brent and cōsumed to ashes, denoide of farther name & memory. In the meane space if you vouchsafe to turne them ouer, for your solace at vacant times I hope you shall reapē some utility be the matter, though not by the meeter, in which, though you here, and there finde a scape, I beseech you passe it ouer with patience, and perswade your selues, that if God send me lyfe and health, vpon information thereof, it shall be in the next Editiō reformed. As for you my Masters, and Teachers which read this Author in scholes, you must not be offended, though every verse aūswere not your expectation, according unto the Latin, for as the worshipfull Tho. Phaer in his Preface to his Eneads affirmeth, beside the differēce of a construction, & a translatiō, there are many things which seeme delectable, and pleasant in the Latine tong, which cōuerted into English, woulde either be so intricate that none could understand them, or so unpleasauant that none would vouchsafe the reading of them. Wherfore I haue Imitated the courſaile of Horace, in his booke intituled De Arte Poetica, where he commendes and allowes him as a good interprēteur, amongst other pointes

Qui quā non sperat nūtēscere posse, relinquit.

and haue somewhat in some places omitted, though is but little, and somewhat altered, though not much, altogether for the easē of the reader and the better understanding of the whole worke. The Authors meaning as neare as I could I haue kept perfect and inuolate. And so fare ye well most frendly Gentlemen.

Yours to vſe. JOHN SHARROCK.

Williams

¶ William Bluett: student in the Vniuersitie
Colledge in Oxenford in praise of the work and Author.



E A S E, cease hence forth you worthy Englishe wightes,
at straungers deedes, to take such admiration:
Since far they come behinde the noble Knights,
Vvhich fostred have bin, in our Englishie nation.

Cease cease henceforth, to wonder at the actes.

Of martiall Cæsar, and renowned Rompē,
Cease, cease to talke of Alexanders factes
Of Scipio, Hanniball, or the warlike Fabie.
Cease, cease a while, to turne the books of Liuius
Plutarch, Tacitus, Appian and Curtius.
Of Homers tales, or Virgill very fables,
Of Thucidid or Herodotus bables.

Behold a wight from Parnasse lately prest,
Hath Phœbus sent whose penne, of auncient name
Our noble Henries, Edwardes, and the rest,
Enrolled ha sh in booke of lasting fame.
Vvherc you may see the virtues manifolde:
Of this your countie done in former yeeres:
Patternes to followe, where ekeyou may behold,
If you will imitate such noble Peeres.
Nowe, if his voice, you do not vnderstand,
Or leffer had in speache of this our land
This Autor read: harke what the Muses haue
Of that decreed and done which you do haue.

They praid Syr Phœbe in humble wise of late,
From out his sacred mount, to send some one,
That might this worke into our tongue translate:
Vvhoo looking round about, his Helicon
Sharrocke espied amongst his learned band:
Vvhonic straight (as apt and able hevē) bee bindes,
This worthyworke to take forthwith in hand,
Thereby to profite you his countie friends:
Vvhoo yeelding straight: God Phœbus heft and will
Hath this performd with speed, and skilfull quill.
Ceale Zoilus to carpe: the Muses him command
Be silent Momus; Phœbus did him send.

AUCIX op Hortatorium eiusdem W. Blueti ad anuborem.

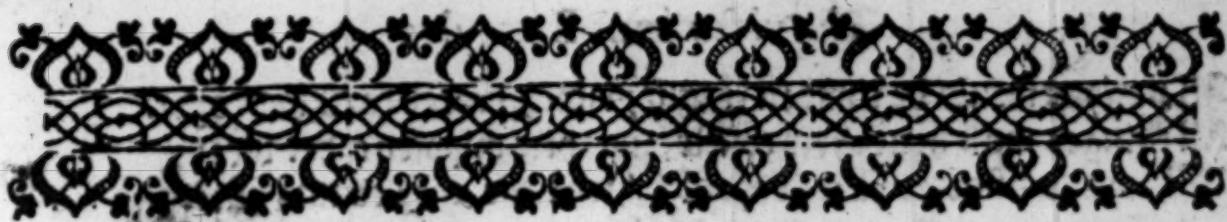
vt ad altiora contendat.

Perge age: quid dubitas? Parnassi scandecacumen:
Dexter Appollo tibi, dextera Musa tibi.

TO THE MOST EXCEL-
lent and most mighty Princesse Elizabeth, by the
grace of God, of England Fraunce and Ireland QV I N E,
Defendresse of the Fayth, &c.

Enowmed Nymph, of Britaine land, the guidance great, & staine,
Which dost most glorious shine in peace, & true religious waite
Which glittering in thy liues deserts, & manners radiant light,
Exceld'st Zenobia, or if one excelled her, by right,
In rule which *Juno*, *Venus* faire in forme, *Minervae* in art
Expressest, and more virtue shrist, then female sexe in hart:
Come fauorable, happie slide, to these attempts of myne,
Thy gratiouse looke (O goddesse) shall, as power of godhead shine,
The worke is hard, I may not prop so huge, and vast a molde,
Lesse with thy friendly aspect, thou (mee goddesse) do behold
Looke friendlye, (goddesse bright) and see, what hard exploites of yore:
Thy great forefathers haue atchieu'd, three hundred yeares and more,
Whose royall chaier, and Diademe, since thou (O nimphe) sustaines,
Their glory wonne in bruntes of Mars, vnto thy laude remaines,
Nor tis vnmeete feare battailes, to a virgin to expresse,
Then pleasaunt peace, the brunts of wars did *Pallas* please no lessse.
Therefore this work (most worthy Queen) with gratiouse countenace take,
Thy iudgement settes mee bolt vpright, or fondred flat doth make,
Though all men mee abiect, and spurie, I nought them all regarde,
It is inough, if from my *Muse* thy liking bee not bard,
God graunt that longe in natvie peace, thou maist enjoy the crowne,
And eke excell thine auncestours, in glory and renowme.

Your Maiesties most humble and dutifull
subiect, C. O.



The notable Battailes and high exployts of the English nation.

How valiauntly the warlike race of mightie Brute did beare,
Theselues in bloudy rampes of Mars, how they the trebling speare. Mars God of
battaile.
With courage shooke, and troupes of foes by force in fight did soyle,
Full fifteen hundred yeares agoe, when Cæsar first this soyle,
With Romish army did assault: his Story teacheth playne,
Which yet doth many a noble act, of this our land containe.
And if that treason his attemptes, had not propt, and vp boxe,
In bayne had Julius set his foote vpon our English shoze.
In bayne Gradiuus offspring had their banners hood displayde,
Nor homadge to the Romish king, nor tribute had bene payde.
But what is of that force: what Realme is of that might and power,
Whiche ciuill hatred cannot cause the enemy to deuower?
The common people what doe they not breake, and bring to nougat,
Wheren once dissensions headlong heat, their rechlesse braines hath rought,
Wher doth not discord quite consume, diminish, and decay,
Wher soule Erinnis, fearefull sende, doth rule and beare the sway?
A pearelesse Prince was Cæsar sure, a warlike, haut, and bold,
Whose worthy actes in memorie, deserve to be enrold:
So many kingdomes brought by force, the Romane yoke to hold.
But what: could he without the power diuine, and sacred heit,
Of high Ieouie, such nations fierce, by force haue ouerprest?
The Germanes he by vince of sword subdued in Martiall field,
A nation which in prowesse will not to the Latine yeld.
Both stout in armes, and haire of hart. the warlike Galls he tamde,
Whose vertue rare, to shine in peace, and wars, hath still bene framde.
Wher then alone to Romaines, did the glorie of war rebounde?
Wher then the world so vast, to bend at Cæsars broke was bounde,
Che countreyes force, by bloudy Mars made subiect to his might:
O quayled quite, before his power, and armes came in sight:
Undoubtedly that Iesu Christ, our sweete Messias booke;

Iulus Cæsar.
Cæsars Cam-
paignes.

Gradiuus one
of the names
of Mars from
whom Romani
us first kyng
of the Ro-
maines discen-
ded.

Britaines paid
tribute, and
did homage
to the Empe-
rours of
Rome.

Ciuill dissen-
tion, present
destruction of
a ciuility or
common weale
bringis a fury
breeding dis-
sention.

Latines of La-
tini people in
Italia.

Galles of the
the people
Galls in
France.

The victorious Battayles

All nations should be luktur in league, which hatred earth had toome.

.. All shinges must haue their course, and their disposed order sure:

.. Which also limites haue, beyond which time, they cannot dure.

Scymyrnas
wife to kyng
Ninus of Per-
tia governed
the first Mo-
narchie.
Nylus a great
river in E-
gypt by whose
inundation
with the heat
of the sunne
in this country
adiacent made
frutefull.

The first that euer Monarch hight, that proude, and pompose towne,
Which walles of bricke, full huge, ycompass, to her great renoume,
Did Babilon containe, and Egipt, through thy fluent streames,
O Nyle, when Sol from hys thereto doth bend his blasing beames:

Replenisht full of corn, and wine, and oyle, and catell stoepe,

Did foster vp, to other landes, warres & armes were knowne before.

A few yeares after that, the Greekes the people of warfare wanne,
Who other nations farte, and neare, inhabiting ouerranne:

The Italians than the pompe of Greece amprest with might, and mayne:
Which shortly after by the Gothes, were forst to yeld agayne.

As wallowing waues successiuely, the one the other dries:

So he which was depryuer now, an other Prince depryues.

It's God almighty, which all mortall thinges with becke doth guide,

Which seas, and landes doth rule, and eke the Starrie region wide.

He, he, is God of armes, whose thunders dint, resounding shakes,

He is the God of armes to, which giues at will, and takes.

Which trembling terror bringes, and manly courage ads agayne,

Which victoys makes, and conquered foes, by swoud yeldes to be slayne.

For he behold his enemies force, quite crackes with puissant might,

Which Gods hys sacred will esteemes, most worthy of by right.

The Thracian nation fierce, through deedes of armes renoumed are

And they which Northerne nipping cold doth pinche, a people rare,

For Martiall feates, in wit, and manly force who doe excell,

And other pointes of Chivalrye, in fight too prompt, and fell.

Use oft to blouddy Mars, the Germaynes, corps which hugie haue,

The Polon, and Dalmatian, the Hunne, and doughtie Swaue,

The Flemming, Frenchman fierce, the Sparyard, and the Brytaine haue,

The Scot also through manly hart, prompt so to giue assaut:

The noble feates of Mars, in warfare vse, with might, and mayne,

And neither of the Sommers heat, nor winters cold complayne:

But by their acces, their auctorours, through myldes unconquered stayne.

Thou warres O mighty kyng doest send, as scourge, and dart most dite,

Sinnes iust reward, when nations proude, prouoke thee unto ire.

And for their soule, and filthy facies, some dreadfull penaunce pay.

When others by loues mighty heit, doe beare the palme away.

Therfore the people of eche employte, and glooy great of warre,

Referd must be to God above, whose becke doth make, and marre,

Let

of the Englishe nation.

Let him to me incensing now, of bloudy warres to sing,
Beginning bee, and author firme, this woyke to end to bring.
Let him wi: h his omnipotent, and heauenly powre diuine,
Support, and fauour this attempt, and enterpise, of myne.

From William sprōg, hight Conquerour, that stow, & Princely Peere,
King Edward, third of that name, gan the Britayne crowne to weare:
When scarle the number small, of thise five yeares, he had full filde,
A counsellour sage, at home, which seedes of Justice dayly tilde,
And statutes made, and lawes confirmde, the common wate to ease,
But chiefly he employde his care, the Lord of Loxdes to please.
Foure times the glittering Sunne, ecb signe in heauen wondred had,
The fist time when through Cancers armes, he stealing gan to gad:
A chosen crue of Marciall knyghtes, king Edward having got,
Entended battaille for to wage, agaynst the busie Scot.
The greatest part of all his Realme, with woydes to more increase,
His Princely ire, for that the Scottes, had brake thei'r league, and peace.
Wereto a Taunce full of reproch, against this noble land,
Whilch an old grudge was toymde, since they on Stanhop were in band.
Mozeouer at Northampton, vp the kinges chick Casketts come,
Wherina they left their bandes of league, the seales tane of beforne.
These causes iust incensur the valiant English warres to fight,
And cleane expelde all faintyng feare, which might their myndes aight.
But yet by speaches saye, repente is that perchaunce they would:
And eke amend their traitorous myndes, if that which Justice should,
Attribut due vnto the Crowne of England, they would pay,
To winne the Scottes, the courteous Prince, first frendly did assay.
But they no white at all relent, but more, incende to byng,
Some meanes, whereby to woyke the death, of Baliol their king,
Which spying out their treasons false, all perilles to restrapne,
Attaines the English coast by stealth, and so auoydes their trapne.
And settes abroch vnto the king, what fraude they did pretend,
Ungratefull Scottes, their souerayne leyge, to byng to fatale end.
And then requestes in humble sort, his grace his case to ayde,
For thus (permitted for to speake) in dolefull sort he sayd.

He which made heauen, and earth, and men, and beastes of yutisly kynde:
In guidyng thinges most prouident, assuredly did mynde,
That kinges, of kinges should neede the helpe, & shold their succour crade,
And he which had receaved, most commoditee, shold haue
A graciefull hart, to beare for aye, the giuers actes to mynde,
And sure I thinke it Gods behel, that some are herte affighe,

The Authors
invocation.

Edward the
third began
to raigne An.
1320. in the
xv. yeare of
his age.

Edward a
godly Prince.
Wherof this
was one
Longbeardes
haire, pain
ted hooches.
Vicells.

Gay coates
graciefull, ma
kes Englaund
thistleous.

The Scottes
entering into
Englaund as
faire as Stan
hop parkes
were compast
robd by kyng
Edward who
thought to
subdue them
but by trea
son of some of
his bothe they
were slayn.

Wher the
king by war
solt of Sir Ed
ward Morti
mer, who thid
bare great
sway in Eng
land delivere
red vp those
Charters and
Patentes.

But more scil
lere to spise
the kyng of
Englaund.

Edward Ba
liol kyng of
Scotts driven
out of his cou
trie comes in
to Englaund.
The Oration
of Baliol to
kyng Edward

The victorious Battayles

Under some lucklesse Planet borne, in some vnhappy houre,
Which in this world, most griping grief, and sorrow shall deuoure.
And to what end: for that the Lord, most perfic, good, and kinde,
In ample sort, to good men giues good gifces, with willing minde.
And will his like haue for to ayde, men plunged in distresse,
But what swayles by circumstance, my minde for to expresse?
Wherfore in bries, unto the cause ic selfe, ic me addresse,
Of late a kingdome I possesse, my fathers onely heire.
And vnde that misneckt people well, with rayne restricted heare,
I liu' deuoyde of feare, in pleasant peace, and rule de my lande,
When sodainely a tumulte made, of rebels falle a bande:
We vnwares besiegeth round, suspecting nought at all,
And haunting chosen captaines fit, besets my pallace wall.
What should I doe, vnhappy wight, such daungers prest at hand?
And at that pinch, when not a frend was by my side to stand?
Helpe from the Gods, with bo yce submisse, and lowly minde I cravde,
God heard my plaint, and in my hart, this was forswich ingravde:
To flie the watch, by scaping through a window in the night.
From whence, I here am come (O king) vnto thy land by flight.
And vnder this, that nation vile, their vile offence haue closde,
That I, not in their Peers, nor in their people, trust reposde:
But to so much, your grace esteeme, and Britaines loude to neare,
My native country now I want, my wife, and children deare.
I poore, and needy wretch, here wander in a foraine land,
Nothing but hope remaines, a soorie comfort still at hand:
Unto distressed wightes, which never sure their mindes forslakes,
Till gasping breach beyonne: my broken hart which somewhat makes:
For to reviue, and will in time, more stendly Fortune bring.
Some pitie take, I pray, vpon my traualles past O king.
But if you will vouchsafe to take, the turele of my state:
While I am here tormentid with the scourge, of bitter fate:
And me into your sauer highe, by good lucke, shall receave,
You Basial shall his state ychangde, of thousand thals bereave:
And eke your Fame throughout the world, shall blased be therfore.
This is the summe of my request, then this, I aske no more.

The answere
of kyng Ed-
ward.

He haunting ended his discourse, forswich to make reply,
King Edward him addrest, of Britaine land the gloriy hys.
All thinges within this manereng world, to sickle chaunce, are thralle,
The turrettes mounted huge in hight, sustaine the greater fall.
He that is nothing wou'de at all, with beggars face most base,

of the Englishe nation.

Now yet is daunted, with the lookes, of frowning Fortunes face.

But with a minde unmoued heares, all losse no whit a palde,

He ought by right, a prudent man, and stout in deere, be calde.

A vertue patience is, which other witnes doth surmount,

Therfore this aduerse lucke despise, and therol make no counc.

For God himselfe, hath limites put, unto thy care no dout,

Whiche at his pleasure, he will end, when times are turnde about.

Expect a while, till ripe come eares, Autumnus heat shall bring,

And greene grasse, by the blasting heames, of Phoebe aloft shall spring.

That for the barbed courser braue, the earth may prouend yeld.

Meane time, against this nation false, to sight, sit for the field,

Armour strong will get, and souldours stout, through all my land,

I will collect, and what thinges els, for warres in stede may band,

The fauours shall be quite destroyed, which that vile can't sustaine,

And ouer that vnbizeded nation fierce, sle make thee raigne.

If God shall graunt, and set will in thy fathers seat againe:

Thus said the English puissant Prince, the Court with murmour cract,

On every side, resounding shrill, a soule, and filchy fact:

Each one cries, for cankred nation proud, cheit lawfull king,

Ofroyall scepter to bereave, and worke his bale to bring.

Few dayes expired weare, and stealing time not farre had starr,

When doughtie knightes, and souldours braue, the king from every part,

Selected had, and Captaines stout had chosen shoure at hand,

The troupes of horsemen set in ray, and many a nighete band.

Of footemen (flockt in heapes before) being all disposed: (the masse,

Of coyned gold, for so great wars, and siluer, taken was,

Out of the chesses, wherein all goodes confiscate horded are,

And to be boyn, on carres was layd, no dout most gratfull ware)

Forthwith the warlike Princes both, the Britaine first in sight,

And after him the Scot, before the towne that Barwicke hight,

Whiche walles aloose erected, strong yfence, their tentes they place,

Whiche bordreth neare the frageant fieldes, where Tweede doth run his race.

A fortresse Barwicke is, with ample walles succineted round,

Cut out from craggie rocke, and bulwarkt vp with haulekie bound.

That from the dreadfull dñe of sword, it can hit souldours shield,

And will not to the bounting blowes, of warlike iugine yeld.

Fast vnto whiche conuoyne of hollowed rockes, dwyngeloye, lyen

A turret, mounted vp aloft, unto the hearelie skyes.

And farre, and wide, beholdes the champion fieldes of Flora bright,

Whiche swyng fortes of armour full, and valiant knightes yfright.

These ones
fillable take
for the Sunne
two fillables
for the
Moone.

Preparation
for warre a-
gainst Bar-
wick.

Gold and sil-
uer borne on
carres to pay
the souldi-
ours.

Tweede a
mighty riuer
runnyng by
Barwick.

Barwick besieged.

Description of
Barwick.

Flora the
Goddess of
flowers and
greene pa-
tures.

The victorious Battayles

And many a forte fit for defence, the walles on ech side garde,
That dreadfull force, of foraine foes, from Barwicke quite is barde.
Twede sauts that side, which douchwinde shrill, with moistie winges doth
And on that part, the salt sea clouds, with bellowing, bouncing beate: (weat,
Which Titan from Aurora fled, with fierie face beholde,
The Northside hath a castell fayre, which it gainst foes imboldes.
With natiue people, which the wooddy mountaines ioynt thereby,
Inhabite, and the Scottish realme, which wholy there doth lye.
Yet all these fenced forresses, could safetie not aboude,
Nor Princes cover the dwellers shroude, from dinte of drefull shouyd.
For after that the English campe, the fayre broad fieldes throughout,
Was spred, and compast had the walles, with hollow trench about:
With huggy heapes of molde up cast, the Scottes all trembling closde,
Their iron gates, and walles, with spanges, and boltes of steele composde:
The common soyt doe fortifie, and proppe with huggy rokkes.
On th'other side, with heue, and sheue, all chynging thicke, on flockes,
The English army, gay in glittering coates, indeuour fass,
Some fierie flashing bannes amayne, to coppes of garrets cast,
Some tende the double, leaffed doores, with barres of steele to teare,
But Vulcans frysing flames to quench, the Scottes doe water breare,
Ech fountaine fayre dawne dry, in every street, the towne throughout,
And more of fierie force, the present perill, lesse to dout:
The entrie of ech gate, with heapes of rubble thicke they chyng,
All passage barring quicke, and water scalding hote, among
The Britaynes, hewing out a way with bloudy blade, they fling.
Nor vntrenged thus scapes the Scot, for some the whirling fling,
Some others downe the pearling shaft, to gaily shadowes ding.
Not light of day, the towne besiegde, nor darke, and dusky night,
Could rest permit, their irefull myndes so glowing hot to sight,
Desire of deepe reuenge, had made, and kindled more, and more.
In a cleare darksome night, they laye the walles to scale therfore:
The dubbling dyomme resor:des, and ladders, ladders, ech one calde,
Which makes the Scottes to shreike, so trebling feare their mindes appalde,
Now therer he seekes an entraunce through the wall, an other here:
In coates of lyncloth clad, through darksome shades, milke white appeare,
The valiant race of Brute no slombring sleepe, their eyes to touch,
The towne besiegde permits, hope on both parties, and feare is such.
Meane time in lidge full thirtie dayes, expired were, and pass,
When cruell deareth, and famine fel doth pinch the Scottes at last,
Closde fast within their walles, and needesfull scode ech wher doth want,

Titan the
unne.

The assaul-
ting of Bar-
wick.

Vulcanus
God of fier
Subte: & smit

The Britaines
gave so hot
assault that
the Scottes
drew all the
walles and
pietres drye to
quench the
fired places of
their towne.

The Scottes
like to ha
muse.

of the Englishe natiōn.

A little b̄eat, was sold for gold, it was so rare, and scant.
Their fish was spent, they had no flesh, nor other victuallis,
A little eger wine was left. Forthwith together calls,
His matces, the Chieftaine of the tower, and thus he speakes in b̄ief.
Whiche of you all is ignorant, that here we want relief?
We can by no meanes flie from hence, nor from our charges swarne,
And tis a dreadfull kinde of death, through hunger pale to starne:
Chiefly for men of body sound, and full of solid strength:
Of his accord the apple ripe, doth fall from tree at length.
But hardly he by force, unripe, is pluckt from of his plane.
What vse haue men of toyntes, and limbis, if graciefull foode do want?
What frute hath life, both head, and handes, shall languish, and decay,
If forsting good they lacke. Therfore now(maces) what doe you say?
Will you that on condicions, the Cittie yelde bee?
Whiche by the Britaynes stout subdued, ere long time you shall see,
With griesly dynt, of bloudy blade, her men and children kille?
Or will you that we all doe pme, and be by famine spilde?
The Captaine thus his whole intent explande, his speaches endes.
When straight, with burly burly noyce, a diuers sentence rendes,
The sickle common soyt. But all in fine, doe thus agree.
A streamer white as dīnen snow, wide ope in sight to see:
Out of a turret top, they hang, a signe of peace to bee.
And more right humbly pray to haue, some parle with the king,
Or with some noble man, to him their message for to bring.
From out the kinges pavillion straight, on to the walles was sent,
To know their mynde, and to returne their purposed intent.
When lowly, thus a souldiour sage, begins to frame his speach,
The troupe of men besieged here, most humbly doth beseech,
Such frendly fauour to be showne, that through the mercy great,
Of Edward peerlesse Prince, a few dayes truce they may intreat.
And promise plighted, the soyt to yeld, and towne, as to him shall,
Upon that daye, where Norcharne pusses, doe batter Barwicke wall:
In darcke night shade, sent from the peers, and primaces of the land,
Into the Cittie doe not scape of armed men a band,
With succour, and provision brought, within full eight dayes space:
And that unto the Britaines they, by iust right will giue place,
And eke deliner by the tower, unto the Princes grace.
Their plighted promise to confirme, the king would pledges haue,
To whom (which truce made for a time) in number twelve they gaue.
But long the sleighes, and subtil guiles, of thac vile natiōn spe,

The Oration
of the lieute-
nant of Bar-
wicke to his
souldiours.

Eight dayes
truce.

Pledges ta-
ken.

Map

A. iiiii.

The victorius Battayles

he Scottes
reakt their
race cou-
ntry.

Dacett with
a fewe other
enters Bar-
wicke in the
night.

The Scottes
truec brea-
kers.

The pledges
hanged.

May not be hit, in whose hart rootes, and bowels, sumipes do lyte,
Of fraude ingraft, by natures skill, that needes not artes devise.
For scarce syz Phoebe with blasing beames to, the woxln had compasse thise:
Whan carefullly the English campe, doe keepe their watch, and warde,
And other some supply the roomes, which others earst did garde.
The fourth day comes, when Southwind blastes, along with whissling tide,
And in the Westerne Ocean floudes, Sol gan his front to hide.
The night drawes on, and shadowes quite the earth, with darknes blind.
In quiet rest, all men, and foules, and beastes of sauage kunde,
Clear softly layd, and meried corps, refresht with sombryng sleepe.
The watch, the Northside of the towne, takes onely care to keepe.
Lest on that part the wylie Scot, by stealth should entrance get,
Bycause it was as couenaunce, twixt both the nations set,
That on that side their hoped aide, to come they would in take,
Or of the power besiege, forthwith the Britaunes owners make.
But here behold, in gloomy shadowy night, a fearefull foe,
Dacett, the chiefeſt Scottish Peere, three miles in compasse thoe,
Had trall vſide the English campe, and ouer Tweede had pass,
Into our bordres, all on boſſe, with army hying fast.
And thongh the bridge, of hard rocke framde, was ransackt, and byt toerne,
Cleane to the walles, that ouer hit, no passers might be boorne.
Yet hardy Dacett throught the streames, attaunde the warlike towne,
Some of his men in chanel whelnde, for fishes to devouer.
Straight wayes a clamour loude, from Barwicke rought the statty shies,
And gladsome newes of present aide, throught every street forth flies:
Which shortly after turned was, to dolefull plaintes, and crues.
For of deceipt and trecherie, they all with shame conuictēd,
Forthwith whch iſſil they deseruēd, with penaunce weare afflictēd.
Fame of this thing so speedely, with flickering fetheris flew,
That tydinges to the king was brought, as he lay in his bed.
Day light apperaes, when fayre in sight was to a fybet tryst,
One of the pledges, whom forthwith succeſſe an other must.
By ſtrake commaundement from the Prince, who had veſteed, ech day,
Them two, and two, to hang, till ali weare dead, and made away.
Then, then, at length that nation faithleſſe rued, their traitorous mindes,
Whan he ſatte of, of faithfull frenſ, the breathleſſe body ſindes:
Hye totting in the ayre, toſſe, and froe, with whirling windes,
He by infamous death, complaines ſtocke diſfaſte to bee,
Whiles in proſpect of all, his ſonne is tied to ſatall tree.
The wretched moþers onely hope, and ſolace in diſtreſſe.

The

of the Englishe nation.

The women eke with hayces unsold their bouldre doe expelle,
And howlinges loude doe make, and naked bretches with bouncing beat,
But for because that hunger dire, and scarcitie of meat,
A deadly plaguz, throught all the towne, doth headlong range about,
And foode from hungrie tawes of men, by little plucketh out,
Devouring virtualls all: those dolefull sorowes were the leste.

But here behold an other guile their famine to redresse.

That to the English campe unwares, of men a felie bande,
Spight range abrode, and virtualls bring from out the Scottish land,
And other ayde p'scure, eight dayes truce more they pray the king.
But he their fraude foreseing, smiles, yet graunteth to them that thing.

True gloriy he, and high renowne, not golden booties sought,
For well he did perceaus by chaste the matter to be wrought.

The Tentes in peace doe rest, and Barwicke soldiours careles snoze,
And weried limbis through tossing toyles, with pleasant sleep comfort.
For meate was none, whereby their hungrie stomaches fill they mighe.

And now throught mist of heaven hys sic Phœbe had tame his flight,
And ouerrannte the hugie sholders broode of Leo fierre,

All headlong shone descending downe, where Vesper first doth perce,

The duskye clouder. An army great, in gittering harmish dight,
When from the mountaynes topes in rankes, appeares wive ope in sight.
As sheepe in brode feldes floct, goe greene grasse nibbing here, and there;
Dy as on pleasaunc hills, where young lambes skipp with spouing there,
The number is confusse: so thicke on troupes they bleating goe:

The Ramme amonst the milke white ewes, himselfe doth lostie shewe,
Excelling both in courage have, and strength of body great.

And fensed with his hooked hornes, reuengement fell doth threat:

None otherwylde the Scottish armed bandes, on tops of hills,
From farre do shew them selues, and feldes with thousandes thick by fillis.

Whence downe in good array they march, into a valley platne,

And every one within his bandes, his foote steps doth concaine.

Ech standard bearer doth his streaming banners broade display,
And taller by the heades the valiant Captaines leade the way.

Twede at that time her bankes with swelling flowdes had overflowne,
By reason of the salt sea spryng. That way to flic was none,

Lest for the English armed bandes, that hope was quite bereft.

Wherfore the bragging Scotte, to humane force which onely clest,
The mighty power, of high Iehoue, respecting nought at all,

Presumptuonable with swelling hare, himselfe doth victory call.

And bautes that Britaynes all at once, shall swoop to dunt of launce,

Famine op-
prefleth the
Barwicke
soldiours &
inhabitantes.
One sorrow
and calamite
mitigateþ
an other.

Truce the se-
condtyme.

An army of
Scotnes sent
to remoue
the fuge.

The victorious Battayles

And shall of sharpe two-edged blade, abide the greisly glaunce.

Thus they before the bataile foughte, the triumph blade, and spred,

Puft vp with hope, and native pride, which full their fancies fed.

Morequer hope of rescues neare, the comne besieged had,

Wherin farre on piluning plaines, the Scottish armyes thick to gat,

They had espied, and every one his native armoir knew,

And eke their nobles Standardes all, when first they them did new.

The Frasiers brethen, twaine, and chieffest of the martiall rone,

The forefront of the bataile led, with Gwalter Suard stout.

Then Graham, Cardell, Parkeye Gordon, Gramat next, and Bride,

And Gilbert Douglas fiette, and Morreys Abbhyn by side.

All deckt in pretious purple coates, the common loundours beate,

The pearcing launce, and lance in hand, do wield the Hurdie speare,

All clad in stealed Jackes, with glittering helmeis gorgous gay.

Whose gaule theausing lookes, their inward anger did behoway.

These peers the second army guiden, and last, whose force excedes

In martiall actes, and to the field, are not unlike in deame.

First Moyses, Morys then, and Valam, with that mighty Gerein,

Gordein, and Alen Suard, then whom Sotherland with cheare

With honour due, and Ruffy shunning all in armour bright.

Then comly Alexander Brus then Ceton, doughtie knyght.

Last Lyndesley, Gros, and many more, whose fame and glory hys,

Through all Europa costes so vast, to their renowne both flie.

All sprong of royall bloud, from auncient stockes descending all,

But of the common sort whose names to minde I cannot call.

Full sixtye thousand fighting men did stand in bataile ray.

On th'other part the offyng stout of Bruc did not delay,

But ready makes ther lourdes, and dierite darcys, with pointed endes,

Their sinowy bowes, and crutie strings, the shaft which whueling sendes.

Their fleshe steeleheades strong, the sturdy stemme which stede he gre,

With plumes of fethers deckt, which cresset hellmett loscie rearas.

Most godly to behold, thus standes ech bande, which Tytans rayes,

Doe more set out, ech order placde: the king thus boldy sayes,

Ye Britaynes comne of auncient race, I doe reioyce to see,

Your manly lookes, which plaine foreshewes, your hartes from terror free,

All trembling feare of deat h expelo, So doth it men be seeme,

And such as worthy me their king, and Captaine, I do seeeme,

That Prince which gardes is, with doughtie laddes, in bataile mode,

And tendes by force of bloudoy Mars, to stiue in quarell-gone,

He shall more boldy enterprise, in fight his foe, to quell,

And

The of Scott-
ish Nobles.

The Scottes
deuide their
army into
three battai-
les.

The English
army.

By reason of
the reflexe of
the sunne.

The exhorta-
tion of the
king of Eng-
land to his
couildours.

of the Englishie nation.

And mates for strength, and valure good, I thinke of you so well
As of his warlike Macedons great Alexander long he,
When he against the Persians, and king Daris fought,
The Monarch proude of Asia all. Our cause most good and rare
Now whs doth dout, for what a Princes saue can moche procure?
Or greater honour mynne, then to restore a banisht king
And him unto his fathers seat, and regall scepter bring.
What open iniurie of late, this people falle haue showne:
I neede not now to rippagayre, they all to you are knowne.
He teach them if I live, Gods honour due noe impoper,
Nor sacred Justice to infringe, nor Prince from roiall chayre,
His right by birth, by force to plucke. How long will thou O kyng
Behold and suffer to remaine these sinnes, so much achorde?
Be thou from starris region hys, reuenger of this wrong,
Let vigour from aboue discende, vs supplicate soules among,
And bashfull feare, let seide make, our foes which vs haue greate
Dout nothing valiant hartes, Gods puissant might will be at hand,
Let every one forth girde the trembling speare, with courage bound,
Why say I now, of good swete, I tookens feele no dout,
Wherfore goe we your ensignes sythes, and banners to the aygled land
With boldnes hartes assaile yore foes, yplaidys in deope dispayre
Thus hausing sayd, Prince Edward mighte peers doth make an end,
When straight the English campe with clamour loue the skyes with reu
Reuouling still amaine, ours, ours, the victorie syde loue, errony
His holy sprit doth breach on vs, and sende we lye from aboue to chayre
Meane time the armys targe, is fente stronge vnder ymagine
With bowes, and arrowes good, which shalke thre shewre blangyng stree,
The threafold mayled edare of proufe, with squated hea conste peare,
And now with blast of sounding trumpes, the warning grym, soth fierce
Whilc eger intides, the onser first, the valiant Britaynes ymen,
The shueting shaftes doe dynme the ayre, so thicke eth ther wylles,
And as glomyng thowre, which haue shone most ydiscoynting stree,
The light with diuallish darknes bynes, which soadrelye agayn
All trembling makes mens myndes, and pleasant felicitie to feare compells,
Eth mostall wylte, and to retorne for succour where he dwells:
None otherwys the shaftes thicke shire, doth close the cleare day light,
Whilc Bricayne hold the bendembol, doth pullant shuns myndes
The salt swerdeyops through Labyng hand, bistrilling downe his theray,
Whilc peacing arrow through the ayre, by force his passage seches,
Both armyes hustling meett and man, to man stiches, in shre shounie,

The prayer of
the kyng of
Englaund.

A pollicie to
animate his
souldiours.

The victorious Battayles

Vulcane as
Poetes sayne
had his
smiches in
mount Lem-
nos in Cacilie
where he
with his ma-
ces wrought.
A great scath
by the Eng.
Archers done
to the Scotts.

Not so with gashly Cyclops strokes, mount Etna did resounde:
Nor Vulcan fiery God, in dungeon deepe such noyce did make:
Whilst that his monstrous mates by turnes, the massie fledge did shake,
With twich, ewhack, shipe shump, boicng fast, as thuderunglike did roare,
With clattering classing loude, of swourdes, the trampled Barwicke shoare,
And all the mountayne Halindane. Some take into their brayne,
The whirling shaft, and strugling knocke the earth, in deepe dismayne,
He fighting farre aloof, is fiercely through the shoulders pusht,
He dyes on poynct of manerish pike, his thigh most grevlie crushe.
The most part yeld their faintyng breath destroyed with gashly wound,
Euen through the bulke, their brest plates toane, where natures shill hath
Unto the tremblyng lunges, the liver full of lively heat, (bound.
The battayle yet hanges donfull, none hath gotten vantage great.
But after the assault more hott, and vehement gan to ware,
The noble Prince Plantagenet his foes with pursue backes.
The goode bloud, the flesh ygashe, with brierie vint of swourde,
Spins through amayne, as fluent floudes doe scourre the gurrie foarde.
Dy as the blustering Southwind blacke, the fieldes vath moynt with shoures,
In winter season cold, from duskye cloudes, which forch he powres.
Who can declare the slaughters fell and labours of thos gay:
Who can with floudes of trickling ceares, the sorwes iustly way:
Of slaughtered bodies who the number great, and names can tell:
How many thousandes eke the swourde in Plutos pitt made dwell:
What gtones were heard, what sobbing sighes even from the hart rootes
Whilst out of dying corps, flying ghoſſes their passage sought: (brought:
D runchfull shape of chinges, with breathles bodies couered is
The earth, on plumpes which ly, and honour of sepulture misse.
And as the greedy woulfe which rauine hunger forth imboldes,
When he by shooing long hath byſt a way into the foldes,
The seelie sheepe by teares, eke rauening hott bloud streames out suckes,
And halfe devoured carkasses oerhippes, and moze downe pluckles,
Which are alue, proceeding fast with blouddy lawes to spoyle:
None otherwise the Brytaine sterne, with trampling ſeete voth ſoyle,
His slaughtered foes, and hott pursues the quiche in fight to ſoyle.
Downe dinging ſome with ſpeares, and poles, to Lethe riuers brinkes
Who ſo dare once reſiſt. The Scott this leyng backwardes ſhinkes
And ſhuering ſeekeſ to turne his backe, and ſaue himſelfe by ſlight:
Agayne the progenie of Bruce ſtrikes loſtie ſkies with ſtrighe:
He ill following fast in chafe, the ſtarring ſoe to quell by might,
And ſloat in troupeſ, as often as the aduerneſe enemieſ true,

Lethe a riuer
in hel.

Starkie

of the English nation.

Starke man in mynde, begins agayne the battaile to renewe:
So oft vnto the conquerours might it wairing feble bendes.
At length the glummy shadowye night, the bloudy battaile endes.
Then sounding trumpet shrill, retires the werted Britaines fast,
By Princes hest, and from the field, aloud, Retrait, doth blast.
The enemy quayled thus, free, vncontrolde, reiolyse at will,
The souldiour might, and take of rest, and quiet sleepe his fill.
It glads them so to thinke of bitter toyles, and turmoiles past,
And then God Bacchus frooching boules, and Ceres giftes they cast,
To animate their hartes, no eye so pure ioy winkes that night,
But shewing his exploites, and hard aduentures in the fight,
Ech one vnto his mate, of daungers past takes then delight.
Meane space (so nochtynge can be found moxe swift then fleeting time.)
The moerne is come, and Iordan cleare begins aloft to clime,
And with his beames the fayre broode fieldes doth set wide ope in sight.
Then myndesfull of the succour sent, and power from God almighty,
The godly Prince on bended knees, commaundes his campe throughtone,
That every soule with reuerence, and prayer most devout,
Should serue the Lord, and on his name high solempne prayse bestow.
The mighty God, which so our sakes, the enemy broughte full low,
That in the starrie firmament, thise holy raignes so ape,
The Lord of Sabaoth eke, which condigne honour beares away,
Most woxthelie be celebraz, and feared, without end,
In ages all, all nations eke, let to his Godhead bend.
Of thundring loue the most redoubted might, who can abide?
Who can his force withstand, which roaring floudes with beck doth guide?
And earth rough ragd with baulkes, and ayrie region running round,
His glory great therfore with solempne tunes let Britaynes sound.
All victory comes from him, and from hym heauen to men descendes.
These thinges thus done, his tentes he leaues, and course directly bendes,
Renowned Prince, vnto the place, whereto the field was fough.
And there he learnes of such as were cane captiue, to him brought,
The names of those redoubted Peeres, that there had gott their bale,
Whiche some resemblance had in face, of former lookes, though pale
Through want of bloud they were, that scarce you might their countenance
But when vntoucht he did the race of warlike Brute espy, (try.
And lackt but onely thirtene wightes of all his mighty trayne,
(Those which were hurt were shortly healede by medicines helpe agayne)
Extolling boch his armes aloft to glistering starrie skie,
He thus exclaimes amaine, and to the Lord of hostes doth cry.

The Scottes
slayne and put
to flight.

The Retraite
sone ded.

Bacchus God
of wins.
Ceres God-
desse of corne
and such like
provision.

Edward the
next morning
after the bat-
taile fought
with all his
army doe
praye the
Lord.

The number
of the Scottes
slayne in the
battaile was
xxxv. thou-
sand five hun-
dred.

Thurten Eng-
lisches ones
ly lost.

The victorious Battayles

O Lord thysse myghtis in thy deedes, how much doe I thee owe,
What fauour great vpon this realme of myne doest thou bestowe?
Meane tyme one of his Captaines had the whole bwood field surued,
And Carkasses with clothes of vire bedaubed, which woulde haue rued
Ones hart to haue beheld, their mestue lookes with teares imbrued.
And findes full xx. thousand Scottes and fwe to be by flight
Safe homy returnde, so that destroyed by Brytaines fell in fight
Of all the Scottish army huge, thirtie fwe thousand weare.
Which sloughtred number to augment, which noblesse blow vnde heare
Of all their realme, fwe hundred Peeres were sent to limbo lake.
Plantagenet these thinges thus knowne, returnde doth speedie make
Unto his tentes, whom by the way a Legate meetes in hast
Declaring how the Barwicke Lordes would yeld themselves at last
And leaue their goodly towne, which strong stane walles do surely garde,
If by the mercy of his grace their liues might all be sparde:
And that with bagge, and baggage, they might freely thence depart.
The godly Prince the lase shed bloud, lamenting at his hart
Their liues with good will grauntes, but goodes, & substance, doth denay,
Which on my soulgiours mus (quoth he) bestowde be, for their pray.
Provokementes, to incense their mindes, aduentures hard to preue.
What doth not moxall men to do leane pained hunger moue?
What doth not aduise face, concuking backward folke constraine?
Neede is a direfull dart. To saue their liues they therfore faine
Conclude, and onely with their cloches their natuue towne forfake.
Forthwith Prince Edward of the tower by right doth seison take.
And Barwicke giues vnto his men with all her substance frce.
Whose not inricht goodes to possesse of which no owners bee?
Though thousand troublous thoughtes turntild, the king now here, now
And restlesse rage, of clagging cares, his mynd did peecemeale teare: (there,
Yet chiefly Baliol he respecke, wherfore with helping hand,
He sets him in his Traundiers seat, and Princelie thron to stand.
Inricht with brayes of coyne, and garded strong with warriours stout.
And after garrisons were placde ech wher, the towne throughout:
Tyme syding warnes the kyng, the South partes of his realme to see,
To London therfore hying fast, in shor tyme come he is hee.
Whiche fayre bwoode Sreates addoynes, and sooth with solempne triumph
Unto his roiall paltace bhaue, whose cemming there abides, (rides,
The Cytizens, his safe returnde applauding, and his feere,
The Princesse Phillip, with her sonne, which lookt with smiling cheare.
His noble prayse and high renowne through every Sreate doth range,

Barwicke
yelded.

Baliol restor-
ed to his
kingdome.

King Edward
returnd to
London.

And

of the Englishe nation.

And glory pass the uncoch coostes of Aſſaike people ſtrange,
The ſwift report of this new warre, beyond the bankes ſlie out,
Of Ganges liquid floures, the mirrouer of our world no dout.
The king unweyed ſtrutes, and circuite makes throughout the land,
Suruewing townes, and fortes, and in what caſe eech thing doth ſtand,
But chieſlie at Newcastell he doth loue to make his ſtay,
Whiche from the Scottiſh borders farre, is diſtant not awaſy.
Here whiſt he lawes conſtraine, and for offendres ſtabliſh paynes,
King Baliol comes, and after him a troupe of nobles traines,
His homage ſo to doe, as cuſtomde was in elde age,
And eke to ſhew his frendlie hart, which ſhould at no time gage,
Wherfore admitted ſo to come before the Senate ſage:
On bended knee, as in degree inferior, he ſubmits
Himſelfe, King Edward on his throne, with regall ſcepter ſitts,
And biddes with chearefull voyce, him proſtrate to be cane from ground,
Commending highlie this his face, that though in dueſte bound,
Yet uncompeſelde, he honour giues, and ayde by promiſe pligheſt
If that his traitrouſe ſubieſttes ſhould againſt him bend their mightes.
Of common weales affaires, and of God Mauors noble art,
Much talke was ſpent, he biddes him haue a haſt uncoquered hart,
And not to beare in minde, his former thralles, and irkeliſome fate,
But courage ſtout to haue, concordant to his preſent ſtate.
To Saintes celeſtiall yelding prayſe, and to the powers diuine:
He more ſubmiſſe doth humble thankes referte, and thus in ſine
In ſondrie ſortes of talke, and ſporting miſt a day they ſpende,
And then another, till awaſy Plantagenet diſ wende,
And Baliol king to Edenbroue his progreſſe ſtraight diſ bente.
The Woone increaſing oft, had now repayſde her glittering gleameſt,
Wher Edward with ſwift ſlyding hull deuides the ſurging ſreames,
Requieſted by the Flaunders Earle on cauſes of great weight
For to conſult, to boches behoofe, in time redounde which mighte.
Whom hundred neare, and eke his ſpoufe, to Britaine monarch kniſt,
And hauiing had on their affaires ſuch tolke as they thought ſite,
They ſtrike a league, and heauenly bodies bright, to recordē call,
Whiſh never during termes of life, be abrogated ſhall.
The Peeres of Flaunders on their othes, this league a boome to keepe,
This done the king to England backe the ſalt ſea ſloures doth ſmeate.
These were the Frenchman galles, and ſills his hinde with boundfull wraſh,
Wherough the ſtreets of Paris, pompoſous towne, this fame haſt ſpyed,
And rumour running ſaſt, bucertaine who it firſt ſhould reue.

B.iiii.

And

Edward Baliol
comes to
Newcastell &
doth homage
to king Edward.

He ſcillike
the king of
England ſpea-
keth comfor-
table wouſh
to Baliol.

Edward
led into Eng-
land.

The victorious Battayles

Philip de
Valoys kyng
of Fraunce
threatneth
England.
Edward sum-
moneth the
French kyng
and beareth
the armes of
France inter-
mixt with
th'English h.
Claimyng
Fraunce to be
his by inheri-
taunce,
Preparation
for warres.
Gold at that
tyme made in
England by
are.
Edward say-
eth into Flau-
ders.

A great bat-
tale on the
sea, neare
Smyrna.

And did likewise the irefull hart through burning choler teare,
Of Valoys king of Galls, wherfore his Lordes to counsell tane,
By dreadfull Mars it was decreed to wozke the Britaines bane,
Small matter finding out, and that vnust, to build upon,
But th'English Rector fraude preuentes, with vertue pure anon,
For he to blouddy warres the Frenchman summons, as right heye
Unto the crowne, and armes of Fraunces with th'English mixt doth beare.
For that his uncle Charles did to ioyes supernall passe,
No issue left behinde, whose sister true, and coheire was
The comely Lady Isabell, out from whose loynes did spring,
(She comme of auncient lyne her selfe,) the mightie English king.
Who with these causes full of ire prouoke, in bagges doth fold,
A masse of siluer pure, and hugie heapes of glittering gold.
And ready gettes ech thing, for present warres which he thinkes meete.
But first he goes the Flanders Earle his faithfull frened to greet,
And to consult beyond the seas. A mightie armie gardes
His maiestie, which hollow hull from flashing surges warres.
And now in midst of weltring waues, the navy fleetes apace,
Which with his boistrons blastes the Northwinde cold along doth chace,
His lustie laddes to copp, with whistle shrill the carefull guide
Commaundes, where standing one of Shippes a navy huge descryde,
And aske, how many: aunsweare makes, on woodie mountaines hye,
So many as are tender pkes esprong. Then of what countrie:
Of Fraunce (quoth he). For th'which the king biddes ech man to addresse,
Him selfe to fight, and armour strong to set in readinesse.
And that no man should turne the sterne, and course intended leue,
On payne of losse of that deare ioynt, to which the shoulders cleave.
Don Phæbus now, with glimering rayes, the hye heauen costes deuides,
And lostie in his chariot bright, the wundes quite calmed, rides.
Sout Valoys his vp sturres, the broilyng battaile to begin,
Shipp, fast to shipp coniwynnes, the clasping grapple, hellish ginne.
On both sides fiercer growes the fight, bloud, bloud, pursues full fass,
He headlong tumblyng downe, in gulfe channell quicke is cast,
A pleasant bait for frisking fish, he gasht with goozy knife,
Into the surging salt sea floudes is thowne deuoyde of life,
And so one man with double torture, hath his satall end.
Moreover huge unwieldie stones, the English souldiours sende,
Downe fro their hollow topps, which Celandes braynepans battyng rende,
And bodies bruising teare, and hatches sprinke with braynes, and bloud:
The sharpe side swourd th'assault likewise doth make more fierce, & woode.

The

of the Englishe nation.

The French defend themselves with poles, and stoutly breake the blowes,
Both nauyes fierce amayne, with sanguine streames of red blood flowes.
But th' English eger preesse their foes with much more force to stung.
Alas what stony riuier rough from sticke Alpes whose syring,
With winter showers augmented is, with greater force doth fall,
Into the broode seas gaping gulfes: no semblance now at all
Of greenish colour cleare, dame Thetis wallowing waues retaine
But purple hue do beare. So deepe woundes poure bloodstreames amaine: }
As liquid water droppes, through broken pipes, and conduites straine,
Bespinkling all the grounde. No man by flight lookes life to gaine,
Nor ouglye shape of death, doth any strike in staggering stound:
And now eight long houres fled, by Titans lamp had compass round,
The ayrie region vast, and bending beake to deepes downe stelt,
Then midste of sommer was, in Cancers house Don Phœbus dwelt.
The skirmish hotter growes, and more, and more, doth anger swell,
Haut courage kindleth ech mans mynde. The gasty bickering fell
Not night as blacke as pitch, nor direfull darknes stinges and strops.
This barke salt water leakes, and surges high through chinkes in hoppes,
Her ribbes by force out torn. There might you see huge hulkes half burnde,
Their men on striking, drogne, we drogne, into the channe ll turnde.
Their rage yet restles rampes, and Britaines force with hardier might,
As though euuen then they entred had into that fatall fight.
So feruent wort their moodes, as though some sad vnlucky starre,
Did threat destruction dire to fall, on th'one part of from farre.
But th' aspect of God Mars agaynst the Gaules more cruell was,
The timber boudes, and beames, do not them shyne from death alas,
Whiche those behinde, in darke night shade, themselves thought so to hide,
And now almost deathes drierie dart the enemies all had stryde,
For thirtie thousand in that fight their swift ghostes did conuay
To Limbo low: end of the night, and dawning of the day,
Was finall end of warres also. The famous conquest light
On Edward mightie Peere, the aduerte nauy most in fight
Tane either captiue, or destroyde, few saude themselves by flight.
To thundring Ioue, Plantagenet the chieflaude doth betake,
And biddes ech man to him prostrate, his humble duetie make,
And honour iust ascribe. Thinges finisht thus, backe home againe

Prince Edward hies & through the flouds, with brasen keele doth traine
Who landes at London tower, which mighty Thāmes with waters cleare
Doth sliding, passeth by. Then Windsor noble castell neare
He goes to see, and royll banquett makes, with costlie cheare,

Theris god-
deie of the
sea.

The fight in-
dured from
xii. a clocke at
noone till day
breake next
morning.

Thirtie thou-
sand flayne of
the French-
men.
Edward vi.
& tor.

Edward re-
turning into
Eng'land goes
to VVindsor
Castell.

The victorious Battayles

King George
is feast.

Bacchus God
of wine, vsed
for wine it
selfe.

The first in-
stitution of
the golden
Garter.

To be preparde, for fourre dayes space, and there to him doth call
The English prymates chief, with their espoused Ladies all.
Ech peere in his degree devout to sacred temple hies,
The Priest his rites performes, and tributes laude to Ioue in skies,
God seru'de, downe sits ech one, at Tables large, with nappe spred,
In parlonrs richlie hong, with Aras wrought with silken thred.
Where fountaine waters bright, were brought to wash, of custome old,
Then Ceres daintie dishes come, and malle boules of gold,
With Bacchus filde, which auncient shapes of Bticaine kinges did hold,
By skilfull art ingrau'de. The king, and Queene in loftie seates
Both ioyntlie sit. And lower downe, the nobles at their meates
In seemely sorte are placde. Whose pretious clokes on shoulders hing.
Three hundred Servitours eke, successiuely arow did bring,
Forth daintie catres, charge to attend, and cupps with wine to fill,
Wher every state sufficed was, and satisfied at will:
The tables voyded were, and from the siluer Ewers still
Sweet smelling streames agayne to wash. Then takes the king in hand
A mighty gobblett full of wine, which on the bourde did stand,
And drynkes Carouse to all his guestes, they pledge him in like sorte.
Thus passing time, with sondry ieses, and meekle pleasant sport,
This king this motion makes. Letts now my Loydes some maistries trie,
Which may be gratafull shewes, to all my people standing by.
Quoth he, what awnswere make ye Sirs: They willing, yea, reply.
Straight trappers golden, golden bits, and saddles guilt with gold,
Prouided are, and ech man horso on crampling courser bold.
The king in armour bright ingrauen, on soming steede is sett,
And now ech knyght, a bunchie speare, of ashe in hand doth gett,
The stour begins, and rushing swift, with peise they presse, to skies
The splinters shuering small, and fragmencies broaken, ratling flies.
But he in mid of foreheard, which with sturdie troncheon stake
His foe, and course redoubling swift, his stafe most oftein brake:
He boore the palme away, and of those ieses the honour wanne.
And now the bye heauens light, the night with shades had oueraine,
The Turney endes, the Prince, and Peeres, to banquet home them hast,
Which Gods thesclues you would haue sayd, might haue vouchlaude to tast.
At fourre dayes end, the king for all contendours prises fites,
And garters, studded thicke with pearle, about their leggs he knitts,
Which pretious gemmes, ybrought from Easterne regions satre permist,
The Carbuncle which glickering rayes out yeldes, among iust.
Moreover chaines of fined gold, from vnmist Indies ybrought,

Whith

of the Englishe nation.

With glittering Jasper stones beset, to ech, most costlie wrought
A double leaved tablet Gayre, of gold, depending downe.
And of this ordre knyghtes of noble stroke, and high renoume,
In number xx. soute, he made, whose feates in warre shold gaine
Eternall fame, and bids this rite their progenie to retaine.
A noble deede no dout, which reachles time, withtless winges,
Shall not deuour, no trace of yeares, committre to Lethe springes.

Meane while the French king sticeth not, iniuriouslie to spise
The Britayne nation stout, and eke to warres them to incite.
The English Monarch discontent hereat, and nowe in mynde,
Forthwith his mates to be in warres, fourre noble Earles alligde,
And waues with stery flames, and dint of swounds, both tomes, and towers,
Along the Westerne coastes of France, downe fortes, by force he scourseth.
With eight score shippes of warre strong fens, the enmy to sustaine.
At length returnes not hating lost his least, and simplest frowne.
Declaring straight vnto his Lordes, what requisite he thought.
First how, and what reprochfull factes, against vs haue bene wrought
By the unfaithfull Frankes, then how his uncle Charles borphe
Of issue died, whose Crowne by right he ought to haue inioyde.
Whereon a counsell generall was calde, throughout the land.
In which these pointes aboue the rest were boorne the king in hand
First that by easkes, and subsidies, great stoe of gold in come,
And that ech subject was amerike, to pay a greater somme,
By Parliament decree. Boore that much golden vessell large
Should copned be, of these new warres for to defract the charge:
And though that burdens more then maz, on manys neckes were layde,
Yet with a grudging to the king, ech man his mercement payde.
All other thinges establishe were for common weales behoue.
And herewhilell the Senate endes, and Counsailours home remoue.

Staught armour is preparat, by strait commaundement from the king,
The valiant Britayne youth, in sturdie steele coates glittering spring
Great plumpes of horsemen stout, & cluttering troupes of fooremen thymde,
And now with good lucke on, through mounting surges swifthey plundge,
The stendy Northarne gales, the x hoistey sayles dyne forth amaine,
Till Normandie at last a fertile soyle of fruite, and graine,
The Britayne fleet in harbour safe from Ayl did containe.
Their wery corps here well refreſht, their tenes they farther moue,
And hōſſes rifeling spople, their formers owners quicke out dyne.
Come hōurded vp in stoe in broade barne bayes, by country swaine
And otes the warlike prauyler factes, the straw left to remaine.

King Edward
layning to
him the bat
of Warwick
& thys Earl
more waſte
the Wester
coastes of
France.
The kyng
turned his
calleth a Pa
liament whi
in heſ bewe
the Crown
of France
be his by
heriance.

Vessell coin
to make mo
ney.

Preparac
for warre.

The Britay
nayu arru
at Normandie
Ayl God
the winder
ſet ofteri fo
them the
ſolues.

Normandie
vertrane.The assaul-
ing and sub-
duyng of
Caen.Archery doth
much pre-
tayle.Celtane of
Dol: a peo-
ple in Fraunce
the Bataile of
Tancarville
takene.From Caen
the army pro-
ceedes fur-
ther into Nor-
mandie and
souer brea-
sch ray.Valoys ga-
thereth an ar-
my.Bridges of
some broken
towns to
keepe backe
the English
army.Bridges of
some broken
towns neare
Paris by the
Comandement
of Valoys.

For needefull vse, Vulcanus brandes the rooses downe rattling scarr. 1101
 Wong children rest of home, their wofull mothers wandring heare:
 Their fathers lately sent by lawchon dinc to shadwes dombe.
 These but preambles are to greater warres in time to come.
 And in what place through reuenging wide, in broode fieldes cause of ray
 Is offred there the army huge, doe pitch their tences that day.
 At length they came to Caen, Of craggie rocke, a bridge whose side
 Doth garde, through passage strait, which welring stremes rough vnder
 Th assault begins, & more, and more, the fierce fighc kindleth wrath, (slide.
 The Chieftaine of the towne, with souldiours stopps the strait bridge path,
 To barre the enemy out. The French downe groueling headlong thowes
 The whirling shaft, vntill at length they came to handy blowes.
 Then slayne with gashly wounde the Celtane spurling kickes the ground.
 One Eagle captiue came: an other eke no lesse renound,
 Through Tancarville, of which place he title beares, and name.
 The remenant armour cast all de, all captiue thalls became,
 The king the malles downe beates, and soe consumes with fierie flame.
 This towne thus sacke, proceedes with wings, on both sides strongly armde,
 with bows, which would to pearcing steme, y Fréchmās pride haue charme:
 The army, and with sloughter dire, and sword, all thinges decays,
 Much like a noysome pestilence, which when he coming strays,
 Creepes in by steale, and moxall men with deadly venome slays.
 D^r as rough roaring Easterne pulses when through their caues they rush,
 Downe woodes, & mighty trees, with boistrous blastes they threatening push.
 And okes vp mounted huge in hight, their rootes toerne, battering crush,
 On th'other part an army great, with faynt hart halfe astryght,
 King Valoys gathered had, into the next fieldes broode in sight
 Yet durst he not encounter with our bandes, in open warres,
 D^r bataile ioyne, and so onright, disside, and end the iarres.
 But roughe with feare, in wooddy mountaines wandring farre vs froe,
 He watcheth what we doe, and whether we intend to goe.
 With wary mynde, respecting well his owne estate, and realme,
 And more commaundes his campe, the bridges all to overwhelme.
 That by that meanes the enemies force they might barre of, and stay
 Their iourneys eke. But when to valiant Britaynes ech hard way
 He easie saw, and that no stopp could hinder their intent.
 With all his troupe of armed men he straight to Paris went.
 And gardes the Cittie malles, which shivering feare had shak before,
 Commanding peccemeale downe, the Sequanc bridges to be toze.
 Now safe the Frenchmen thinke themselves with gurtie riuer deepe

Incom-

of the Englyshe nation.

Incompass rounde, hys heit they watch, and warr, doe dayly keepe.
Suspecting hoch the fierce assault of mighty Brutus rate,
As also least the light fire flames their fayre towne shold befafe.
Their iourney hastynge fast the English campe is come at hand
But after downe the bridges broke the king did understand:
Ech place of entrance eke with great endevouring fenced sure:
He frettis displeasore in mynde, and thoughtes turnaing, moxe his fure
Augments, till he at last upon this small sentence stayer.
To bulde the bridge agayne, and lofie arches up to rayse,
Duer those floudes, which by the walles of auncient Paris glide,
Whiche less than two dayes space doth finish quicke, that sayre and wide,
Ech souldiour passage hoch. In battaile ray, and now they stand,
Beyond the riuere banke, ymmocking Frenchmen hand to hand,
For to encounter fayre in martiall feldes. But when agayne
No equall offer made of figh, they see, in great disdaine

The Britaynes move their tentes, and passing forth from place to place
No towne unburned leauie, that Phaetons flames agayne to trace
That land throughout, of that way one had looke, he wold haue thought.
Untill at length the army stout, the broad playne feldes had rought,
Neare Cressy woodes, & there their tentes vulture pitcht, to make some stay.

In a valley fayre there lyes, with sprynging meadowes fresh and gay,
Through mid of which a brooke with silvery streames cuts forth his way
One side of which a hill, with fertile soyle for tillage fitt,
Besetts, to Paris wardes, which rusick swaine with plough doth sitt,
In ioyfull time of peace. On the other side adiacent lyte
Some pleasant hillockes eke, but chiefly sticke mountaines lyte,
Whose topps do Crescis groves of oke trees thicke besett, contains,
And darksome dennes, where brousse beastes of sauage kunde remaine.
Within this vale the English campe, of former toyles of shooke
Their werinesse, with dulcet sleepe, and gracefull viandes tooke.
When sodainly a spie from mountaines topps in post hast runnes,
And warning givens, that Valoys king of Galls in armour comes,
With thousand thousandes garded thicke. A sound the trumpet shill
Gives forth, and with Tantara thise, ech souldiours eares doth fill.
The valiant English hertes, armes, armes, redoubling loude out call

For thwitch king Edward addes. Take tooles in hand no white apalde,
Ye ladds of martiall Brutus bloud, high thundring loue this day,
Hath hard my boyce, and hath betooke into your handes a pray.
The king himselfe not onely come, with this huge boosst I heere,
But eke throughout the Realme of Fraunce of auncient Stochach Peere.

C.iii.

Wther.

The Bridge a
Paris built by
the English
campe in two
dayes.

Phaeton the
sonne of Pha-
bus by mil-
gouernyng
his fathers
chariott had
almost burn
the whole
world.
The Britains
proceedinge
to Callic
pitch their
tentes neare
the forrest
of Cressis or
Cressley.

Valoys insin-
eth the Eng-
lish army
with a gre-
boost.

King Ed-
wardes ex-
hortation to
his souldiours
before the
battaille.

The victorious Battayles

Wherfore so oft a Nation rante by force, in bloudie fighes, an Dispach. 2
Shall victors dread of liely Dous, shall Lions feare the lighter. 3
Now God forbid, and turne that we to better luche I pray. 4
If that among the heernes, a fearefull captaine lead the way, 5
Th: followers never will be fierce in fight, but backward sway. 6
And you I vouch with faine, and fearefull men, shall warre this day. 7
They come with spoyles, and booties rich, the Britaine home to lade, 8
You all with robes of silke, and glistering golde, shall rich be made, 9
You precious ringes shall weare, and purses make with argent stroue. 10
If that you will stand to't, like valiant lads, and fight it out. 11
And sley with ga'ly gaping, moind the Frenchmens trembling rout. 12
Thus sayd: the hoast in custome sope is set, and ordyned righte, 13
The winges stout archers garde, with whistling shaft, and armour higher. 14
His sonne and heire, the bearded Prince, the king in sopefront platt, 15
Whiche had not yet of eighteene yeares, the tracce but fully it all. 16
Now on his cheeke the soft and rounde lockes, you might discerne, 17
By reason of his yong the weightie woxes of Mars to learene. 18
The maine battaile, he himselfe in glistering armour broidered takes, 19
And backward to retyn the army all, neare he makes. 20
To Cressies baulky booches, all backe assailes therby to woyde. 21
And more that by that meane, the enemis camp shalbe anispol, 22
By marching up against the hill, and disaduantage by. 23
The vngall soyle, in the assault. But when the Galles did spie, 24
The Britaine backe to drayn, more rash, then wise, forth fast they hie, 25
And spurde their coursers fierce, supposing Britaines so to stie. 26
The trumpets sound, backe enimies shout, the noyse hie heauen doth pearce, 27
The English rances retayne their enemis trumpes, assailling scarce, 28
With yew bowes benden stife, whiche flickring flights forth whistling sendes. 29
The warriour prauyler herte with stripe, his rider flinging crendes 30
Out of his saddle, and with hard horne hooke his maister kickes, 31
An other horse, wherin whose paunch, a long stemme staggering sticke, 32
His countrmen downe drives, and rates disturbing backward runnes, 33
Outragious, springing fast, and stables seekes from whiche he comes. 34
Then other after others raunge, their sitters all ouerwenzte, 35
And here, and there, crosecoursing fease, nor hedge, nor dyke depe trench, 36
Can stopp their furious swinge, but by paches scattered severall tracce, 37
The goode blacke bloud drops, the ground besprinkling in the race. 38
And now the footmen forth are come, and fierce with weapons fell, 39
The battaile doe, restaure, the English stripe, with stripe repell. 40
The cheifaines of the Frenchmen stretche along, with gaping wound

Dido

... English
battailes pla-
ced.

The first bat-
taile was led
by the Prince
of V Valles
beyng but
xxviii. yeares
of age.

The king can-
not his army
to sacrefise
the woodes
to moyde
backe at-
tailes.

The French
battailes
thinking the
enemis to
haue fled, in-
sum and al-
lailes them.

The horses of
the French-
men herte
with arrowes
thow their
riders and
breakes the
rayes.

of the English nation.

Dygo in, by dint of dyeris blade, lie strugghing on the ground.
He first, which cruel boordres on bankes of Albiis bloud
Acknowleghd for their Prince, then noble Lorfainforsse, and more,
Then of Dalanson Duke, then Harcourt Earle, and many more,
Who from their auncient penegree, their woxhie titles boze:
Or els from castels fayre, or warlike countreis, drew their name.
A number of the common sorte, then also had their bane:
The king with gashly gleue, like thunderboll, dries forth away,
So doth the Prince his sonne, whose Britaine virtue bright that day
Did shew it selfe, and of what force it was, and puissance good:
In whiche were thirry thousand slaine, and fieldes moyst made with bloud.
Whiche when aloofe from his hill top king Valois did behold,
Sozthwich backslidng fast, thdough swift course boorne of horses bold,
His countrie he accainde. A soule tryproch to Fraunce no bour,
And blot most blacke to him, soz at his heelcs a greater rout,
He slyng after drew, then Britaines were which causde him flee,
So much it is, at first assaile, of courage fierce to bee,
In bloudy martiall fieldes. The campe throughout, then joyes at will
Ech hart, and rysskes sweet consent, ech care with times doth fill.
Of Frenchmen thus the pillage sweet, and precious gold possell.
Our men unto their tentes, in shadowy evenging them addrest.

Spext moone as soone as glittering globe of Phoebe vpstart, the Frankes
Together stoc, and once againe in order set their rankes,
Whiche armes to trie, if that perhaps Mars chaunce woulb wauering bee.
Whiche, first the king increased hard by earnest suite, that he
Would give them leue, in open field, once more with Galles to fight,
These three Earles stout, of Warwike first, a haunt, and exar knight,
Then Huntington, and after him Northamptons chiefe renowne,
All vnawares, in skirmish hot, the Frenchmen batter downe.

Then lawfully king Edward right the large fieldes raunge at will,
Resistance none is made, against his bandes, but all is still.
The Frenchmen dare namore, the bunt of Britaines force abyde,
Nor them againt, in open campes, their quarrell to disside.

Three dayes here spent, the king his tentes remoues, & backward goes,
To Calys shoares, and towne with trench, and bulwarke round doth close,
Whene wonne by fraud, and fauising flatterings smooth of Valois king,
The Scottish scepter beater bades our cosers, and downe doth fling,
All thinges to syng flames. The prudent Queen her husband lacke,
Soz to supprese these false peritide irructions, doth not slacke
But bandes of armed souldours vp collectes, nor need the had

The noblest
of the French
army are
slayne.
The Duke of
Lorreine.
The Duke of
Alanson, or
Dalanson.

The king and
Prince Ed-
ward his
sonne fight
valiantly.
Thirtie thou-
sand French
men slayne.

Valois seeing
such slaug-
ter of his men
flyeth.

The Britaine
victor.

Mutabilis a-
lea Martis.

The next day
after the bat-
tale the
Frenchmen
gathered
them selues
againe who
by these thre
Earles of
Warwike
Huntington
and Nor-
thampton
were cleane
subuerted &
distroyed.
Callice be-
sieged.

David king
of Scottes b
instigation
the French
king invaded
England.

The victorious Battayles

To warne the husbandmen to come to arme, for thicke they ga
In troupes unwarnd, complaining slow away the houres to slide,
Before that heynous fact they haue retuengde. In lukturlese tyde
The Scotts their puissance wholy had now drawne to Durrham fieldes,
Wher as the Britayne wroth, most dreadfull warres against them weildes,
And fierce assayles his foe, which sacred truce had fasslie brake.
Of name obscure, the common soyle, on clusters downe are stake,
And goarie swordes their wicked ghostes, the corps makes to forlake.
Hereat tooke sir. all delight both Dukes, and Earles, of Scottish bandes,
Of which some gasping lye for breach, some captiue yeld their handes:
With mantles to be bounde, agayne to be redeemd with gold,
As custome is of warre. But David king of Scotts in hold,
Is surely kept, and payng penaunce iust, for sworne truce rape,
First brought to London Cittie sayre, into the Tower was clape.
Few trusting to the flying seete of trampling paltry light,
Their natuue soyle attaine, (a witnessse sure how foes in fight
Their army had destroyde.) And tell the dolefull sloughters great.
Fame of this thing with flickering winges, through skies aloft doth beat,
To coostes beyond the seas, expressing all thinges to the king.
Then Calleis landes along with shewing noyce resounding ring,
And Britaines fill the fieldes with clamour loude, and cries byheat.
This Rumor heard, with mestire grief king Valoys hart rootes teerde
Who enuyes sadde in mynde, at Britaynes good successe, so oft
So many fieldes by great lucke wonne, and spoyles from th'enemy broughte.
For all this geare, the king his siege at Caleis doth not rayse,
Th' inhabitant takes no rest at all, but vert is sondry wayes,
With greedy famine fell, the deadliest enemie, now oppress,
Now pearst with Britaynes dart, which whistling comes oer hye walls
Death dire on ech side threates, nor winters cold benumming snow, (crest)
Nor brypling Autumnes scortching heat, the king fro th'walls could draw.
The eleuenth month now is come, and long the siege doth seeme to bee,
Wherfore the Frenchmen pardon craud, and peace: doe offer free
Themselves to yeld, if that their liues (poore wretches) might be sparre,
For recompence, which yet they aske in steed of great reward,
The brasen gates are doopt, our troupes of Frenchmen flocke amaine.
The Cittie with her firme stony walls the Britayne doth retaine.
With garrisonde throughout: The puissant Edward out of hand,
Cutts oer the narrowes seas, returning home to native land.
And in a callmy night is safe arriuide at London tower,]
Whom, then from shippbord come, the Citizens with great honour

field fought
Durham.

the Scotts
yne & put
flight.
345.

said king of
Scotts tane
bytue is
nt to the
ower.

rice rende.

Doc

of the English Nation.

Doe magnifie, with bonifiers eke their wondrous iopes exprest,
And tables frought, ech street throughout, with cates most costly dress.
Like mirth in euery towne, through all this realme, you might haue found,
The boke pipe hoolo, his facres with sondry notes doth shill resounde,
And to his prayse, the common soxt, with Sonets doe abounde.
But here behold, for greeting God, a iust revenge for sinnes,
The carelesse Britaynes to inuade, a noysome plague begins.
A greeuous scourge, but yet more ligh, then dunt of axery blade,
Yong infantes merie now, and whole, forthwith begin to wade,
Tane with this straunge disease, and in their mothers armes do die,
Their ghollies with greeuous panges, and tormentis dire, out gasps, forth slie.
Some after that their lively daynes the venome ranke hath silde:
And is at length into the hart, the blow corrupted silde:
Their heauy eyes uplifing, full of drowneseadly sleepe.
Their vitall breath out blowes, In dayne then drugges sweete life to keepe,
Pisition faithfull bringes. Impatienc somme of hatefull plague,
Out of their bedds doe rise, and naked, distract of reason vage.
And whilst they thinke for to auoyde the durt of vicerie death,
Blacke for woe, they fall in mist of couert, for want of breath,
And loth their silcying spirite, and ayre life giuing, they forslakes
Twelue months this deadly pestilence, ragde still, and din noc slake.
Ech page in all the land, and village, being by hit annoyde:
That fiftie thousand persons were confunide, and quite defroyde.
So they which neither forraine force, nor enemies swoud could slay,
At home were kild by ruchfull plague, whose corps rot wastes away.
Meane time king Valoys dyes, and is in sumptuous tombe inrolld,
His sonne and heire succeedes, in realme of Fraunce, and crowne doth hold.
Whose name hight John, a valiant Prince, of hart and courage bold.
He eke excelling all in youtfull corps, of puissance stout,
And hoping from his country coastes, the Britaines to haire out:
A mighty power of armed men collectes, and bloody warres
Forthwith he moues, expert himselfe of bickering warre iarmes.
The Iunior Edward Prince, which vnder his dominion helde
All Gascoiny, and to obey the bordering townes compelde:
Towardes the west, whence floud Iberus streames, Sols sterre face.
Beholdes, here soiournde then, leisteman in his fathers place.
Who being told that John with armed troupes of souldiers fast
Approching came, an army stout, in sayre large fieldes he placev:
He Chieftaine, dight in armour bright, which sparkling beames out cast.

Behold a place there is, with threecold wall incompass round,

A great pla-
gue through-
out all Eng-
land.

John after his
fathers death
raigneth in
Fraunce.
Edward the
yonger go-
uerneth in A-
quitaine.
Iberus a gre-
at river in
Spayne.
Edward ad-
uertised that
John king of
Fraunce had
gathered a
great army.

D i.

Th i n

The victorious Battailles

Th' inhabitantes it Poytiers call, neare which withouten bound
An open plaine there lies, in which no tree with shadowy limbe,
Nor braky bush doth grow, a place most fit for skirmage grun:
Here both the armes meet, on ground out blacke bloud gushing poures,
The horsemen tostie tayle are turnde, death conquered Frankes deuouts
The rakes are broke, and remnant yet aliue the battaille shunnes,
Through swift pursuite the victor pantes, and startinge lightly runnes,
His foote stepps thick, thick fetching fast, as in a champion plaine,
When as the watchfull grayhound hath a watkin spied, full faine
He springeth on his pray to get, he life for to maincaine.
The grayhound gaping wide, with greedy iawes, threats still to catch,
The hare herselfe from byting chappes, away doth scudding snatch:
So is in hope of pray, the Britayne swift, and dreading bane,
The Frenchmen fli, but in the fighthe most are subdued and tame.
The king himselfe into the tentes was captiue brought, and chose
More rather for to yeld, then life by dint of swourd to lose.
Forthwith in slayng hull, through slasching bloudes to Britaine shone
He was conueyed, where prisoner-like, the seruile yoke he boare:
To teach him of the Britaine king, his Lord, to obey the loye.
Now noble Prince Plantagenet, Workinges did captiue hold,
And gentle pulsonian Peers of both landes did infold,
Of auncient stockes esproung, which Britaines tooke in bloudy fighthe.
But clementie of Edward king resplendent shined so brighte:
Such vertue rooted in his brest and mercy did remaine
That by condicsons, and for rausome, he dimiss agayne,
Ech one vned his country soyle, and his folkes lukt in loue.
Those kinges high, glory followeth fast, which battaille so do moue,
So to contend in dreadfull warres, immortall praysle acchines.
Good shepheardes vse to sheere their sheepe, and not to skinne with knives.
He noble Monarch spared the suppliant, downe the proude supprest,
Thise happy sure, if Atrapos fel Goddesse, had not wroght
To vnripe death, his noble sonnes, Prince Edwardes fatall thredd,
But having first begot a tender babe, in wedlocke he dyd,
Whiche Richard had to name, whom as his heire he left behinde:
And whom his Cransis dying to beare the regall wace assynd,
According as this nations lawes, and auncient rices did binde.

The child the slender age of eluen winters did not passe,
Whiche that with Princeely daudanie, his heire adornd was,
But when he neare to mans estate through riper yeares was start:
No man can well declare, how far from Cransis he wile haue,

Prince Edward and the
breach kyng
oyne battaille
scare Poytiers.

King John
aken.

There were
aken in this
battaille at
Poytiers
500 of the
chiefest of all
raunce.

The two
unges David
of Scotland
and John of
Fraunce dis-
mised, with
the rest of the
captiues.
Edward the
pane dyeth
before the ta-
ker.

Atrapos one
of the three
adies of da-
uid whiche
was the
red of man-
se.

Edward the
pane dyeth.
Richard the
second began
to raigne
1377.

And

of the English Nation.

And maners eke he swarude, in mynde vnske how he became,
Contrarily disposse, to mighty hier, and noble dame.
But antike vertue still, in brestes of Britaine Peers was shirde,
And manlie courage bold which in the auncient primates shirde,
By natures force ingraft, that in God Mars aduentures hard,
The osyng worthy of such spers, with them might be compare:
And freely durst to tollerate, what tossing copies you woulo.
The nobles (seyng thus the seates of mighty Mars waxe could
For that the king secur and pleasant peace, sought to uphold)
And fearing slouthefull Idlenesse, her poyson should instill
Corrupting them, and more least from Bellonaes warlike shill,
Long discontinaunce should degenerate the Britaines hertes:
Incensing them to filchy lust, soft sleepe, and sluggish partes:
(The king therof aduertizie first), a solempne Justes they make,
The countersaited wroke of Mars. The quiuering speare to shake,
At Tilt, and Toney eke, th' appoint for fourte and xx. dayes,
Whiche number iust of Britaine Peers, as challengers forchwayes
To externe nations Legats send, such tydinges for to blase.
That Britaynes iustes triumphantlike will keepe for one monthes space,
Joint to the Citie lyes a field, from Smithes deriu'de the name,
Th' outside of London walls, an ample place fit for the same,
Here shall the race be pight, and certaine limitis measured out,
Let hyther make repayre, of noble bloud ech champion stour,
All nations shall haue safe conduct. And they which shall doe best,
An to the ground most doughtie knyghtes, out of their seates shall wext,
Dy stury stafe shall ofnest crack, they massie heapes of gold,
Shall for their seruice haue, and pretious rewardes rich shall hold:
King Richard shew them bellowing, of manly fornicide the hier.
This publishe thus abroad, to many Cities far, and nyer.
On this side, and beyond the Alpes: as manlier courage hold,
Posseth ech foraine hart, by worthy lynage high extold:
He horse, and armour getto, and swift through salt sea surges springes,
From Fraunce comes th' Earle of S. Paule, his heire & with hym bringes,
To whom a fruful land of fish, Barauie the Duche yeldes.
And many more of noble byrth, out of Italia fieldes.
From sondry regions of the wold, likewise agaynst that day,
Full many a Peere of copall bloud, at London made his day.
The king of England from the tower, which mighty Cesar built
Prince edes, whom fourte and xx. doughtie knyghtes in barnish gyll
Doe after traine, along yowd pompos London streates blydes;

Belloni Oxe
desse of bat-
tale.

Justes & ryng
at the
Tilt betwee
Englysshe &
foreyners.
Fourte and
twenty Bri-
tayne Peers
prouoke as
many as will
come.
Southfield.

"
"
Most in pa-
bey.

"
"
"

The victorious Battailles

In number even (which mounted braue on milke white palfrayes rode):
Them ioyntly after traxe, their portlike Ladies, richly drest
With golden neckbandes bright, imboso with stones, their corps inuested
With golden roobes of needle worke, with shapes of hartes of gold,
Inwrought, whose neckes eke golden crownes most curious did infold.
The Britaine king these lneries would haue his landes to bee.
The sovriners with precious gemmes ydect, with gallant glee,
Of no lesse costly workmanship, did sumptuous garmentes weare,
And goodly to be seen, on trampling steedes, did armour beare,
Of Iron swetes, and gold, yforgd: most gratefull sightes to see
To common people much amase. To Smithfield comine they kee
At last. Then Circle wise in rankes, the Tiltyard sayre about
They all suruewing traste, both Challengers, and challengd roote.
The bard hoyse mounts an end, and with his heelis the ayre doth beat,
Carreying forth, and back, with studded raines yfurnisht neat.
The hollow brasle trompe shill, with Taratantara skies doth threat,
The Toynepars iussling meet, with might, and maine, and labours great,
They tire themselves, now salt sweat droppes downe still, from top to toe,
And panting puffinges following fast, out of their mouthes doe goe.
The point of earling speare, the thinne ayre, small dishuerted teares,
The troncheon bursl beforene, to ground the enemy stombling beates.
The lookers on reiyle, and clapping handes a shout vpreares.
Now gloomy night approaching neare, one dayes contention endes.
On morrow to renew the warlike spoyle, ech champion wendes,
Wher conrage equal to their auncessours, through doughtie deedes
They plainly shew. True glory sure from hard exploites proceedes.
The third day commes, of sondry peoples flocke the assembly large
Doe wonder at the Captaunes mighty actes, how they did charge
With peise, the trembling stafe, and lustie armes aloft did lift,
And eke with what fierce conrage was indued the courser swift.
With clashing loude of armour, skies through bouncing bobs resound,
Ech day for the contendours, knyghtes, his proper pleasures found,
And now full fourte and twentie dayes, in Toynying were excede:
And time the Britaine king to weyghtier causes fast requirede.
Wherfore the strangers he for manly prowesse much extolde,
Rewarding them with massie chaynes, of pure, and fine gold,
And loodehoun with other giftes, so uaine soyle doth send.
That bagges with heapes of copne luse vp, their masters downe did bend.
But th' English challenge makers Pame required for their reward,
To be commended for their factes, they onely did regard;

both the Englishmen and
strangers be-
lieues them-
selves stanchly.

And

of the English Nation.

And ech unto his proper home the Justes thus finisht hies,

When to the king his nephew thus, with wordes expresse, applices
The noble Duke of Lancaster ybzed, in Gaunt that towne.

Deare nephew to thy vnkle, of Grandysers stocke the chiese renoune,

Thou knowest I thinke that if an iniurie committed bee,

Gaist linage of Plantagenetts, of what impaciencie,

Of mind they are, forthwith by vint of swourte, requyng right,

Such courage was ingraft in our forefathers great of might.

To imitate myne auncelours, why should it yke my minde?

Renowned Prince, within your realme caulme peace long time hath shinde,

No soe deceipt pretendes, nor bickering dares your force to trie,

Whilst vnkle to your maiestie, and princes offspring, I,

Behold my spouse in wedlocke bandes conioynd, of Hispanig land

Her fathers onely heir, by force the Spaniard to withstand.

And barre from kingdomes rich, which publike lawes her giues as due.

Wherefore of souldiours stout (by your commission large) a true,

Let me collect this warfare long, to vndertake with me,

And of my spouses right, by wars to seeke recouerie,

And Iustice rices inviolate, by dreadfull Mars maintaine.

His vnkle speaking thus, with friendly speach the king againe

Receaues, at length this aunsweare makes, ayrydell his noble traine.

I can not sure but much commend thy stomack haut, and bolde,

In no respect behinde in courage, our forefathers olde.

Go with good luck unto the land which floud Iberus streames

Doe famous make, and what as dower unto thy wyse pertaines,

By custome due, which nations all haue erst allowed for right,

If that the Spaniard will not yeeld, that stoutly win in fight.

True heyses to be defrauded, both Gods lawes, and mans deny,

Almighty Ioue to ayde the right, will succour send from hie.

Herewith he him dimisde. The Duke with mighty nauie straight,

Strong armes for those combrous wars, with hardy souldiours fraughte,

The sounding salt sea sweepes, with vertuous spouse, and daughters twain.

His cause distrusting straight, of peace conditions offreth faine

The Spanish guide, which being tane, forthwith eyght carres with coyne

Full loaded to the Duke he sendes, moreouer doth enioyne

Himselfe, ten thousand poundes, of yearely tribute for to pay,

In Bayon Castell fayre, which then did Britayne Prince obey.

But th' English Duke for recompence, vnto the Hispaigne king

In mariage linkes his daughter, which stolt from his loynes did spring.

That so the happy concorde of this late confirmed peace,

John of Gaunt
Duke of Lan-
caster desired
side of king
Ri. to invade
Spaigne; Gaunt.

The sunsweare
of king Ri.

Spaigne inva-
ded by the
Duke of Lan-
caster.

The victorious Battailes

The Spaniard
enteateth
for peace.
Peace graun-
ted.
Constance the
Dukes eldest
daughter mar-
ried to the
kyng of
Spayne.
Anne the se-
cond daugh-
ter to the
kyng of Por-
tagall.

An insolent
challenge of
three Scotts,
agyns the
Englishmen
The Scotts a-
uerthroune
in the Tor-
ney.

Ireland sub-
dued by kyng
Richard.

Night through a firmer kinde of league, establisht, more increase.
The Lusitanian Prince (for so therew they did agree)
The second daughter tooke to wife, with solempne pompe, and glee.
These matters thus performde, by power of God th' almighty guide,
To antike seates agayne, through Ocean vast, they backward slide,
And he withall his traine, are landed safe on Britayne shope.
Few dayes exirde; the Princes leave by suite obtainde before:
A bragging Scottish Earle hight Marley enters English coastes,
On scithing palfrey beynge, and challenge making boldly boastes,
To London come, within the listes, to iust with pointed speare:
With whosoeuer durst contend, the Prince was present there,
And thousands of the common sort, in plumpes thick thungo that tyde.
Lord Mowbray valiant Peere these Scottish bragges could not abide,
But goodly to be hold, in armour close, his steede he takes,
And downe with force the Scot out of his saddle shogging shakes,
And horse with mighty push, of steeled troncheon throwes to ground.
Wherewich the lookers on, with shouts applauding, loude resound.
He all astoynisht lyes, two ribbes in sonder craced quite,
Whom set byrige, his feeble feete could not support one white.
Wherfore from thence he was to lodging near adioyning borne,
Wher shoulde, through the gries augmented more, distract and tosse,
He yeldes his breath, by force of armes, so he which honour sought,
In armes doth honour lose, and challengd combatt dearely bought.
Next Darel Scottish Peere Lord Courtney Britaine did prouoke,
And losse looke for prayse, but of like Fortune felte the stroke:
In force inferiour far. The third companion in the race,
Whil that he iustling ranne, of valure small, and listes did trace,
Five boymous blowes downe dries, and conquerid Coxburne it did shame
For to haue striu'd, no glory gote, retournynge whence he came.
But the contendours chief, Lord Haubers mighty limbd, and next
Hans stonacke Courtney stout, whose benging right hand soe had vert,
And backe repelde the foyners, which challengd Britaines bold:
Through foolish pride pust vp: with condigne honour were extold.
These Toynys finisht thus, and things at home set in a stay,
King Richard to the savage Kernes imbarke did take his way
And them by warres resyding fierce, with little bloushed, downe
He brought the Britaine yoke to hold. Then shoulde from the crowne,
And pretious Princely diademe, himselfe he did depose:
And Henry Duke of Lancaster to hold the scepter chose.

of the English Nation.

Now Henry fourth of that name king the Britayne state did gyude
Whose stout, and puissant valure then sufficiently was trieu,
When for his Ladies dower, his fater Spanyardes made to stoupe,
When Hier, and sonne, and after them, of men a warlike troupe,
From Callice landes proceedingyng forth, did enter Gascoine soyle,
And foes by dierie dinc of blade, and reaking fiers did soyle.
The meekle vertue of the man, and stocke so much renownd,
Throughout the world the Britaynes foes, through feare put in a stound.
He yet a very youth through these aventureys hard did passe,
That glory whyle by due desart, on him bestownd was,
Of ech exploit, were it atchiu'de at home, or foraine coast.
Besides his flowing wealth, this king himselfe might happy boast
Through noble progenie, to whom his vertuous Lady sayde,
Four sonnes of wondrouz towardnes had borne, of which the heire
Of comely stature tall, when manly yeares he neare had rought,
Full many a vencrouz enterprise with courage bold he wrought.
Of equall yeares, and maners eke, companions to him sought.
Yet nothyng he vnjustly did, nor straide from vertues line,
Belou'd of all, within whose youthfull visage then did shine,
The very image of those deedes, which come to riper age,
He shold absolu. Now twise seuen yeares his ſe yet by counsell sage
The Brittish auncient land had rulde, with loue and laude of all.
Till waxing crookt through age, him ſmall end of life did call,
Incroching fast, and ſicknes dire proou'd his facall fall.

Forþwith his fathers royall crowne, the heire apparaunt takes,
To whom the Britayne Peers on bended knees their homage makes,
With ſkipping harts, for glad, their countenaunce eke expressing toyes,
But he among his maces, ſomewhat addicte to wanton toyes
Before, forþwith (his fader dead) became both ſayed, and graye,
And from the Court his leue licentious panions old he draue.
Moze for ſuch fauning hangties, he priſcribe a penaltie,
If once they ſhould appeare in place, where as the Court did lye.
Thus changde in all his actions, he doth as a Prince beſeeinde,
For counſaplours uſing ſuch as ſage, and of great wit, he deemeide.
And ſelvome ceaſt from taking care, what belt mighte ſtand in ſreed,
For conuenioun wealthes auayle: much ſhepheard like, which taking heede
Unto his foldes, long winters nightes, with painefull watchinges walles,
And whilſt what was his right, revolving deepe in thought he calleſſ,
And what vno his anuellours perceinde in elder age,
He calls to mynde how king of Galls, incenſt with furious rage

Henry the
fourth began
to raigne
1399.

Henry the
fifte ſucce-
deth his fa-
ther 1413.

Henry banis-
heth from
the Court, all
his leue co-
panions, left
they ſhould
corript him
by their euill
counell.

The victorious battailes

Had sondry wyses indamaged, and hurt the Britayne kinge,
Wherfore a counsaile straight he calls, and causes good doth bringe,
Whiche might prouoke the valiant Brutus those wares to take in hand,
Unto which poine agree, all peers, and primates of the land,
That backe againe, by dreadfull wares, the kinges right should be sought.

Legates sent
into Fraunce
to require the
king of Eng-
landes right.

The Oration
or speech of
that English
Legate.

The reply of
the king of
Fraunce.

Forthwith for to requyze his owne away by Frenchmen rought
The king doth legates send of polisht witt, and councell rare,
Unto the king of Fraunce, from him this message to declare.
The most renowned Britayne guide king Henry, much doth muse
What this vniustice moueth you and rigour for to use
That you the plighted league haue toerne. Whyn others proper right,
Doe you with clasping clumbes by force out wkest, and wchich by might.
What moues you thus despitefully against the English land?
Then absent cruelly to pill, but when they be at hand,
If brandes of dreadfull Mars they stirre, (I needes must speake the troth)
Your cause is soundred still, and forct your iustice yeeld, though loth.
Wherfore to Britaines theirs restore, away vniustly tane,
O dñe of swourd, and fierie force, expect to breed your bane.
And that which we out of your handes may not by fayre meanes wking,
Unconquered Mars shall wkest, such hope doth feed our noble king,
That loue of heynous wickednesse be iust revenger will,
Who bids vs this to say, and princelike threatst this to fulfill,
Unlesse your minde to better chaungd, you ware, repente in time:
The chaunce of Mars is inuincible, not one way doth incline.
Wher these wordes uttered had thimbassabout from Henry sent,
Forthwith hot choler burning blacke the Frenchmans hartstringes rent
The pallace vaste, which burly burly noyce, confuside doth ring,
And disagreeing angers rage, their mindes doth glowing sting.
The king all wroth at last, did ope his mouth in great disvaine,
A labour hard to get, but kingdomes got, for to maintaine
Is virtue great. If he deserve high fame, and worthy pryspe
Whiche through unfriendly Mars (perchaunce vniust) doth goe his wyses
As victor chesk, subduing landes, to beate his seruile yoke:
Ist not unto the conquered, if courage they renoke?
A greater glori, of their legs, the fettirg volces to shake?
And neckes from yooke to pluck, and force, by force, recuile to make?
Some howre, to some more happie chaunce, then other doth portend,
And sicle Fate will not remaine to one firme to the end.
The Frenchman now doth rule, tofore the Britaine haue the sway,
We florish haue in time, and haue beene Troians doe you say.

of the English Nation.

Ten yeeres warrs first exerte, by Greekes the Troians were subdued,
Fraunce after many sommers, hath her antike force renued.
And me her captaine now againe begins to looke alost,
Her iniuries reuenging bold, and setting foes at noughe.
Dong boyes do terrifie with threats, with bugges, make Girles auaunt,
No vaine colluding shadowes, can the manly courage daunt,
No boasting brags, no florish blade, with threatening crakes forth thowne.
Wher that your king to manly yeeres, is nothing neere yet growne,
In expect quite of dolefull warrs. Let it suffice, that he
For his dispoynt doe tolle the ball, at home, and shunning flice
The glittering rankes, of mighty Mars : let riper age chose guide,
Therefore this aunsweir take, and thus declare it was replied:
That Frenchmen will their countrie coastes, and native cities shryne,
With armes, in spite of all their foes, that thereat do repine.
The Legates aunswered thus, to native soyle in hast they hie,
And wourd by wourd declare, the manner of the Frankes replie.
The scofe the king not taking well, all other thinges derides.
Meane time his royll nauie huge, at Hampton he prouides,
And forth through wandring salt sea floudes, with friendly gales he slides
For loue almighty, the Southwinded coucht in caues did close containe,
That both the King, and capaines stout, with all their warlike traine,
Unlooked for, on th'ennimies shoye thair ankers fastned faine,
And ships forsaking, far and wide did all thinges wacke and wast,
And houses bumed with bloud, and roofes with reaking flames down cast
Now puissant Henry in his tentes, one night away had past:
When Phoebus rising, cloudes consumde, and brought againe the day,
And with his radiant ligh, ech place in broad sight, did bewray.
Whiche way, that mighty floud which flowing forth from Roan, doth fall
Into the sea, and with his rage, the rocky shoores doth ball:
And with his sprinkling maketh moist the bordring campes annext,
Neare to the tentes, whereas his mouth, with gaping iawes wide strecht,
Within the compasse of sixe howres, still salt sea floudes doth sup:
And out againe, gainst custome time, doth belking perbrake vp:
Two warlike townes, with mighty walles, ycompast round, they spied,
On this banke one, that other built vpon the farther side.
Forth with the king commaundes them both with bandes besiegd to bee,
Against them both the whirling crosbow shot to be let flee,
And walls with ingine forgd of yron hard, to batter downe,
This vnaccustomde kinde of torment fell, put in a stonyde,
The Celstaines closd within their walles, boyes, mothers, aged liers,

Henry sayleth
into Fraunce.

Seine a migh-
tie riuier de-
cending from
a mountaine
floweth by
Roan and
through a
great part of
Fraunce, & at
length falleth
in at Caux or
Kid Caux
where are
two strong
townes.

The victorious Battayles.

Halfe downe through trembling feare, this instant perill dire desirer.
For to eschue, but to eschue the meanes they cannot spie.
The English arrowes swift like hoyle, through thinne ayre shewing ffe.
Both far a part, and neare at hand, they bickered fiercely trie.
Meane time that nothing should the kinges pretended purpose let.
O Britaine navy lyng safe at rode, in daunger set:
A fleet of warlike shippes he sends, to Neptunes kingdome wive,
Whiche should twixt both the coastes, and both the shores, all scouring ride.
And then his boast commaundes, their scaling ladders ready wrought,
And ingines great of warre unto the walls neare to be brought:
As soone as dame Auroraes light, shall dropdowne nights darksome shade,
Wher this was bruced in the tences, and every band had made.
Then selues in readinesse, swift flying Fame with flickering wingers,
This new repoz into the towne which men call Harfus bynges
That on to morrow next, by myghty force of Britaines fell
Both walls, and houses layre, those slaughtered whiche in them did dwell.
Shall groueling ransackt be, to late to spare it will be than.
For with a shivering feare, through Frenchmens bones distilling rame.
The inhabitants of former state for to dispayre began.
What should they doe, thus in such straies of sondry chalomes pent:
Before their eyes lay present death, their king no succour sent,
For safety to expect, so fast inclosde, within their wall
It were in dayne, wherfore hereto they condiscended all.
To trie what clemencie remainde, in hart of Britaine king.
If that by bowes they might perchaunce, his minde to mercy bring,
And that at least their vitall bloud he would bouchsafe forbeare.
For with twelue of the noblest states, and Princes chosen were:
Wher with the Chieftaine of the towne: all, through the portes forth pass,
Wher heades vncouered bare, & countenance downeward mournesfull cast,
And trembling pace likewise, wan palenes in their visage lay,
Ech one (a signe of wailing) was innes, in mourning ray,
At length unto the warlike tences, of puissant Henry brought:
They in these wordes, both for themselves, and theirs, his grace besought
All prostrate on the ground, when thus began a priuate graue.
Against your Maiestie (O king) if that we trespass haue,
Our plighted faith vnto our liege, and native country land,
Whilist we agaist you close our portes, and did by force withstand,
Whas cause therof, a loyall croth vnto the Prince, for ayre
Deserued prayse may vendicte, whiche never shall decay.
Who makes a gret for Countrys wealth all deaches for to endure?

Neptunes
God of the
Seas.

Harfus besie-
ged.

Twelue Citi-
zens procee-
ding out of
Harfus desire
peace of the
King.

How-

of the English Nation.

For space of certaine moneths, the towne besieg'd thus doth abide,
Till that deepe dispayre began to daunt their fainting mindes,
Than was it yelde vp. The Britaine holdes what pray he findes.

And goodly booties rich, unto his nature soyle conuayes.

Fame of this Citie fayre subdued broad blaude, and spread, what prayse,
(It hard is to beleue) to Britaine nation stout, remainde
And eke what greeuous panges, of dreadfull feare, the Franke sustaine:
Euen now deuoyde of feare. wherfore at last the Celane faine,

Roan taken.

Would bandes of peace conclude, and no conditions would disdaine:

That dreadfull Mars remoude, sweet pleasant peace might take his place.

Unto these troublous euils which thus the Franke did vexing chasse,

Might added be the Burgoine Duke, by subtile treason kilde,

And streames of bloud throughout the land by ciuill hatred spilde.

Whan that they came to parle, the Celane guide, with all his Peeres

Consenting, Henry Regent make of Fraunce, and ripe of yeares,

They Catherine heire of Celane lande him gaue in wedlocke bandes:

Whose offspring townes of Fraunce should rule, and all king Charles lands.

Hereon the king, and Queene, most solempne othes professing take,

Like wowe the nobles all, throughout the Realme of Fraunce, do make,

And common people eke to him their loyall truches doe plight.

The Britaine peace doth graunt. Forthwith the Princeely Lady bright,

In royall pompe was led, in Hymens linkes united fast.

The Britaines many dayes, in feastfull banquets gladsome pass,

With celebration due, which comfort great to spouse did beseve;

To Dore, and Daine beside. The parentes happy by such seede,

The vulgar sort proclame, by which two nations rich in peace

Are unk, by which unto them both, a thousandes profites crease.

Plantagenet now lawes establisht firme, in regions twaine,

And such as would not beare the bitt, he did by force restraine.

Whan mindefull he of Englishmen and willing to his Queene

To shew, what castells strong, and Cities fayre in England beene:

Determines to returne, and both imbarke in painced prore,

To London gorgeous towne, through frothing salt sea floudes are bore:

The brie with modest countenance cleare, and bidegrome by her side.

Wher, she in golden chariot set, throughout the streetes doth ride;

(The offspring great of kings) and crowned is, in auncient guise,

God save the king, and Queene, the common sort redoubling cries,

And shoures uplifting loud, with lostie clamour strike the skies.

Few monthes expired were, and common weale in order set,

Doth little farther ayde require. The king doth nothing let,

Henry made
regent of
Fraunce.

Henry mar-
ried Katharine
heire to the
French king.

Henry with
his Queen re-
turnd into
England.

Catherine
crowned
Queene of
England.

Part

The victorious Battailes

Henry goeth
agayne into
Fraunce.

But to his great assaies (as he was wise) doth fit the time,
If that perchance his fathers Law, which then in yeares did clime,
Him abliens shold desire to see: the coast of Fraunce agayne
He goes vntill, where comre, the Duke of Burgoine sheweth plaine,
How that the Dolphin tumultes made, and reared vpprores newe,
Pretending faithles fraude. Against his soe, a warlike crue
The king doth therfore send, his false attemptes soe to withstand:
But causes of more weight, he needed than to take in hand,
And noe soe to respect at all, the Dolphins stielie hand.
Whiche valiant Britaines prest at hand, dares manly ought to done.
But two dayes iourney of aloof, doth warie still them shunne.
This did he at the first, that corne and victualls, might abound,
Throughout his campe, and needfull foode might not be wanting found.
Who having all thinges bought at last, the Britaine poynt makes
Of battailes, in an equall sople, whiche trembling he forslakes,
In number, and in puissance, not with Brutes to be comparde.
That place moreover vnto which, the warlike English garde,
Approching drawes, the yong man shunnes, woxe then a dogg, or snake,
That he refusing flies, and course contrary swifte doth take.
Whene that the doughtie Britaines campe in Northparts of Fraunce attainde,
He thence his power remoues, and with his bandes to Narbone traide.
And hit inuading doth besiege, whiche from the Celandes myght,
The Duke of Bedford straight acquites, and Dolphin puts to flight.

Henry taken
with a feuer.

Meane time the king with broilyng heat, and toylling labours brake,
Him languishing, effeble soore, a feuer sharpe doth take,
The heauis incempate ayre, and scorching dog star sweltring hott,
Was cause, that neare unto his hart, the deadly popson gote.
Howbeit he iourneyed still, with wondrous grief tormenting soore,
Till that his hart, and limbes, still faulting, fainting, more and more,
He will perceau'd the struggling panges of ghastly death draine neare.
His brother Humfrey postling comes, and Bedford Duke so deare.
And vse with trickling teares, this sodaine chaunce lamenting eue,
Most dolefull wightes. The king at last, these wordes, with gries out diews.
(Whiche both his handes extended bye to heaven) I much do owe.

O God almighty guide, but worthy thankes therfore beseeche,
I cannot, that in bloming yowth so fresh, I hence depart,

The speach of
Henry before
his death.

Unto this day, not having felt, dame Fortunes bitter dart.
That in this life all my attemptes, with good successe haue gone,
That to thy heavenly power O God referred be alone.
And to his brothers turning, sayes, why thus with mestue hart,

Doc

of the English Nation.

Doe you this mourning make, and deepe sobs let with grief depart:
I do reioyse my fatall houre, and death to be at hand.
That must with equal minde be boyn, which no man can withstand.
By sacred league of brotherhoode, I do beseech you all,
That Henry you my tender sonne, regard, loue, foster shall,
And honour as your king, and specially with heauenly feare,
You will informe his minde, so shall he worthy be, to beare
The scepter of so noble a Realme, and purchase endlesse fame.
My louing spouse which of the race, of mightie Princes came,
Which is aboue all other left, a pensiue wretched dame:
With godly duetie her sustaine, so doth it Brutes beseeme.
And concord, greatest gift of God, that fauour, and esteeme.
The Bedford, and the Burgoine Dukes, let them the Frenchmen guide,
And to Duke Humfreys gouernance, let Britaines stout be lide.
This carefully to be fulfile, I bid, commaund, require.
More Normandie a fertile land, which vnder their empire.
Our auncient graundfiers did in elder age by right recaine,
Which lost, by dinc of sword, and conquering arme, I got agayne,
That do you keepe by force, with iust warre that do you defend.
Now death approaching neare, did Henry bring to fatall end.
The onely honour of his land, dame vertues shining light,
From age, to age: to come, of stomacke hie, unconquered might,
Whose gentle hart his loyall frends alone, not onely loue,
But enemies did embrase also, of faith, and Justice proude,
Of euerlasting memory, the king now layd in grounde:
The Iunior Henry chearefull babe, with diademme was crownde
At Paris, and about the streetes, as custome was did ride.
But ficle Fortune wauering dame, will not still firme abide.
Whiche with her turning wheele is alwayes tosse, in compas wise.
The Frenchmen here the tender Prince, rebelling, do despise,
A perjur'd nation false, and violate their faithes yplight:
In sacred Sinode late beforene. But Bedford Duke by might.
Doth tame their rage, great slaughter made, and Dolphin puts to flight.
The king peace chiefly loue, when thas to ripe yeares he attaine,
And gastly bickering skirmishes, of dreadfull Mars disdaine.
And never busier was, in ciuill hatredes restlesse race,
But voyde of care, with settled minde, did graciefull rest imbrace.
To prayer much addice, and oft on God in secret cried.
But wicked people sell, such godly kinges cannot abide,
But looches them, and detestes, with vertue, vice cannot agree:

Henry in his
death bed
committeth
his heire Ho-
ly with his
wife Queens
Catherine to
his brothers
and exhort-
eth them to
loue and yr-
tie.

Henry the
firſt his loue
was crowned
at Paris. 1422

The victorious Battayles

And glimmering light, darke dusky shaduves eschewing swift do flee.
The gentle disposition, therfore of Britaines guide,
Wher that the Dolphinne and the rest, of Celcaine peeres had spide:
They blouddie battaille moue, and some by fraud betraying take,
Some townes by conquering might, vnto their force to peelede they make.
The Britaines hope retired backe, and heares to saint began,
Since Henry fift of that name kinge, a stout, and valiant man,
Was laide in graue. Hereon s cause insude of greater griesse,
For suddaine strife at home, conceruing rule, and title cheise.
Perdition threatening dire, increasing kindled more the iaires,

For the Duke
of yorke clai-
med the
crown whose
sonne and
heire, Edward
Earle of
March after-
ward obta-
ined it by
name of Ed-
ward the
fourth.
William cō-
querour fift
Duke of Nor-
mandie.

Muse silence keepe, or muttring lost, the Britaines ciuill warres
In dolefull verse declare, because that gashly woundes againe,
By touching blede aresche, and doe renew the former paine.
Did Henry now forgotte, none Normand nation stout regards,
Which barren, and bereft, all destitute, of auncient wardes,
In vain doth death of William monarch haunt, bewailing rue.
Faire citties wressing out by force, from their possessours true,
The Dolphin throught the region vast of Fraunce doth roming strake:
Prohibited of none, and townes assaulting first, doth take.
A willing people to subdue it is an easie thing,
And freely offering vp their handes. Howbeit small glorie bring
It came vnto the conquerour, thout bloudshed landes to winne.
Such hurye hurye, ciuill broyles, the Britaine land within,
How could they force of foraine foe, oppose them selues, to bende?
The Britaine is the Britaines foe, the hand, the wombe doth rend,
Whathat the foote, with rechles anger mou'd, the head doth crush?

And Citizens, do Citizens, in furious rage throught pushe,
Which dierie blade: his Lord, the slauie, his man, the master slaiers.
Fell slaughter beares the swaye, and blouddie Mars wide raunging graies.
Alacke for little breach, the Brother workes his brothers end,
One neighbour, thrustes an other out, no place could safetie lend,
From sauage enemies rage, the holy sanctuarie vailed naught,
Which euer safety heretofore, to wightes distressed brought.

These places were most famous made, throught griesly slaynters vast.
Saint Albones, Blore, Northampton, Banbury fields, and Barnet plase
Neer copped hils, Wakefield, Saint Albones than the secend time,
And Northerne Exam, which with Scottishe borders doth confine.
So that the husbandmen, that habite neer those blouddie soiles,
Dut wayling to this day, as often as the plough turmoyles.
Those fieldes, where casting furrowes large, of men halfeburied bones,

At S. Albons
was fught the
fift battaille
betweene
kyng Henry
and the Duke
of Yorke.
Blore heath
field. 2.

The

of the English Nation.

The chawing scalding wench, with dingle shouter the shies doth rend,
 And now they dishane weare, as faire as sturdie townes wylde.
 The whistling shaft, with strength pullyng to houre, to houre, the Captaine
 Of Britains stou your perusing items & silente flickering flights, (Wreaths
 Applie your bending bowes, applie, your hate to enemies stoure, (And
 Like hailstones thick, when rattling downe doth fall a winter shoure.
 The arrowes girt, forth fli, and light of Huns obscure do make.
 In shoulder wounded deepe, with beating pawes, the aier doth take,
 All endlong reed stoof, the curser fierce, his master cast.
 The Celiaine horsemen galled thus, more lauffer thuncke at last
 Upon our sooteinen for to ruine, with point of charged speare.
 For which our Edward Stronglie stant with bowes, to ground to beare:
 They fierily p̄ce with launce, the sight chau bloudie warre more,
 Stabb in with sharpened stakes, evan as the Prince had shewed before,
 The horses fowndred lie, upon the ground, their sitters slaine
 By dierie blade: And when no shaftes their quivers did retaine,
 The bowmen take their gleives, and downe their enemies tombing fell,
 The King endeuoring, fierce with sword in hand bestires him well,
 Ech noble Captaine did the same, and with them all the rout.
 The bouncing Helmet knockes, did shill resound the woudes throughout,
 With clattering clashing loud of harnish, ringes the waters cleere
 And moyning grones the bordring hils, and hollisn vale is neere
 Of dying soules receive. The goozie bloud stremes so abound:
 As doth the earth with standing pooles, when Saturne old is founde.
 And loue inferiour in degree, Mars, Sol, and Venus neate,
 Hermes, and Lune, in Cancers house, Pisces or Scorpion weare,
 Just through the braypanne with a shaft the Duke of Barre yshot
 Comes tumbling of his steed his fainting spirite, and hart bloud hote,
 Out through the deadly wound dispersit, in thinne ayer vanishit quite.
 The noble Duke of Alanson with fatall arrow smitte,
 The timber pullerh out, but steelehead leaves to scull remayne,
 Dire death insues the deadly wound, wherefore in deepe vildaine
 His steed hee falleth fro, and hard earth rending with his teeth,
 His aerie ghost out startes, and thinne in Starre region fleeth.
 Like bane thy Duke O Brabant bringes unto his fatall end.
 These Peeres the first ranke did conduct, the seconds guiders send,
 Likewise their dying spirites, to Plutos kingdome large to lie
 As th' Earle of Nauarre with whome O Sans, thy Wyshoppe lie,
 Eight Earles more beside, their flickering ghostes did send to skie:
 With grieslie wound yslaine, And of those Peeres which Barons hight

The oner sp-
uen valiant,
by the Ar-
chers.

Duke of Bar
rayce.

Some of the
nobles of
France
slayne.

Above

The victorious Battayles

Unto God of Aboue an hundred lost their lives. Of Knights and Squers in figh
True times full sixtene scope their breath out gaspe, the common sorte
Unto ten thousande soules and more byt Stige barge transpoyt.
Of Colcans army huge Three hundred Britaines onely slaine
And in the handes of Henry king the victorie did remayne
Alack the Duke of Yorke with staggering launce his death wound gott,
Wher first agaynst our men the bickering skirmage waxed hott.
And Suffolke Earle huge heapes of ghostes, first sent to Limbo lake,
Of Frenchmen Peers, his vycall breach, with hart bloud did forlase.
The Captiue Celiace Lordes, were safelie kept in trustie hysld.
These thinges thus done, his men inricht with th' enemies spoyles, and gold,
The noble Victor with his fleet, hastes backe to Callice shoyre,
And cutting oye the strait sea gulf: of auncient kinges of yore,
To royall pallaces he wendes, triumphantlike a trayne,
And after him he drawes. the Maior of pompous London fayne,
With all his troupe of Aldermen, in roobes of Crimnes clad,
Three miles agaynst his royall grace, for honours sake gan gab,
To testifie their duties, all the Citizens doe the same.
And to expresse their iopes, that he the Celiaces pride did tamis,
The Clergy eke their sacred temples left, doe solempne sing,
The streeteres throughout, deserued laud to the eternall king.
The common sorte with noyse, resounding hym, do after trace,
Long prosperous health, beseeching God, to giv vnto his grace.
This solempne poinpe, the captiues all, in order sett, insue,
Unto the Victor Prince his Court, where entertainment due,
By Henrys hest, they shewed had. In fleetting barke yfoyre,
Behold Sygismund taketh land, vpon English shoyre.
Whom courteously the Britaine Monarch hym, a gratesfull hoast
His auncient friend receaues, and welcome bids to Albion coast.
Now lostie horned stagges, now stielie does they hunt in chase,
Now hawking likes them best, and hollow winged goslehaukes race:
Whilst lesser sorte of birdes, for vead all shiuering, he infests.
Wher leysure seru'd, and clogging care expeld were from their brests:
The Emperour thus begins. Most royall Prince, through fame renound
Which blasted hath thine actes, throughout the world, with tröpetis sound:
Spare now the conquered Galls, at length from bloudy wers absaine,
You gooze bloud haue drawne enough, and soes on heapes haue lame:
Whyp doe you tire your selfe: and subiects weare withendlesse paine?
Your late archiued victorie in mynde will still remayne.
Let peace be rooted in your herte, loue peace, then whiche the Lord,

the Citizens
of London
receauing home
the kyng
with great
plesurrie.

so in like ma-
ter doe the
Clergy.

Sygismundus
the Empe-
our cometh
into England
to treat
peace be-
tweene kyng
Henry and
the French
kyng.

the speach of
the Emperour
in behalfe of
the Frankes.

of the English Nation.

A greater gift on mortall men, at no time doth afforde.
King Charles doth encreat the same, his Legate it doth pray,
Whiche present in your roiall Court, for that presence doth stay.
All cause of strife remoue, let loiall league of truce byt plight.
King Henry shal of Frenchmen haue, what lawfull is by right.
Behold how tender babes, of Diuers bereft, do howlinges make,
And widowes mourning waile, their husbandes sent to Stigie lake.
Consider pondring deepe, vnto the Lord how we are wrought.
Sigismund had king Henry neare, by this persuasion brought
To condiscend: who deepe in thought, now this, now that way strayed,
Uncertaine what to doe, to pittie race addit alwayes.
And doutlesse the intreatie had, preuailed of his frenid,
Had not, (the French Embassadour intreating for to end,
Whiche earll the Emperour had proposid) a post from Harflu come,
Declaring how the Realme of Fraunce, warres to renue begonne.
And how of Englishmen, of late was made a slaughter dire,
Reare bankes of Seine. All burning woode, and furious standes in yre,
Prince Henry, hearing thus the Britayne soldiours to be slayne,
Whiche few, could not the mighty power, of Celteane king sustaine.
And stopping straight the Legates mouth, intreating still for peace,
He sayes, euengement shall issue, wherfore your suice surcease.
The Emperour was ashamed, that for that periurde nation had,
He suppliant, low, with speaches sayre, his frenid intreated had.
Who ready to depart, with roiall gifte in Princely guise
Presented, sacred league of truce, with Britaine king contrives
And country soyle, through surging seas, by prosperous gales attaines.
Forthwith resounding loue, the brasen trophe his hoarse voyce straines,
The egar yow'd chunche chiche on flockes, with hartes incensed mad
And by commandement from the Prince, ech one in armour clad,
The hollow hull vp fills, and through the rough seas scouring passe,
Till Normandie a fertile land of large corne fieldes, and grasse,
On rockie shores put out, receaues the warlike Britaine traine.
His soldiours here refresht: he Touche at first assaultes amaine,
The Frenchmen hard, endeuoring fierce resist, by dint of sword,
The bloudy onset beating backe, but that small helpe could soyd,
For conquerde, they to Britaine victor stout, to yeld were sayne,
And Britaine campe within their walls perforce eke entertaine.
From thence he mou'd his siege to Cane, which he did not subdue,
But with great bloudshed on bothe partes. But doutlesse vertue true
Cannot be tamde. In first assault, he cleane their power did quell.

The Frenchmen violate their truce.

Sigismund & Henry strike a league during their lite Sigismund departeth.

The kyng of England reneweth his warres in Fraunce.

Many townes in Normandie subdued.

Now:

The victorious Battayles

Howbeit the bickering, then at Cane at no place was more fell.
He sauoured sacred temples all, and sanctuaries eke he sparde.
Whiche when the trembling habitances, by fame broad bputed hard:
Admiring in their mortall soe, such wondrous vertue rare:
And how he did preserue loues houses with religious care;
The Normand people doe commit theselues vnto his grace,
And to his campe with victualls in troupes did flocking trace;
Conveying basketts heaped full of bread, to them apace.
Then he with conquering force, Alencon did assaulting get,
Next Argenton, fayre Constance doth without resistance set
Wide ope her gates: But Laudum, and Falaise populous towne,
In bayne expecting natiue ayde, at length were conquered downe.
And vnder the subiection brought, of Britaine monarch weare.
Then Larcha bordering neare on bankes of Seine, which hie doth reare
Her rampier walls with turrets fenced strong, next conquered was.
And many burrowes more beside, whose vulgar names I passe.
Roan last of all remainde, which costly warres, and glittering gold,
Whiche fynes siluer, pretious plate, abundantly doth hold:
The Normand Citie chief, which by a hugie mountaine side,
Is situate, neare chanells deepe, where mighty Seine doth slide.
Here Rumor spread, that Britaines army vast, was neare at hand,
The husbandmen, and such as neare did eair the bordering land.
Did herhet bring their chieffest stusse, transportyng it in cartes,
Persuaded, that so strong a towne could not be wonne by warres.
The Britayne king with trenches deepe, and rampier bulwarke bankes,
The towne inclosing round, doth fierce besiege with warlike rankes.
Rockes rolling huge, and loftie towers downe thowing, an ingyne vast
A ramme, of Steele swels strong yforgd, by martiall skill was plast,
So that with crooked hornes, he might the walls ransacking teare,
Agayne the Normans fierce, from hie walls crest do battaile teare,
And rough rockes tumbling tolde, & wwest from far the trembling speare
With hott assault, and courage fierce, on both sides it was fought,
Till fleboates armed strong, the king into the riuere brought:
On every side to stopp, that through Seines guttie streames, no ayde
Of men of armes, or victualls, should be by shys conuayde:
The towne besiegd to helpe. Then Famine dire, doth raunging tray
Throughout the Citie large, and want of foode doth much dismay
The feebled soldiours poore. wherfore of boyes a combustious flocke,
And sicke women weake, out of their gates they thought to locke,
With point of threatening blade, the English Captaines that denyde.

Roane besie-
ged.

of the English Nation.

Howbeit our deathes vnto our land, small safetie can procure.

If we resistance make, all vntuer'd we shall be slayne,

And troth we must confess, our goodes, and substance, will remaine

To Henry king of Brutes, both towne and gorgeous turrets, gay,

If ought offended were tofore, that pardon we thee pray,

And if no succour from our Prince be sent, for our redresse,

Within eight dayes, then entrance make, and freely do possesse,

Hold and enjoy, our towne, with luckie chaunce, this let vs craue

To spare our lives, such mercy sure becomes it kinges to have;

This vertue rare thine auncestours, did earst remownd make.

What here the Celsane to obtaine demandes, that let him take,

Replies our king, and here withall, vnto their proper place

The Frenchmen home he sent, cruce was confirm'd for foreshyd space.

Eight dayes repired were, no helpe was sent, no native syde,

The promise was requir'd: then howling parentes halfe dismayde,

With sucking babes, then virgine troupes, from antike dwellinges strayde.

The Celsane people all, out of their gates in plumpes chyntchiche,

All sad, of arduous stripe, most wretched, emprie, poore and siche.

And habitations new for to prouide, they were constrain'de.

Forthwith throughout all Britaine townes, the crier loude proclaimde,

By State commandemens from the king: that who so Harflu will

Beyond the seas inhabite, and the fieldes adiacent till

They practise hande crastes, or follow greedy marchantes trade,

Or turne the earth with crooked sull, or delue, and digg, with spade:

Let him to Harflu bte, where certaine place for his abode.

Upon the asker by the kyng, shall freely be bestowde,

No onely he, shall it intay, but after him his heire.

Forthwith vnto the salt sea shoores, much people make repayre,

Expecting onely prosperous gales, to caule the hull to glauncs.

And where as nearest passage was vnto the realme of Fraunce:

What presse of people flocr, in so shorte space, it wondrous was.

That for inhabitants great stoe, no place did Harflu passe.

Whiche garbed strong with men, the king his tentes gan to remoue.

When as a stoue into his ears, this vncouth rivinges drove,

That through the bridges broken downe, he shold no passage gett,

That firscoye thousand warlike Galls, did neare approaching iete,

All dight in steelecores strong, to beare the brunt from naked brest,

And salutes glittering eke, with white plumes staring through the crest,

So huge a troupe of horsemen, as in elder age no wight,

Nath seen before, vnbridled, fierce, over broad fieldes scourc in sight.

Eight dayes
truce.

Harflu-
ded.

Englishmen
go to inhab-
ite Harflu,
their owne
country left.

Bridges of
some.

Henry was
aduertised
a great arm
of French
approaching.

The victorious Battayls

Plantagenet no whit disturbde, with this vast army, gans
Himself forward, and unto his mates, he fearest courage adds.
His chuse directing straight, with stomach bold, against his foey.
And for that Vespers shadowes glomme, anon would Sol inclose;
Neere to the wondry chicket dark, to pitch his tentes he chose.
Then unto his pavillion straight such Peeres as seemde him best.
He bids repayre, there to consult, upon the daunger prest.
For scarce three miles th' enemis powre, was distant from the place.
A little now before the night, they come unto his grace.
There do determine by councell wise, what meetest they do shinke.
Amongst the rest (Don Titans he ames now couch in Thetis binke)
The souldours all commaunded were, sharpe pointed stakes to chuse,
Out of the groves, whereof the king most prudent shoures the vse.
That on them, fastened in the ground, the troupes of horsemen fierce,
Night light, in mid of race, which throghe the courters hoose would pearce.
This secret guile, that for most rankes, should from the enemis close.
Fraud is a vertue great, in dreadfull warre, to trap out foes.
Meane time, untimely dusky night, from hie heauens rushing prest,
And moxall men, their weared limbes, in sweet sleepe laid to rest.
Forgeting troublous cares, that fresh they might to labour rise.
Howbeit with drowse slombryng clogd, few Britaines shut their eyes,
Some stringes unto their snowy bowes do fit, some whetstones plied
In sharpening arrow heades, which might throught harnesse pearcing syde.
He to th' almighty king his wife, and children doth commend,
As though in fight the sequent day, should bring his fatall end.
He put his gold away, in hope that on the morrow moerne.
He shall the Frenchmans gaine, as customed was of old beforene.
The glittering morning fresh, unwares the Britaines, clearely shone,
Armes, armes, ye English harts, with cries which rought the beauely thonne,
The valiant capaines call, take armour, armour take, we pray,
Pour weapons gripe in hand, to twig your strong bowes forces laye:
And chiefly in the hottest broule respect to keepe good rap.
These wordes no sooner sayd, but ioyned the bandes in order went,
Expecting foes approuch with mynde to bloudy battaile bent.
Wher sodainly a Scoutwatch spurres to courser setting swift,
Which watching had the night before, to understand their drist
Surveyed the enemis campe, cries, cruell Frenchmen, Frenchmen commone
Like as in mid of winter cold, the sounding Southwind glomme,
Whith shouing flauers, & duskyish milles, made thick, doth whirling runne.

Sol, the sunne

Henry a little
before night
callid his
Lordes to
Counseil as
concernyng
their daunger
through the
multitude of
their enemies
Thetis God-
desse of the
sea vised for
the Sea.
A stratageme
a sleight to
intrap the
the enemy by
fraude.

The English
army set in
order.

Q

of the English Nation.

By as Orion clowdie starre, with countenance blacke, both gray,
The hugie mountaine tops, being farre aloft, and neare, with sway
Rough rushing windes stie out, and with their force domake away:
So doth the Celiace army hast, her broad heedes sayre in sighte
The Sunne upstart, appioch, displaying insignes glittering brighte.
The earth doth trembling shake, with hollow hoof of trampling steenes,
Through chynging thicke on heapes, the pilming dust to skies procedes.
Scurd vp with horsemen plumpes, and bandes of footemen flocking fast.

This morning had the king, into a sounder slumber cast,
Then he of custome wile, so boyde of care sweet rest he takes:
Untill one of his Peers into his bewart entrance makes,
And him with touching soft, out of his pleasant sleepe awakes.
Declaring how the Celiace host, within two miles were come,
And how into great iepardie his campe was like to runne:
Wherfore he prayes him shew, what by his Captaines should be done.
The king even as he was, unclothd, his lively corps both take,
Out of his bed, on bended knees, and thus doth prayer make.
O hye and mightie king, I suppliant fauour do require,
Thou greatest, puissance great, into thy seruantes Lord inspice.
On thee I plant my onely hope, do not thy seruante leue,
The enemy to his horse, to thee alone, we crusing cleue.
If I as victor chief this day, the conquest shall obtaine:
Thy Godheads wondrous prayse from age, to age, which shall remaine,
In holy temples, sacred men, and women eke, shall sing.
This proper smishe thus, the rankes to place, forchwith the king
Commaundes, and quickly clad, his glittering armour fitting fast,
He starteth out, with skipping pace, and through the rayes he past.
Demanding of his mates, what cheare, and hope their myndes possell,
With chearefull countenance all do aunswere make, we hope the best.
The Duke of Yorke for honours sake, then downe himselfe inclinde,
And sayes, renowned Prince, a thousandes causes moue my minde,
To testifie my loue, and bounden duetie to your grace,
Next to my country soyle, wherfore graunt that the formost place,
Of all the bataile I, and forefond may conduct as guide,
So shall I by my woxthy death eternall fame prouide:
And leste I be deceau'd, by false illusions of my mynde,
I shall by dierie dint of blade, the dastarde enemy grinde.
And everlasting glore will such noble actes succede.
He endes his tale. Plantagenet appiochyng him with speede
Takes vp from ground, and friendly doth this courteous aunswere sayd.

Henry rising
out of his bed
prayeth God
to ayde him.

The Duke of
Yorke besee-
cheth the
king that he
might lead
the forefon
of the bat-
tale.

The victorious Battayles

The kyng
graunted the
Duke of
Yorke the
conducing
of the fore-
front.

The Earle of
Suffolke.

The Earle of
Warwicke.

The kyng of
England ex-
horteth his
souldiours to
fight.

Since thou my knyghtman deare, doest offer of thine swre accord,
Such gratesfull seruice, as no thought imagine may a part,
More gratesfull, wch thy chankes of helpe, for thy most gratesfull hart.
A wroke of high nobilitie thon art hit, I geve me the same,
Thy warlike mynay unto the herteinknow straight to battaile framme
Thy selfe, and dreadfull foes to come, by manly courage tame:
And throught thy great exploites in warre, deseru'de laud beare away,
Without delay the Archers stout, are set in battaile ray,
Of which the greatest part, in sondry winges deuided weare.
The martiall rankes which tronchen pikes, claspt in their handes did beare,
The ensigne of the king, in armour thick did compasse round.
The Earle then which by the name of Suffolke was renownde,
The tighe wing did conduce, the Warwicke Earle the left hand rout,
Both armde with souldiours old, which dwangd their bowers with courage
A troupe of horsemen light, the pikenier rankes did stinckly garde. (Rout.
The teregarde such as brysone bills daie, and bryskeene did warde,
Like Giances strong, with hugie limbes, and campe behinde did close.
Here was the Britaynes power, this kynd of battaile ray they chose.
The army ordred thus, the king demandes, what time a day?
About the time in which our prestes accusom'd are to pray:
The nobles suns were make, throughoute the townes of Albion bies.
Be of good cheare ye Britaynes rout, the king doth straight reply,
For in this bryde, the stured clarkes, do pray for our successe,
Goe to my lads, your valure so by great exploites expresse:
That like to your forefathers old, this day you may depart,
Whose handes in figh, not onely haue the Frenchmen made to sterte,
But manly lookes haue stonde, and socht to figh with broken hart.
All feare expell, death dreadfull is to none of gentle kind,
If to be ouercome by destinies lot we be assynde:
The last gasp of my vitall breteth, shall be blowne out this day,
For me as captiue, to redeeme, no man shall erribute pay,
Nor for my caunsome British land, shall any charge defray.
He sayd. Like minde was to hem all, the army shewing hie
Redoublech loude the noyce, and promise pligthes that all would die
On point of goarie blade, if Fortune victory shold denie.
Meane time towardes the Celtnes hoast, began to wend away
The army all, and broad in sight, their banners to display.
Behold of dreafull Mars the trumpet gaily noyce out blue,
Prouokementes dire of blouddy slaughters feil, then to insue.
The armes both bloudthirstie neare, and neare, their strokessps dyne,

The

of the English Nation.

The share byrooting reares, and brings to light, in steede of stones:
Doe curse, and banne with dolefull playnts, those ciuill battailes fell,
In which an hundred thousand wights, the bloody blade did quell.
Todcastell eke through battaile strange, a noble name doth gayne,
In which full thirtie thousand men, in dolefull sort were slain.
The last bwoyle of this ciuill war, did Teuxburic contayne.
Whiche townes yet standing, of those warres are testimonies good,
How then that flowing riuers ranne, converted into blood,
So many dreadfull foughthen fields, the fation of two kings,
Did cause, which mightie loue at last unto conclusion bring.
Here Bosworth bloody warres, and others moe, I will omit,
By which king Henry seuerch eternall fame, which will not sitt
From age to age contynned still, in memorie attaynd,
Who first but Earle of Richmond, then king Edwards daugheir gaynd,
In wedlocke linked fast, and with her Britaine crowne possitt.
That did the lawes require, and English Prelimates chiese request.
This God th'almightie guide, as authour chiese, did bring to passe,
And thus at length the rage of ciuill hatred ended was.
He rayngd unto his subiects all, a noble prince most deare,
All externe enemis far and neare, his puissance great did feare.
He worshipt chiefly God, and godliness, and justice loude,
And craftie wicked men, he hating, sharply still reprooude.
Full twentie peers and three, beloude of all he ware the crowne,
Of forrayne princes high esteemde, and had in great renowne,
A king of justice rare, of prudence, manners, courage bolde,
Who dyng left the dyademe, to Henry stout to holde,
His heye, with wondrous welch, huge heapes of siluer pure, and golde.

crowne for kyng Henry the sixt.

The battailes at Banbury, Barnet, Todcastell, and Teuxbury were fought in Edward the fourthes dayes.

Henry Earle of Richmond at Bosworth slue Richard the third, beyngh third brother of Edward the fourth, and then maried the Lady Elizabeth daughter to kyng Edward, and obtaineth the crowne, he first ioyned the houses of Lancaster and Yorks beyngh long tyme at variance.

At Notchamton was foughten the third battaile where the kyng was taken prisoner in the field. The fourth famous battaile was at Wakefield where the Queens powre slue the Duke of York with his sonne the Earle of Rutland, and destroyed his host.

The fist battaile fought at S. Albans againe, where in the Queens discomfited her enemies and deliuered her husband. The battaile at Exarn fought betwene Edward the fourth, and the Lord Montague lieuenant of the North to recouer the

The ende of the first Booke.

The victorious Battailles

Henry VIII.
509.



C from his tender yeares, the wyrkes of mighty Mars esteind,
That other giftes most singular, which well a Prince besemeth:

As well of body, as of minde, I do not here declare.

How puissant, courteous eke, how he his shoulders lostie bare
Abovē the rest, with comely face abouē, and vertue rare.

The fourth time haruest yellowish warr, since first he rule this soyle,
And hott Autumnus scorching flames, the earth did chapping boile:

Wherfore Henry valiant Britayne king, did fearefull warr vp rere,
And cruell Frankes, to bloudy campes, of dreadfull Mars did stree.

The Romane bishop him incensē these warres to take in hande
Wherfore the surging floudes he cuts, and doth at Callice land,

The Cittie filling full, with thirtie thousand souldiours stout,
Foure noble Captaines onely tane, out of the warlike rout:

Lord Talbot marciall Peete, and eger Poynings fierce in fight,
Rice ap I' thomas loure of Wales, and Somerset a doughtie knight.

Wherfore Henry had forerent, to fragrant fieldes where Turwyn standes,
Turwyn a walled fortresse strong yfenc'd with warlike bandes.

In tyme of pleasant spiring, as boistrous windes with whirling blastes,
On ground all sweeping sheere, and bubble light, and dust vp castes:

Or as the earth, with crooked teeth, of sickle sharpe, is shozne:
So downe the heedes of deare, with th' English horsemen thick are borne.

They troupes of prisoners take, and droves of beastes, subdue by might.
The king insues, and thirtie thousand men in harmish fight,

Of hard brasse beaten forgo, in siege gainst Turwyn walls he pight.
Under the Britaine king the mighty Emperor serues for pay,

And bloudy Germanes fierce, in bryntes of warre renownd alway.
Nothing to souldiours is disburst for hyer, but syned gold:

Of which ech tent throughout the campe, such wondrouſ stroze did hold:
That mony for to coine, the king of Silver was constrainde.

Rewardes stout courage brought, and hert in armes hauit hartes maintained.
The Celiue horsemen troupes with valiaunt Brutes do battaile make,

To rescue theirs, but all in bayne they weaker armour take.
The palme of conquest wonne away, the puissant Britayne beares,

The enemis all thrust through, with sharped pointes of thirling spears.
The walls with roxing Cannon shot, all groueling battred downe,

Doe easie passage givē, and entraunce large into the towne,
And Frenchmen fill with shattering dread. Now Turwyn Britaines hold,

And conquered spoyles, of ransacke towne, the king decks manifold.
Whose mighty puissance great, in seaces of Mars, with flickring winges,

Swift sliding through the ayre, Report, to bordering Citties bringes.

A great expe-
dition into
France.

Sir Rice
Thomas

Turwyn be-
sieged.

Maximilian
the Emperor

comes by
Henry.

Nothing to
souldiours

Rewardes stout

courage brought

and hert in armes

hauit hartes

maintained.

Turwyn
wonne.

of the English Nation.

In Tornay famous Cittie strong, when that these names were tol,
For very grieſe the groves and grauantes for tribute sommes of golde
And gates wiſe open ſetts, permitting Britaines entrance bold,
Within her walls, and ſubiect now, unto new Lordes becomme,
Extinceing former lawes, of Henry king takes new in rōume.

Tornay ren-
dred payes,
the king ten
thousand
duckets for
yearely rent.

Meane time kyng James which then of Scottes the regall mace did beare,
And to conſume the leage, till warres of Britaines ended were,
With Frankes in hand, the ſacred hoaſt had tane not long beforne,
And on the holy sacrament, had moſt devoutly ſwoyne:
For to obſerue the couenantes, then plighted to his frenſd:
Himſelfe with flaming fire, and ſwoyd, againſt our banches doth bend,
And ſixtie thouſand ſouldours hard, all armeſ, training fast
In abſence of their Lord, the Britaine borderers wide doth walk.
The Surrey Earle of English bondes, assignd lieftenant, ſtricht
Of valiant Brutus an army chose, and to augment his myght,
He noble Peers of auncient race descended, to him ioynes,
Scroupe, Stanly, Latymer, of Rameſtāke ſtout, and ſturdy, ioynes.
Lord Dacres preſent was, and Clifford haunche glittering gay
Than Bulmer, Bucket than with Haward Admirall of the ſea:
And Edgeland to him wynd, ſprong of one line of Grandſiers old,
Withiſch firſt aſſailde his foes, couraſious kniȝt, auenteining bold.
Both diȝt in brefſplates black, ſo made by ſalt ſeas ſpringling drop,
The enemy planted was, on Flodden mountaines creſted topp.
And when approching fast, the king perceau'd, in battaile ray,
With banners broad diſplayde, the Brites toward him take their way,
Diuinuited from hiſ ſtrede, where gloriy valne incenſt him foorth
Dy feruent angers rage (which in ſuſh caſe is little worth)
He forerout of the battaile leades, and ſtraight aſſailes his foes.
Dy ſturdy buckler boſſe, the Britaine bare the enemis blowes,
And venging gleine, with goary bloud, downe runnyng red, imquen.
Three long houres, armes both in boutfull bickering fierce purſued.
The Scott with two lat geſtley wounded, the ſharpe ſword edge doth ſlay: James king
of Scotts slain
and all his ar-
mie diſcomi-
ted.

VWhilſt kinge
Henry is buſie
in Fraunce
James King of
Scotes iuſ-
deth England

Lord Haward
admirall and
his brother
in blacke ha-
nife

The Scotts
had pitche
their tentes on
Hoddam hill.

of Scotts slain
and all his ar-
mie diſcomi-
ted.

A Scottiſh le-
gate comes
into England.

The victorious Battailles

But after that, on this side Britaines grudges, and Scottish ire,
On that side is incensit, for on their borders grewe a strife,
And secret murmuringes went, how quarrels dayly waxed rife,
Betwixt the peoples twaine. Scarle thysle dame Phœbes glittering flame
Repayzed had her blazing beames, and circle round became:
When as a mightie power of Scots well arm'd with ironcheon speares,
One part on foote, the other hor'd on prauising steedes, by reares
Themselves, and in Nouember when the high heauens rayne down pow'r,
Inruption making fierce, with sword and fire, out borders scourt.
There is a Cittie hight Carlile, with strong walles fenced round,
Built in the Northpart of this land, which without balke or bound,
In valley playne is set, and faire broad campes doth bordering bue,
Out of this fortres wylke towne, the kinges lieutenant bue.
And other parces adioyning neere, which are in Cumberland,
Two thousand Britaines garnisht bright, gainst all the Scottes to stand.
Whiche hautie hearted Wharton, doth conduct in open fieldes,
And egar onset gives, dishuering speares, and battering shieldes.
But Scottes, a chilly feare theyr trembling hartes possessing stright,
Astonisht were, at first assault: and by Ioues power alinghe,
There conquerde, battered downe, all groueling on the dusky ground,
Some takes the bushy groves, and dungeon caues with tough rockes bound,
Some swift to mountaynes topes, with tale okes froughted, flying gate:
The king of Scottes himselfe, which on a hill side lurking late,
Afright with this event, and of his men the sloughter vast:
To passe a gurtie floud, himselfe into the channell cast.
The riuier through wilde winter shoures, then flowed aboue the brinkes,
Wherfore in mist of striuyn greames he, gulping waters sinkes.
Besides all those which flight preseru'd, and were in skirmage slaine,
A number captiue of the Peeres, and commons did remayne,
Whiche wearied soore, and sad, that night Carlile did safe containe.
The common soot with iron beltes, and shackles fetterd fast.
Whiche for a marshy muck of coyne, all rausom'de at the last:
As conquerours, and conquered betweene them could agree:
Doe hafe them home to natvie soyle, from bondage quited free.
But all the nobler soore, from race of auncient Peeres espyng,
From the nee to London Tower with swifte course were conueyed along.
Wher they inclosed fast, the first nighthe were constrainyd to stey,
All mourning, pensiue wightes, sweet libertie freedome tane away.
The next morne glomy shadowes dimme, from hye heauens had depres'd,
Wher godly Henry mindfull still of wretched wightes distres'd:
Commaundes the Captiues all, adornde in robes, as white as milke,

The Scots
breaking into
England
nearre Carlile.

Wharton
with two M.
Baldours
subdues the
Scots and
puts them to
flight.

James King of
Scots swim-
ming ouer a
rhe as some
say was drown-
ed.

The Chiefeſt
of Scotland
taken priſo-
ners, ſent to
the Towre.

of the English Nation.

The kinges rich pretious gifte, all curios wrought with finnes silke.
Through mid of London vnto him, gentlie to be comayde.
Then of the hard vngratefull harts of Scottes, but little sayde:
There olde accustomed fraud ingrafe, he reprehendeth much.
Yet all with wondrous lenitie, and pleasant countenance such,
As louing parentes vse to haue, when they their children deare,
Sprong from their proper loyns, correcting chide, to put in feare.
The Captives on the other side, did render ample speech,
Both for themselves, and countrie soyle: and for their late dead leich,
And farther did in humble sorte beseech his royall grace,
That he vnto their wordes would lend, his listening eare a space,
King Henry grauntes, deepe silence straight ech man from talk both hold:
When thus the eldest of the troupe, of captives thus he told.
O Prince amongst all noble kinges of Europe most renownd,
Whose mightie praise through weightie workes in warfare both abound.
We conquered Scottes, thee conquerour, confesse with willing thought.
Nor shame it is to such as you, vs subiect to be brought.
What shame ist for the Panther weake, to th' Lion grim to couch:
If sharper penance you appoint, deseru'de I hit auouch.
Our vitall blisse, our finall bane, in your handes both remaine:
Howbeit to such a prince renownd, our death small prayse can gayne.
Nor to be slayne, can profit bring, vnto your souldiers stout,
Respect our sucking babes, and dolefull spouses scriking out:
With teares the ruchfull funeralls, bewayling of their Lordes:
As dead. Offendours to forgiue, it greater glorie fordes.
If they offend which hast obey, of their annoynted king
Then twentie hundred foes in field, to dreadfull death to bring.
But now vnto our sute, which pondring wey with iustice right,
Renowmed prince: we entrance made, thy coastes to wast by might,
And wasted haue the bordring hamlettes neere with fierie flame:
Haue not our men with condigne death, paide penance for the same:
Our king no longer vitall breath and airc supernall takes,
But lucklesse chance, of lowring Mars, aud life, despising hates.
Perchance the Destinies so required, and God the eternall guide,
Would haue it so, vnto whose becke all thinges on earth are tyde.
That of his wondrous clemencie, two kingdomes ioynt combinde
Might be in sciendly loue, and both haue one concordant minde:
Discordant easil before, and endlesse league of friendship kniit.
This thing to bring to passe, occasion now is offered sic:
which take O noble king, aud of two lands procure the blisse,

The clemen
of King He
ry.

The oration
of the Sco
tish Captiu
to King He
ry.

The victorious Battailes

A male child of great comaynes your heire apparent is,
Our Prince hath tame his fat all falle his heire of female kinde,
But lately boyn, the Scottish crowne to weare, is left behinde.
If these two Princes were coniyned in hymens sacre bandes:
The cause of all our bickering iistes would quyte be out of hand,
And eke in everlasting peace both regions should be rive.
Who can prohibite this, if it by you be not devide?
If you comand it to be so, which we aske and requeste.
He sayd. Whilch one alient, both parties this esteeme as best.
Affirming it the wondryous worke of hym le houe to bee,
For nations toaine in hattes erst, by such meanes to agree.
The king that present time, few wordes did render backe agayne,
But them disnat, commandes as ffates beseint to emertaine,
And poyleke houses eke, on every peer he frendly londes,
Expences all destapes, rich vestures, gold, and silver sendes,
And more with malle golden chaunes eth captiue he addoynes.
Now fearefull does they hunte, & chase over steep hills chich anich thornes,
Now into hanting netts, they drue the swifte staggs, hant with hornes.
But flattering pleasure puts a meane at length, unto her ioyes,
And nothing is so pleasaunce found, but it hath some annoyes.
To country gnothes, moze swet in last, is beest then patridg fine,
Moze gratafull eke then daintie cates, is powdred flesh of swine.
Euen so the Scotts their country cold, then ours, more better lyses,
Though all thinges likes them well, and all thinges they unwilling propse.
Such ardent loue of country soyle, menz mortall mindes doth rare.
In respect of which, all other ioyes doe soure and lochloine ware.
Wherfore they burning in desire, to see their native land,
And licence free so to depart, attaynd at Henries hand:
Whilch that they promise golden mantes, and did perswade the king,
How they two nations lukt in league, and endles truce would bring:
He frooching paltryes saye, and hulpe he apes of fynch golde
On them bestow, and graciuously most cheatefull did behold:
Their rausomes paynynge eke. Thus captiue Scotts dismissed bee,
Whilch solempne shewes of wondryous ioyes, now welcomde home they bee,
Unto the pallace of the Queene, which to her husband rownd,
The sacrefites of dauerall, performing due they found.
These primates that returned late, the Queene their soueraigne deare,
Demaunderes what newes, in Britaines court, and how they bled weare.
Ungratefull Scotts they stell concelde, king Henries gratafull hart,
And did dispayre the English guide (a vile vnwochly part)

King Henryes
moncience.

The Scotts set
it freedom
and pardoned
without any
rausome on
them.

Then

of the English Nation.

Then dolefull her lamenting sti; they earnest bid exhort,
The Britaine not to chuse, in wedlocke had to be conþoyt.
Unto the Princesse fayre, but foraine somme in lawe elsewhere get,
And noble Celiande kingon nations severred far to fer; (in iustis)
And peace for wars to change, to such as wars would boldly make,
That fortune then in time to fare, successse would better take.
These sayings all, the Scottish Peeres upheld, with one assent,
And towards britaines borders straight, with sword and stier, they went.
The periurde Scot, to burning wrach now Henry knoled had, (in iustis)
And chearefull trumpets ralting sound, to bryopes stout britaines had.
Foothwith in solenypne soft, were summond states of all the land,
A haynous fact, eche one cries out, reuengement out of hand.
By dreadfull sword, by reaking flaines, eche sayes must be prepard.
And promyzed severally their helps, all cause of stay that bard
This enterprize seemd long, to iepard life none doute both make,
That Brytaines of such villanie, reuengement iust nughte take.
The Captaines chiese assynd, the Earle of Hartford vncle deere,
To Edward tender Prince, and Dudley hau and wariske peere,
Whiche Henry Admirall of his fflete, appointed had to be,
In wit, and courage like, but far unlike in stierce, for he,
In mighty puissance stierce, of sturdie limbis, and toynts, did passe,
The other subiect lesse to yre, lesse wroch and dreadfull was:
In fewe dayes did the enemies shore, with crooked keele attaine,
Through weltring salt sea flouds, with prosperous gales blowne on amaine
Without delay, with armed souldiours stout yfensi, they land,
Their Marriners hot bloody bryopes, beginning out of hand.
The foe runnes scattered here, and there, the countrie cottage cops,
which ether clotted turfes, or flaggie marrish rusches stoppes,
And couers from the winter showers: with fierie flames are burnt.
Liech ransact, to the ground by Vulcans blasing brandes was turnd.
And all the bordring region neere, did smoldring smoke vp reare,
Of female sexe the dolefull mournings loud, the skies doe teare
With striking noyse, and aier throughout, yong chilidens clamours ringes,
All, sadnes did portend, a wretched shape remaind of thinges.
To Edenborowe the noþ men, with rents remou'd proceed,
Here bickering blowes beginnes, with shoores uplifted fierce indeed.
The Scottes their entrie gates, indeuoring fast with ingines rambd,
And ordinaunce rozing loud, with iust charge of gunpouder crambd.
On this side founded is the Scott, their Britaine breathlesse lies,
Those gash with goozie blade, those slaine with shaft which flickering flies.

The Scotts do
hort the
Queene Scott
marrying his
daughter to
the English
Prince.

Edward Earle
of Heifor'e
and John
Dudley Lord
admirall with
a nauy of ship
pes enter
Sotland.

Leitbe and E-
denborowe
ransacked.

The Scottes
placed their
ordinance
full agin^d
their g^r

The victorious Battailes

The bounchy ashen tronch, doth many riuie with gaping wound,
Sent far aloof, but more the whussing bullet dings to ground.
At length part of the Britaines campe, the battred walls had scalde,
Inuading fierce, with reaking fiers, and vantes and roofes downe haelde.
The Scottes do fyfe for feare, their goodly Ordinance Britaines hold,
They shunne their sight, as does, doe houndes, as hindes, do Lions hold.
The strong stone walls remainde, and houesen pinions staved vass,
All other thinges to ashes burnt, with Vulcans sparkling blast.
The castell yet of Edenbrow, unconquered standeth stout,
An auncient fort, with ouglie walls, of cragged rocke cut out,
Depending on her strength, and burning with desire of fame,
That she durst proudly boast, no forraine force her power could tame.
,, The euent, and finall end of thinges, doth try them false or true.
But therof triall to be made, the kinges evict withdrawe
For present time: wherfore the valiant victor Britaines boast,
Fame leading them the way, with swift course sable to native coast,
In fleetting hull yboze, with chearefull noyse of crompetts sound:
The shippes safe in their wonted roades, with mighty cables bound,
Wher thus the nauy strong tawke ropes, to grapling ankers tyed:
Lord Dudley martiall peere, straight waye to Princes court him hyed.
Whom, many a right hand stretched out, doth welcome home full sayne,
Wher he saluted is, and salutations givens agayne.
Before all others Henry Prince, to lostie skyes doth raise,
His Admirall, and puissant corps, with minde vntamde doth prayse.
With Princely wordes, and Princelike giftes, adds to confirme the same.
Scarle through the twelue celestiall signes, vane Phoebus glittering flame,
Had stealing crept, when Britaines force, the Frankes prouokt to fight,
Whose king with cruell miscreant Turkes, a league of truce had pligte.
Out, out, a filthie fact, and deed vnworthy to be speake,
For Christian king to doe, religious care which seemde to take:
And of that ticle to the world so vast a shew did make.
Agaynst him therfore for to warre renowned Henry bent,
With suffrage of the primates chief, and councts graund consente.
He armes of prooste prouides, and souldiours customed long to warres,
And doughtie laddes, of courage stout, and prompt to bickering iartes.
And valiant guides of stomacke haut, all such he bringeth out.
The nobles present weare, and commons eke, a hugie rout,
And first that Peere, whom Suffolke name, and title hye assignde,
Up mounted on a trampling steed, in Tyrian purple shinde,
With golden helmet deckt, whose copped crest did streeming stare.

Then

The Scottes
forsake their
Ordinance.

Preparation of
wars against
Fraunce.

The king of
Fraunce his
league
with the
Turke.

of the English Nation.

Then he to whom like title, rich of sheepe, woll Norfolke, bare,
Exulting skipping came, a Duke to wrochfull anger prest,
Howbeit of minde unconquered, noȝ by Mars to be supprest.
Then Arundell an Earle, of pouchfull yeares a stripling braue,
With Pawlet, which did coyne, and needfull foode prouide and saue.
Lord Russell then, which warlike troupes of burly ladds did trace,
With Devon fostred by, of white tinne mines a fertile place.
Walles sent a iolly route, and Ireland eke a few did yeld,
With which neither dyed the bright drawne sword, noȝ bloudy foes in field,
In running springoldes light, of hart, and handes of valure tried:
The chosen Northarne crue, on warlike Coursers fierce to ride
In mayled shurtes, of sturdy yron sweltes fine forged, dight,
By swift course of their horse, could equall striue with birdes in flight.
Anthony Browne whose comely corps, if men you would behold,
In portraiture none excelde, noȝ in exploites of Mars moze bold:
Most willingly the horsemen troupes, by Princes hest did guide,
From all the coastes of Britayne, came, thicke thumping, far, and wide.
A mighty power of Springoldes fresh, and stoe of palfrays fierce,
The horne hoose of the soming horse, the trembling earth doth pearce,
And horsemen arinde with sturdy launce, do runne with frisking pace.
The campe thus ordyned well, in long rankes marcheth on a pace,
And aerie region ball, with clamorous noyse discordant fills.
With armed troupes, the hollow vales, and loftie mounted hills:
As with falne flakes of snow, or Titan set, with dropps of due:
You might all scattered thick, in compleat harnish cluttering, vne,
whose blasing brightnesse through the rayes of Phoebe so dimd the looke,
Of viewers all, that Titans beames, away the prospect tooke.
New rayment partie coloured made of woll by skilfull art,
The souloours of ech Captaine did disseuering set apart.
Fine silken banners broad displayed, before ech band doth goe,
The skipping souloours of his guide, the Ensigne spread doth know.
Even as the fragrant floures aboue the greene grasse loftie show,
In pleasaunt time of spring: and with their coloures do delight,
If any man of sayre fresh fieldes, shall walke to take the sight:
Such semblaunce hath our bands whilst oer h playne heaches thick they gad,
In silken iacketts fine, with skirtes imbrodered curious clad,
Their glittering armour glimling rayes, like Sunne beames casting fro.
King Henry lofier by the head, all boistrous, stout doth goe,
A great and mighty Peere, where you his strong armes do behold,
By huge thighes sturdy pigh, which art had closd in precious gold.

The Dukes of
Northfolke
and Suffolke
the Earle of
Arundell,
Lord Pawlet,
Lord Russell
appointed
chiefe in this
warfare.

Sir Anthonic
browne ma-
ster of the
horse.

Or Titan set
that is, or
when the
Sunne is set.

The discripti-
on of king
Henry the 8.

The victorious Battailles

ulcanus.

The descrip-
tion of the
workeman-
ship of kyng
Henry's han-
dys.

And eke his manly corps, with mighty brestbone bolstred brestplate
By no force to be carde, nor through with hard steele to be thred.
Him armour strong inclosive, of finest mettall polisht wrought,
Such as by fierie puissant God, yforgd you would haue thought,
Or by the monstrous Cyclops hand, in smoldering Etna caues.
The workman, there steepe clammering hills, and liquid flouds ingrames,
Here shadowy darkesome woodes are set, their shrubby salowes lowe,
Moreover Themmes, which with straight course, into the sea doth goe
And on that side whence Tasterne windes, with boistrous blastes do sweep.
Were Scuerne graunde, and Trent, two mighty floudes with channells deepe,
Whose weried stremes to th'greedy gulf of th' Ocean vast do passe.
On the vpper margent of the shining brestplate grauen was,
The shapes of mighty kinges, and ginning of his auncient race,
Edward Plantagenet the fourth there had his roiall place,
The lively Image then, and antike forme of Henry fift,
Of mothers, and of fathers side, his grandiers next were fift.
Then Henry sevengh with loyall spouse abyoynd, in seates are stalde,
By name of roiall Salomon most worthy to be calde:
For that he prudent was, and godly eke, which vertues twaine,
Unto a Princeley Peer, eternall fame deseru'd can gaine.
His sonne of yong and tender peares, the staving helmit had,
Whom ruling here on earth, dire death did enuie yonthfull lad.
Two Princes, virgines last, by severall mothers brought to light,
Successours to the crowne, so labes, and rites requirde by right,
Two roiall chaires possell, ingraund in crest of headprece by right.
Wherfrom his sturdy bow the king his flickering shaft did wess,
All shewing loude out cried, that he therein exceld the best.
Or whither he with straining force, did charge the shiuering speare,
He had agayne the prayse. If valiant Hector living weare,
And now Achilles shouly assayle, with gashly gleue agayne:
Like force of thunderbolt, so he his sword with might did straine.
But to de shott even as their king, the armys all desires,
To be the like, hyc honours prick their hauncie stomackes fiers,
Inceusing moze, with courage great, aduentures great to take.
The souldiour will he stout, whch vnder vour guide wars doth make.
Upon his armour honge, a bessure deet with pretious gemmes
From vcmost Indies brought, a Euerauldes dazzling eyes with glemmes.
The Diamond, shining Saphire eke, and Jasper were infold.
His hangers guilt, his sword hilts gold, his buckler boſſe of gold,
Or if that any thing, then red gold were moze precious sound.

And

of the English Nation.

And to be b^rief his gorgeous trappers gay, and bitt linkes round,
Did cunning rare containe, and cost which such a king beseemd.
The common sox thus richly dight, him not a man esteemd,
But thought a God. For God himselfe, the heauenly monarch bie,
Will earthly Princes haue also, in royall dignitie,
To be, as Salomon in glittering ordanances we know.
And now the sea which through the straict rives, rough with rage doth flow,
By blastes of prosperous westernne windes, the Britaines ouer cast,
At Callice landing safe. Refreshing toyles, and labours pass,
The king, and all his warlike troupe, their viandes gladyer cast.
And now the dimme night, meried corps, all dreuping laves to rest.
The greatest part do watch, perplexing cares them so opprest,
Ech little stay or none, to wights desirous seemes delay.
When Titan from the Easterne shoudes, with bright beames gan his way,
The dreadfull trumpet soundeth shrill, ech tooles in hand doth take,
And cowardes coastes of Celtane kyng forthwith do iourney make:
Towardes the glistering beames of Titans flashing charriot bright,
There is an ample soyle, amongst the Galls, which Artoysc hight,
A frutefull plague, for pasturing feldes to feede the fleſſie sheepe,
Abounding eke with loftie trees, and bushie mountaines steepe,
There see we stand aloof, with pomposous houses Bulloinc old,
On rough sea shoye ybuilt, with walls of hard rocke round infold,
In elder age invincible by any foraine foes.
This warlike fortreſſe proud, for to assault the Britaine goes,
And rampier bulwarke castes, and towne with deepe trench doth inclose.
To thole that were shnt in, no hope remaind of comming out,
Next to the walles fierce Dudley standes withall his dreadfull rout
Of mariners, throughly flashing surges brought, a people fell
Are mariners, and sterne, unbrydeled, such no force can quell.
Which boistrouſ roaring floudes, with mighty whirlewinde raging scoure,
When in the guttie channels lato the ouglie rockes they scoure:
Doth never daunt, with shinering dread, nor chilley feare procure,
To whom nor raggede desart rockes, nor fierie flames, inure
Doe terror cold, nor daungers dire, by sea, or els by land.
The Admirall of the sea, reioysde at this his warlike band.
The mariners, themselves of such a Captaine happy deeme,
So like, doth like, with willing hart imbracing, high esteeme.
Of all the hugie Britaine campe these men one quarter weare,
By whiche the Bolloynē Citizens, did vetter ruine feare.
On th'other side doth Charles Brandon dire destruction threat,

King Henry
landeth at
Callice.

Bullen bes-
ged.

V

And

The victorious Battayles

The English
gave assault.

The gallies etc.
in.

The vse of the
great gunnes.

And towne besiegd, withouten rest, and walles doth battering beat.
Nor farre from thence stout Henry king, his warlike tenes hath pight.
From whence through chinne aire, rattling pearst with peise, the whirling
And sparkling burning brans, to lofty tops of currets flies, (flight,
None of the shivering enemies durst for feare lye by their ries.
Nothing but trembling terrour pale, within the walles remaind,
At length from campier tops, and crested walles, down iaelinges straide
The Galls besiegd, and stoutly forse, by force againe repelde,
And with their manly valure bold, to tache the Britaines helde:
The bickering bloody groes, here feare, here glorie moue mens brests,
The staggering launce with force, forth flying swift, both parties wretches.
Through gash with gaping wound, out grudging ghosches a number send,
Most yet of these were slaine, which bye walles garres did defend:
And mainide with gashly stripe, with grief vnto their homes are borne,
He stoynishi, gasping brestleste lies, he haltes his foote poyne,
With braines on ground bespinkled broad, no forme of visage left
An other spraules, with knocke of stone, he tumblesh peecemeale cleft.
The ancient age in conquering forrest'd townes, and cities, found
The vse of ingine fell, with mightie beames of timber bound,
Oz els a Ramme, with hooked hornes, of sturdie iron wrought,
which shogging pusht the walles, and hugie stones cut losened brought.
This kinde of warlike ingine, in our age auaileth nought,
Our men a torment much more dire, for dreadfull warres haue sought:
There is a gunne composde of molten stremes, of yre, oz brasse,
Of which a Frier (as some report) the first inuentour was,
Wherewith in few dayes, strongest fortes, and townes, may down be boze,
Which scarce in space of one hole yeare, subdued might before.
That powder then, the hollow boozed brasse, in equall wight
Doe load, according to her charge, a rule directeth righte
Where it be more, oz lesse, insuing whiche, close after ram'd:
If that a pellet fashioned round, of ire, oz stome be cram'd:
And that with leuell iust direct, you peise her ouer wheeles,
Who would beleue, but triall true thereof experience yeeldes:
That whirling feare, like wind, it lightned all and set on fire,
The bullet flies through th'ayre, and strikis what marke you will desir.
Downe battering sturdie walles, with rockie stomes full strong erect,
Nothing against the whuzzing pellet swift, can force obiect,
For what can stand against, although it were a mount of ire?
The walled Cittie strong, assaulted with his this torment dire,
Doch beare off many bouncing bobs, with noyse resondes the skyes,

And

of the English Nation.

And smouldring smoke as blacke as pitch, to heauens doth reaking rise.
Both earth, and houlen shake, as if with shog of whirlewinds rage,
They from their deepe foundations moude, did staggering beckning gage,
With clamours loud which rought the staires, our men bellow chelt blowes
When of the wall a hugie part, with rumbling crack downe goes:
Wherewith both heauens, and seas doe roare, the mariners tents eke shal
Resounding shake, whose captaine haut, the kinges pavillion till
Him hies apace, on bended knees and suppliant him doth pray,
That he the battered walles to skale might first begin the way:
And that none from his souldiers bold, that worthie praise might get,
Although the prayse with present danger prest, were isyntly set,
Because that dearer was then life, hie glorie, and renoume,
And losse of breach, was to be changed, for worthie murall crowne.
As long as by him, and his men, the victorie were attaiu'de,
He death a thousand wayes would take, if thousand times reuiu'de,
He were againe. The king scarce would consent to his request,
Such ardent loue of him, he had conceaupe, in royall brest,
At length on morrow following next he licens'd was to take,
In hand his wished enterprise: he condigne chankes doth make
To Henry mightie prince, as though a pretious treasure great,
He had found out, his sute obtained, and humbly doth intreat,
His Grace his wedded Lady deare, and children to respect.
For thwitch for to returne no time at all he doth neglect
To him desirous egar knight the night did longer seeme,
Then it was wont to be, so sayne he would at bickering beene.
His minde turmoylling this, and that, soft stealing sleepe refusde,
Before day breake, his souldiers calde, as he of custome vsde,
He bids their bodies straight, with lightess armour to be dight,
Then many thinges revoluing deepe in thought, the cleare day light
He long expect'd, his sturdie bandes of Mariners repaie:
On warning small, assembling chick, as bid to costly fare.
Then Dudley noble peers his mouch resolues amongest the rone.
They that in all their time, no hard exployn haue broughte about,
Deseruing lasting faine (redoubted laddes) their lines for sake,
Much like dumbe players, from the stage descending, nothing spake:
we were our country soyle, with life, and labour, borne to ayde,
Or wherefore haue we in this world, so long like slaggardes stayne:
The earth her seede, with large increase, referres to lowe againe,
The fruitfull tree, in season due, her burden doth sustayne,
The peare tree peares doth bring: The cornell Tree, doth Cornell peels,

John Dudley
betechech
the king that
hee with his
marriners
might first
scale the wal

Corona mur-
lis in old time
he that first
entred the B-
enemis fort
wanne great
honour and
therefore
crowned
with a gar-
land in the
triumphe.

The oration
of John Dud-
ley to his ma-
riners.

The victorious Battayles

These doe their maisters good, and profit tillers of the field,
No creature els of vs so small, I can here call in minde,
By whose increase some other thinges, no needfull forsting finde,
Unto our country we were borne, no man can that denie,
And doth not Justice vs require for it agayne to die?
Wher hat is the life of man, but sombryng sleepe, or pleasant traunce?
The action of cleare Vertue doth mens prayse, to starres aduance,
Whiche simple glistereth not at all, but in her subiectes shynes.
Wherfore the warriour stout, on quarrell iust, she chiefly shynes.
Some languishing in tormentes fell, with greeuous panges out blastes,
Their flickering spirite to skies: whom bloudy Mars in warres down castes,
They dye a worthy death, and in a moment yeld their ghostes,
Dissevered thin in ayre, glad wandring, in supernall coastes.
We in subiection are, and ours, so mightie Henries loue,
By poures celestials sound decree. That we to death be boye.
If chundring loue do thinke it good, and Henry puissant Prince
Command, we must obey, it were in wayne against pricke to wince.
Than how much nobler ist, a high exploit, with willing minde
To vndertake, then by constraint thereto to be assignde?
Us victors everlasting fame, and glory, shall endure.
Howbeit but hard aduentures, can true laude in deede procure.
And now attentiu marke I pray, whereto this speach is made,
The king & counsaile haue decreed, that we shall first innade,
And ransack enemies walls, with ladders, fierce assaulting clime
This graciefull prouince, after long request, to me, and mine,
Permitted was, if every one, to take his chaunce be bent,
Than dote not but your Captaine I, do promise good euent.

He whistled here, with shoutes extols to stars, bring ladders calls
Each mariner, scarce Captaines cheates, can hold them from the walls,
Whiche such desire of prayse, and ardent loue of glory rought.
But godly Henry pondring much in minde, him vnbethought,
Nor so much wayng warlike townes, with rampier walls inclosde,
That with his men to certaine hale, and dyuerie death reposde:
He would nor forrest Cityes rich, nor kingdomes vast subdue.
Wherfore by strait edict, from his pretence, he Dudley dyue.
Few dayes expired were, when Bulloine of her owne accord
All armour layd aside, to Henry yeldes, as lawfull Lord.
The Frenchmen all themselues withdrawne, and gates wide open set,
Whiche streaming myrriors glimmering hight adornd, in Britaines let.
Sixe thousand Galls, their ancke seates, all pensive did forsake,

The King
considering
the daunger
that Dudley
with his men
wear like to
runne into
commaundes
them to deist
Bullen ren-
dered.

The

of the English Nation.

The walls, with stately buildinges sayre, and turrets Britaines take.
The warlike Castells strong, with Captaines new yfenced were,
And certayne garrisons of men, in stations settled there:
Lieutenant of the conquered towne, the king that worthy Peere
Alligned, which of his mighty fleet, did the protection beare.

Forthwith with prunates, garded swift he salt seas doth, deuide,
And through the wallowing wastling wauers, to native land doth slide.
Lord Dudley his committed charge respectes with wondrous care,
Reuoluing much in thought, in great foresight and all thinges bare,
And doth by secret pollicie, the wielie Frankes prevent,
Sometime by scaude diminishing, and weakning their entent,
Sometime in open fght, prouoking them to bickering blowes,
Subduing Captaine some, but moxe the goarie blade downe thowes.
No day past one, in which no hard exploit he did atchiue,
Wherby stout Dudleys name, through th'world so wide swift Fame did
And gloriy greater warr, renowned moxe in Celtaue landes, (d)chiue,
And higher he accepted, was imbrassat at Henryes handes.

John Dudley
Lieutenant
of Bullen.

Thise golden Phœbe, to her brothers lampe conioyned was,
Wherfrom the puissant Britaine guide a Legate forth did passe,
The Admirall to recall, on weighty causes of this land,
The noble Oþer welcome him, fast clasping hand, in hand,
The Britaine springoldes fresh, at his returne do skipp for glau,
Few monches exirde, swift fleting Fame, throughout this land did blaue,
That Frenchmen had prepara, of warlike shippes, a navy vast,
For to inuade the Britaine coastes, and land with ruine wast.
Ech to defend prepares, hys beacons built, of sagotes light,
Wherare on the copped clifffes, that kindled, they gine warning myght,
If on our shore, the enemies fleet, should steale in duskie night,
And landing, downe with reaking flames, our country hamlets cast.
Sols chariot bright with swift course had the head of Leo past,
Wher Celtaue navy huge, with boistrous blastes along are blowne.
The sea now shewd no sea, if from a craggie steepe rocke, one
By chaunce vpon the floudes, far vnderneath had cast his eyes,
Oþ like a shadowy groue, or wood, with okes which loftrie rise,
It rather seemd to be, or field, with tall trees thicke yngift.

Preparation
of the Frank
against Eng-
land.

With salt sea wates compass round, there lyes the Isle of Wight
where shearing Southwind gloome, with rough waues bounce the Britaine
The enemies army vast, in hollow hull is thither boore. (Shore,
The grapping anker strong, is cast out of the ferne before,
And with his whistle sounding hoarse, a signe by master gynne,

The French
men with a
great navy in
uade the Isle
of wight.

The victorious Battayles

Each stout lad leapes a shre, as courage hart remained him in.
Now reaking flakes of fier, one cottage roost of turves downe thre,
The country lades, neare bordring, straight themselves to gathet vtre,
Out starting fierce, and manly lift their tooles agaynt their foes,
Much like a sauage beast, which in her denne her whelpes doth close,
And Terriers wielie houndes, with scratching pawes makes to retire,
And vnieth backe (such to preserue their yong, is their desire)
With leach the howling curres, lest that they should approoch her neare,
And hated dennes, to all their kinde, and yong ones spoyleing care:
Euen so themselves, their offspynge deare, and spouses, strongly fence
The husbandmen, least thalls to Frankes, they should be carried thence.
Insisting egar still, with weapons keene, and Galls vniue backe,
Then might you see them fli, and tumbling through in swifte flight stacke,
Those which by running scapte did panting clime the tall ship side.
By chaunce kyng Henries warlike fleet, in harborow lake did ride
At Portsmouth neare at hand, whence sixtie sayle, with good successe,
Against three hundred shippes of Fraunce, to new wars did addresse:
Bright swords did streaming blaze, & fier stro gunns mouth lightning starts,
The hatches couered are with mariners stout of hauie hattes,
The clanging trumpets sound with rattling noyse doth hie heauens fray,
And glomy salt sea blue, had purple coloured ranne that day,
But that a mighty armed shipp of ours oer turned was
Into the floudes, through retchlesnes, of th'mariners alas.
Forthwith the Franke the puissance of his men distrusting soe,
If bloudy bickering he shold exempt, so neare the English shre:
Up hoistid sayles aloof, and native country coastes attaint,
So his attemptes, unto his shame, and soule reproch remaind.
No worthy act attai'd; so let them ofter Britaines vade.
But puissant Henries fleet, the sequent yeare a viage made
With luckier for event, by Northarne blastes forth swifly borne:
Whiche, every thing what shold be done, knowne of the king befoyn,
Lord Dudley mighty Peere, to enemies coalcs directeth stright.
The English shipmen expert of their shoyes, and cuery flight,
Downe lets small shallow shifes, into the floudes, from hollow hull,
These with the chosen Britaine youth, forthwith thicke thrunged full,
With sweeping ores swift glide, and safe their burdens bryng to land.
With banners broad displayd, stout marching gads the English band,
And enter Treport towne, as souldours ought, in bataile ray.
As every man them meetes, him vnierte blate doth stabbing slay,
Him and the stenne of singeing shaft, doth throught the brestplate push,

The Frenchmen land.

The inhabi-
tantes in con-
fiance drame the
Frances to
flight.

Mary Rose
drowned.

The French-
men without
any notable
deed doing
returne home
againe.

Treport by
John Dudley
taken and
bauned.

Due

of the English Nation.

Out drawing soule with all the red blood streames on pavements gush.
An other whilst from Turretts top, through casement, peepeth out,
Noz dares to draw them neare, noz bickering joyne with courage stout,
Is through the body stroke, and deadly wounde of bullet takes.
All kinde of weapons fell, to dierie death free passage makes.

Then William Winter scarse of eighteene yeares, the tyme had trac.

A strippeling fresh and gay, noz stomacke bold, noz valure lackt,
Of some, at first assaule, with thundring blade he helveth the flesh,
A Captaine then, which raging woode imbold through slaughterers fresh,
A purple mancle curious wrought, with hemme of gold about,
Adorned neet, by swolne with puffing pride, he singlēth out,
The Frenchman hym against, fierce pressing girdes a whirling launce,
With windes wild wretched forth, the rattling stafe acaunt doth glaunce,
Then Winter spake. But thou vile wretch more sure shalt penaunce pay,
And of mine honour wonne in warres, shalt first frutes be this day.
Forthwith assaulting fierce, even where the hart to lunges is bound,
His goarie bloud he thrusts, out blacke bloud belking on the ground,
The Celtaic yeldes the ghost, downe others fall, and hot pursues
The Britaine army stout. The kinges lieutenant all the crue,
(Ech calling by his name) incensemeth forth to manly actes,
Through present perill daunted none with fearefull stomacke backes,
Downe groueling falls to ground, who next of Frankes approche hym fall,
With arme so stedy held, the troncheon stafe he stourly cast,
And as the trembling heardes, to ramping Lion prostrate yelde,
When raging woode, with surie boyne, he raungeth through the fieldes,
And all alone, with ougly whelpes, loud roaring, cloudes doth cracke,
When rauening hunger he with blouddy flesh of bulls hath slake,
With feeding full his hugie quarters broad on greene grasse layd:
None other wise of Dudley stout the Frenchmen were affrayd,
Now fierie flashing flames, through garret tops do sparkling flake,
Dong tender boyes, and girles, where none erist was, do passage make.
The feeble folke, and sicly soyt, were spard by Captaines best,
Such mercy rare, the Britaine guide, beares in his royall brest,
That he aboue all other thinges, himselfe will gentle shewe,
The Captaine thus the towne despoyld aborde agayne doth goe.
And home to regall court returns, with all his martiall bandes,
Whose bured fame, of hard exploites, did pearce both seas, and landes,
In fauour high of soueraigne leich, his noble dayes he led,
With glory great, throughhout the coastes, of warlike Britaine spred.

Now eight and thirte winters neare, had puissant Henry raignde,

Captaine
Winter.

The victorious Battayles

Henry. 8. af-
ter 3. years
lyeth.

And prudent with immortall prapse, had Britaines hau^t contaynd,
Since he the mighty scepter, of their happy kingdome bo^t,
Wher that th' almighty loue by satall sicknesse waxing mo^r,
Did warne him leaue this mortall life. alak, and waile a day:
How manie Brutes with blubbering teares, their soft cheeke^s did beray?
How bitterly the Britaine states, hum^s sick bewayling rue^d:
All England droopes, bereft of ioy, with trickling teares bedew^d.
Whilston noug^t can bayle, nor hollome herbes found in the field,
Which heale accustomde wear to so^re, to mortall members yeeld.
No compound drugs could life prolong, nor pleasant potions brought,
Alas, to cure deaths drie^r sting, in vaine is phisike sought.
Howbeit before his finall gasp, because his tender heire,
Prince Edward yet was young, he states assignde the rule to beare,
For a prescribed time, of which Lord Dudley high renownd,
In royall combe inclosde, his worch^tie corps did lay in ground:
With brit^tish teares. Of funerall now sacred rightes right done,
By all the troupe of mighty Pieres, on Edward prince, his sonne,
In solempne pompe, a pretious crowne of gold adorning round,
His temples faire, was sett. The Britaines all in duetie bound,
With one assent, him lawfull king, with reverence great adore,
And heire legitimate to his sier. The Earle of Hereford bo^t
The title of Protector chiefe, and by his nephewes grace
The Duche^r Cooke of Somerset, to him, and offyng race.
His other uncle Scimer made Lord Admirall of his fleet.
But Dudley by the title, he of Warwicke Earle dyd greet,
From whence his ancient progenie, by long discent he v^eue,
The greatest mirrour of his stock, and kindreds glorie true.
As euerie man in great reuuenues flore^d, with hono^r de^re.
He was he high extold and deckt with gloriou^s title newe,
A wondrou^s troupe of royall Pieres, the kinges court stately sound,
And lookers ou, applauding loud, with shoutes by reard a sound.
All thinges haue limits true presert. Now pleasant pastimes past,
The counsaile causes of great waight, revolting deepe did cast.
Of common weales affaires, of ancien^t fo^rts faine in decay,
They councell take advise of planting garrisons in a stay,
In certayne places weake, and what auaild for common state,
But chiesly they respe^ct^d the Scottish realme, which bordering late,
Eche in remembrance had the plighted troth of Scottish Pieres,
which they had firmly bow^d, to bring to passe in scymet years,
Concerning linking fast their mayden prince, in wcolecke bandes,

Edward the
sixt begannes
to raigne
1546.

The Earle of
Hereford crea-
ted Duke of
Somerset.
John Dudley
made Earle of
Warwicke.

And

of the English Nation.

And wisht that so might be procured, the battie of two landes:
Whiche everlasting peace, and endles truce theron to springe:
Wherfore when glittering Phœbe declining downe, his beames did bring
Into sayre Virgos face, straight armed troupes, of warriours sent
They gree to Scottish soyle to be, to knowe the Scotts intent.
Chief Captaunes were assynd, the Prince his eldest uncle deare,
And to him synewas mate, the Warwicke Earle, a puissant Peer,
Whom warlike glory hys, of dreadfull Mars, had made renowned,
And vertue rare, with ardent loue, in souldiours hartes had bound.
The thid companion to them knyt, bold Dacres Lordling went
Whom doughtie laddes of Cumbreland, to blouddy Skirmage bent
Their Captaine wold elect, and after him in warfare trace.
To Dacres saythfull Cumberlond, the nurse of gentle race.
The vulgar sort, their haire Lordes, most ardens do hymbrace.
A number of the Britaines Peers, to these warres put their name,
And marciall knyghers, of auncient rite, of golden Garter came.
Amongst the whiche Lord Gray, of mighty lounes, and stomacke bold,
Of th'armed horsemen troupes did for his skil chief guidance hold.
A wondrous highe rout, of common souldiours flockt beside.
Howbeit before within the bankes of Scottes they once did stride,
By Legates letters were forserent, thereto cause expressing plaine
That to their former plighted troth, they stedfast wold remaine,
By sayre meanes they wete prayd, that Britaines capte no force shold shome,
If promise vowed to Henry king, they wold not now forgoe.
In bayne are admonitions giv, if no man them regard,
In bayne the deafe are counceld right, when councell is not hard.
The Scot doth wars require, he wll concerne and end by blowes,
He desperate noughe respectes, where well, or ill, his quarell goes.
The Britaines equall cause, committed to loues power almighty,
Their stomackes bolonet on all trembling terrorut put to slight.
Therefore the Duke of Somerset, his mates, and warlike bandes
Insuing, pitcht their tentes, and arnide remainde on Scottish landes.
Howbeit no sparkling brandes they stong, nor with inturious deedes,
Did hurt, or damage any wight, fresh pasturing for their steedes,
They onely tocke, all other thing from scath preserued sure.
Lest troublous causes more to wars, the fierce Scotts should procure.

Meane time the Earle of Arreine with furious anger stong,
Whiche of the kingdome rulde the raines, til that the Princesse yong,
Were come to riper yeares, chose thirtie thousand warlike wightes,
Whiche weapons armed stong, gainst Britaines power to bend their myghts.

Expedition of
souldiours in-
to Scotland.

The Duke of
Somerset
Earle of War-
wicke and
Lord Dacres
assynd
chiefe in this
warfare.

Lord Grates
captaine of
the horsemey.

The victorious Battailles

By chaunce the day which shewe before the fatall battaille fought,
The puissant Warwicke Earle on trampling paltry milke white, brought
Into an ample plaine, the foe to bickering calleth out,
Here scoures the Scott, here Britaine rides, the Carrer round about
And staggering tronch of poisoned launce, doth gird with courage stout.
He bloud out belking lyes, with goary blade through th'bowells pulst,
His flickering ghost out flies, with point of sharpe spears gretly crushit.
The courser furious fierce, his sicker cast, doth by patches tracke,
An other topsy turnde, a white sticke dead on paltry's backe,
At length downe tumbling, gainst the ground, his skull doth battering knack.
But chiefly, and aboue the rest, of auncient Brutus race,
With mighty puissance Dudley Peete, did Scotts downe hurling chase,
The trampling feete a milky fog, and dusky cloud up reard.
Much like as when a glomy shoure, from aerie region teard.
At length our horsemens rynging on, the Scotts to the constraine,
And to the campe with spoyles adown'd returned backe agayne.
Now scarce the fourth part of the day remaind, and Phœbus lampre,
In chariot swift comayde, did hast to th'westerne Ocean campe.
Behold from Scottish warlike rentes, an Herald comme doth pray,
That uncoverde unto the Duke a message he myght say.
Wherfore unto his royall tent, with frequence great conuapde,
He was permitted say to speake who thus distincly sayd.
Whose is the cause that thus you strike, our realme to wast by might?
Inruption making fierce, unto our land what is your right?
Is this the part of nation ioynt by vicine boordes knyght?
The sielie people battering downe, with vicerie blade to hit?
But armour layd aside, for hitherto depart, and leue our land,
Of your bold invasion looke reuengement out of hand.
For of the valiant Scotts collected is a mighty band,
A bloudy skirmage on to morrow next for to succeeds,
I do denounce, if to your coastes, you hast noe backe with speede.
Alacke that without losse of bloud, no battaille may be fought,
With what abundant purple streaines shall conquest chiefe sought?
How many mestrie wiues their husbandes fail shall wailing mone,
Destroyde by cruell death, constraind to lye in bed alone?
How many parentes of their sonnes, and offspring deare bereft,
All comfoylesse in grief, to lead their old age shall be left?
I tremble to expresse, nor you bypunisht shall depart.
Wherfore the Scottish guide with wondrous pitie moude in hart,
Towarde his countrey soyle, me bids this message to declare,

A light skirmish
of the
horsemen of
both partes
the day be-
fore the bat-
tale.

VVhen it was
neare sunne-
set.

The Earle
Arreine go-
vernor of
Scotland sen-
deth an He-
raul to the
the Duke of
Somerset, and
the Earle of
Huntley pro-
uoketh him
hid to hand.

Unto

of the English Nation.

Unto the Duke of Somerset, since both haue tane the care,
And guidance great of kyngdomes large, let both the commou cause,
Of kingdomes safetie moue, of legall trute he offerte lawes,
Of that the Britaines will, their tooles, and armour layd aside,
All glorielle force with retire, in cause inferiour tride.
Unlesse you doe, then slaughter dire, in warre without remoyle,
Expect, the Scottish weapons fell, fall with such weightie force.
Moreover puissant Huntley Earle these wordes me vitter han,
To th'mighty Duke of Somerset, lest Christian bloud be shad,
And great effusion made, that the contention may be tride,
Betweene them two, and armes both dissencion stand beside.
So losse of little bloud, of all these iarras and end may make,
And headlong prone dissensions rage, a louder may beake,
By one mans death, and warres wylturke, a small end may take.

Huntley challenged.

These wordes he vittered, when the Duke, replyde thus backe agayne,
Determinate into your coastes, this army I did traine.
Conditions not take, but graunt, of peace (that armes were tell)
When Scotts had time, these daungers prest, they might haue boyded well,
Howe to to late to deale, by wayne colluding craft they tend.
That Huntley Earle, with natiue pride past vp, doth to me send,
With him in combac for to ioyne, through gloriy wayne extoll,
According to his nations guise, he proude, aduentreth bold.
He as a priuate souldour serues, nor beareth impety,
If I were so, I would him make his challenge dearely bye.

The Duke of
Somerset's re-
ply.

Here warlike Dudley with this speach, the Dukes Oration takes,
And faichles Scotts, with wordes more sharpe he reprehending shakes.
Your slipperie faich, and fickle troth, your periude glauncing tong,
Us Britaines, though vnwilling, eggs to scour your coastes along.
Ioues anger iust, prouokes vs to reuenge such haynous sinne,
He our attemptes shall prop, and force maintaine to striue therein.
Howbeit if promise plighted you keepe, then foies vs not esteeme,
we nothing will commit, but faichfull frendes it shall deserue.
But if with armes prepard, you meane in martiall campes to tride:
Your selues with weighes of puissance stout, to warre you shall espie.
Who will not laugh to scorne, such boastings wayne, such Scottish crakes?
Thinke you that bugges, or prochanc wordes vs Brutes affighted makes?
You erre the scope of heauen, and raunging roune beside the way,
Let boyes, and girles of tender age, such wayne illusions fray.
That here your minde aboaldment giues, great slaughers to insue,
And dire destruction of your men, you prophesying rue:

The answere
of the Earle
of VVarwick
to the messen-
ger.

The victorious Battailles

The holy ghost offended, with such false periured wightes,
Doth it foreshew, and to our power hath subiecte made your myghtes.
Of mighty armes God is one, alone, the very same,
which huge Goliath by the hand of David small subdued,
Whose braine panne rent, by stripe of sling the ground with gore imbued
He authour of this quarrell iust an iuste cause tane in hand,
By such as reverente due his name, will alway firmely stand.
But this, (that other thinges I passe) I cannot but admire,
How Huntley by such confidence depending, durst asperte,
And on him take lawes to lay downe, to his superior farre,
Himselfe inferiour in degree, and honour eke. why darre
He proudly shold, to combat, and prouoke so noble a Peere,
As Duke Proteitor eke, of Edward Prince, and kinsman neare.
But swolne with glorious nature, pride he vaunteeth so by kinde,
Wherfore is such desire to fight, such longing have his minde,
These wordes to Huntley shew, and message doe from me declare,
I in my country am an Earle, and iustly may compare
To honour which an Earle of Scotts, our title Warwicke hight
Whose Fame through Europe coastes along, renowned hath tane her flight,
Though Castells faire, at ryme of mountaines set, his name addorne,
And he from noble ancessours, the offspring true be borne,
If honour be respect'd, one order doth vs both containd.

To morrow morne, when Prince be upstart shall lift his lampe agayne,
And ouerspyed the earth with light. Ile Huntley glorious shew,
Expect, we two will trie, both without lese, and fight it out.
If this be doth demy, though beter armes he do proecked,
On horsebacke, or on foote, to meet him sure. I haue decreed.
I nake him naked will assyple, unlesse our shiries do close,
Perchance our corps from shame, as nature seemelies doth chose.
Ten Britaine Peers, to single combate els do ten prouoke,
Or twentie, twentie Scotts, if ye will graunt, and strike the stroke.
Or I alone, will ready be, with but alone to fight,
If that I conquerour him subdue, our parr shal haue the ryme,
If Fortune at vs spurne, our armes troupe shal backward stright,
Unto their borders wend my small gaspe, by his, shall cease
These iarring brailes, am twixt both landes, establish future peace.
How noble ist by vthe of sword, this scaple life to forsakee
Now profered opportunitie, of combat her him take,
If that he list, to morrow morne, say I will ready bee.
These speaches uttering forth, a mighty masse of red gold, he

The Earle of
Warwicke
challengeth
Huntley to
single combat

Upon

20

of the English Nation.

Upon condition gave, that he declare that message would,
To Huntley Earle and more these wordes he him departing tolde,
If that the Earle assent, and will with me contending fight,
To morrow next, as soone as day on earth shall cast her light:
Doe thou forthwith as messenger, thereof returne this night.
And for the paines of gold receau'd, I double will the wight,
Unto these wordes most willingly, the counsaile sage assent.

Forthwith throughout the tentes, with flickering wings, swift runn^g
How mighty Dudley had an earle of Scotland challengd stout, (went
Ech souldier skips for ioy, and loud resounding liftes a shout,
And manly stomack takes, and hauie harted Dudley's prayse,
To starry region hye, and heauenly powers extolde, doth rayse.
The euening now in westerne coastes, with raiers all fierie shinde,
Wher fires bright burning the tentes throughout, of hard wood you might
Scoutes sent to spie, a hugy rout of Scots hym to appeare, (finde:
Returning shew, in steelecoates dight, our army setled neere:
With carefull mindes, and wakynge eies, the watch their charges keepe,
And now our men with graciefull cates refreshte, and dulcet sleepe:
ooke when Aurora goddesse bright, from roseall bed shall rise,
And with her light coruscant, shew the world unto their eies.
Till Huntley comes, in vaine his chistalne lightes, still rolling rays
The mighty Dudley here and there, no messenger, at last:
Returnd an awnswere backe, though pure golde offered for his pay,
At length the better halfe exirde, and midpart of the day:
In valleies lowe appeare, the Scottish rakes in battayle ray,
Prepared for to fight, and banners broad displayd did beare,
Approching fast, But Brutus a hill, which hie himselfe did reare:
Then interiect betwixt, ascended vp, that place more apt
Might be for skirmage grim. The horsemens guide the left wing lapt,
The right, where Many lay at rode, a marrish moore did close,
The vaward after Warwicke Perre, in long rakes marching goes,
Meane battaile to be led by thee. O Somerset remaind,
The rearegard all behinde, in order Dacres stout containd.
And now appyorching neere, the enemie armes hustled ferce,
With dreadfull ratling noice, the clanging brasie tromp aire doth perce,
And clattering clashing armour ringes mens clamours loud abound,
Not so with dashing waues, th' welting mayne sea shouds resound:
Wher they the tragge cliffes, and rough rockes bellowing loud do scourse,
Soone after Acol puissant God of windes, the brethren four^e:
With endlesse discord rapt, from dungeon caues permis to loure:

The English
army is set
in order.

The onset.

On

The victorious Battailes

luskelborow
sde.

On th' other syde the Scottes with panting paces, against the hill,
Up clambering mount, and thick in plumpes, themselves do gather still.
The harnishe horsemen troupes, with shivering speares then furious rush,
Whose first ranke downe is boyn, their huge corpes through with weapons
But forth the other rayes, with sharp spurs prick their trapping steeds (pushe
And fellowes deathes reuenging wack which Gray stout capayne heedes,
Who even at first assault, in mouth receaue a gashly stroke,
The Britayne army all, couragious fighters, Mars doth ymoke,
Mens mindes incensing, wood, and gaping woundes doth vigour bring,
More, neere those shoxes in harbour rode the navy of the king:
From whence through powlders furious force, composde of brimstone blue,
Both bulletts forgo of steele, and iron chaines, red glowing flue.
Full fourteene thousand Scottes their ghoyses to gloomy Stigie lake,
Downe sent in deepe disdaine, the rest to flight them did betake.
Our men with coyling labours soye, the cheerefull trumpet shrill,
Doch backe againe retire, who gladly wend their tentes until.
O what reioycing then, what wondrous mirth that night did last,
The tentes throughout, eche takes delight, to talke of trauels pass,
Of dreadfull perils dire escapie, it is a pleasant thing,
" Which minde secure to thinke, but chiefly power of heauenly King,
" Did their attempts suppose. Just loue a false cause, doon will bring.

The next day light appears, through vncouth coasts, and by patches blinde
Of th'chiefest Scottish primates flev, report remaind behinde.
Some, desart mountains sticke tops did shyn, some, castell wall,
Did firmely garde, that th'ennies campe appeard no where at all.
The winter now approchte, and space of daies doth shorer grow,
And blacke Orion cloudie starre, himselfe in heauens doth shewe:
Wherfore our campe, their warlike tentes remoude to native land,
Determining a fitter time, to take those warres in hand.
The mightie Duke of Somerset, and Warwicke Earle also,
Are welcomd home, the nobler sort, of youth which then did go:
Whith them to blouddy wars, all safe returnde with them againe,
The noble king right handes to ioyne most royally did daine:
And all the Princes friendes, in armes did willing them infold,
Commending high their haughtie heartes, and manly courage bold.
Meane time the Scottish Peeres with fickle lighenesse pust in minde,
And Enuies rage vp swolne, that frustrate hope might Britaines blinde,
Which generall consent, in moneth which December hight
Unto the Celane nation send, that their young princesse bright,
Right heire unto king James, be knit in bandes of wedlocke might.

To

of the English Nation.

To the heire of Fraunce, If Henry king, this profer would not take,
That so an everlasting cruce two nations, one, might make:
Yet that the mightie guide of Frankes this would vouchsafe to yeeld,
That for the loue, which loyall league twixt nations both did build:
As Scottish, and the Celane eke: he would not once permit,
One of them come by dreadfull warres, whereby the league might slit:
Dy spoyld by hilt of th' enemies sword, to foraine empire bend.
The Brutes by force of conquering hand, that onely to intend:
And in the sequent spring, the surging flouds with navy vast,
Quite courtes soi to be, and troupes of horsemen flocking fast,
To enter scottish landes, proposing this, their onely tray,
The Scottish heire, from mothers lap by force to take away.
which pray if they attayns, by aduerse lucke, and spurning fate:
D woefull realme of Scottes D blacke and lamentable state,
Nothing but mourning sobs, and blubbering salt teares left behind.
Therefore by Gods, by sacred rites they prayd, that cald in mind,
Their auncient league, establisht erst, he would the virgin take,
Before, for long delay doth often greater daunger make,
which tender Imp, is with the king of Fraunce she be vp t' aind,
with princely educatione eke, within his court containd:
That then they had a certayne hope, of great good to succeede,
which might the perfitt happynesse, of both their kingdomes vreede.
And after that through peares mature, she may in Hymens lace,
Be linked fast, to whome he please, let king of Galls her place:

Forthwith by princes best, the Celane fleet launch'd from the shore,
Is finely furnisht neet, and Galles swift with saile, and oxe:
which after from the callyn harbour close, wi h Southwindes shill,
Swift sliding through the deepes, the Scottish realme they come vntill.
The Princesse Mary now, to painted Hull with pomp was led,
Wher for her princely Grace, was set a stately purple bed,
Soft cushions vnderneath, with soft Downe stuff as white as milke
And costly Arras Tabins decks, ywoucn of gold and silke.
Great heapes of siluer plate was brought, with shapes of gold inwrought,
And whatsoeuer els for virgin Princesse, meete was thought.
Forthwith the comely damesell thus, a shippord portlike plac'd,
Withall her virginne troupe, and men of armes which after trac'd:
Shce sleeting fast is borne, the aire the spred sayles driving on,
And merry gales of vnde them through the rough seas course anon,
The flete in order saild, as Swannes twixt fishie riuers bankes,
Whil'st middle, and the third, insues the first, and in long rankes:

The Scots
send into
Fraunce to
intreat a
league be-
tweene the
heires of Sc
land and
Fraunce.

Hymen God
of wedlock

The victorious Battailes

Through gurtie channels deepe, they diuing swim for frisking daye,
By chaunce a nauy strong of Britaine shippes then lay in waye,
Whiche if the kings edict, had not withheld from skirmage grett,
(For he forbad) and greatest part of counsailes with him,
That battaile on the seas as then should not with Frankes be fought
For causes of great walght, which they revolues verre in thought.
The mayden maugre Frenchmens teeth, has Britaine tane away:
Who coastes of Fraunce attaied, in Celiene Court now makes her tray,
So Scottis plighted promises, moe light then fetheris flie,
And doe defame their nation fraile, but penaunce they able,
In time to come, as rest tosoye, they haue vndoubteable.

Now little England hindre, mongst extreine nations fat, and wode,
Renownd at home, and eke abydav, through harv aduentures tride,
The valiant Britayne youth, were high excold with wondrous prapse,
Through good successe, with songs, the lostie houles somdug bates.
The ho'low boore pipe fill'd with wind, a long the b'rade streets ringes,
And people on the grasse plaines, with diuers gesture springes:
Whilest crippling forth they iett, and soleinne maskes and daunces bringes,
No man is happle long, or prosperous standes in blessed state,
His former ioyes, and blisse, are waited on with bitter face,
As when a darkesome gloomy shadwe, obscures the day light cleare,
When South wnde roaring loud, with boistrous pusses through skyes doe,
Don Phœbus in h' chick black clouds, his glittering face doth shynie: (sheere)
But bright, the stormy tempest vanisht quicke, agayne doth shynie,
Euen so eche common weale, a thousand soule offences b'reves,
Of hurly burly combrous sturres, wide scattering daungerous b'reves,
Howbeit the prudence of the king, hem rootes out by the ground,
Much like Phisition good, which holosome herbes in gardens found,
Unto his patients ministring, hem cures with little paine;
Euen so the king sedicious men to loyalte b'rings againe,
By pardoning their rage, and makes still stedfast coremayne:
Or rotten members cutterb off, or partes corrupt doth launce,
Gainst standing the beginnings, least the poyson farther glaunce,
And all the bodie doe pollute, with deadly venome blakke,
So by persuasions wonne, or tamde by force, or sword, alack,
Their raging vprores quite dehely, the commons truch standes fast,
Much like a gleabland which with furrowes large of plough is cast,
Doch bushie bries bring, and darnell yeeld amongst the seedes:
So England some sedicious folke, amongst true subiectes b'redes.
For whilest in great tranquilitie, they vnder Edward stode,

Deuon

of the English Nation.

Deuon a fertile syde of Tinne, her people armeth woode,
Against the Prelates of the land, and sauced orders eke,
Deuoyd of treasons rule, noz what they wauld, noz what to seeke,
They knew, which straung forth in armes, Gray conquereth out of hand,
By force of horsemen troupes, and Russell with a doughtie band:
Of souldiers stout, whos victorie gote not without streames of bloud.

Rebellion in England.

Russell Earle of Bedford, subdueth the rebels in Deuon.

But here on other syde of England rose a furious broode,
Whiche neithet feare of auncient lawes, nor sacred hostes regard,
Nor reverence of their gracious liege, from sond commotion bard:
They armour take in hand, their natyne neighbours downe to beare,
All thinges turmoyleng vsypide downe, ech noble prudent Peere:
Most odious was despisoe, the dunghill rascall soyt, to guide
Presumde, of counteill bounde this monster Norfolk fostred wide:
Faune with her stapplewoinges, into the thinne aere lift aloft,
Swift sliding, true report into the eares of Edward brought:
That a rebellious crew, from plighted loyaltie swarued had.

Rebellion in Norfolk.

There is a hilly ploc, on Norwich howring, ouersprad:
With loscy shadowy Okes, whose tops doe touch the clondie skies,
Here all the veggges, and scorme of the rebellious trayours flies,
A wondrous troupe vs country Cuckes beside, there flocking byes,
But such concourse of arm'd men, the Britaine lawes denyes.
Wherfore the king determined, severely them to scourge,
Howbeit such courteous clemency, his moody minde did vige,
Towardes the silly wretched soyt: that pardon he entendes,
To such as for their crimes would with repenteance, make amedes.
Whiche to confirme, he Pardons sendes, vnder his Signet giuen,
But this in bayne, the country men into their eares had dinen:
The Prince his pardon they contemne, blind with outragious ire,
They unapeased broile, of slaughters new rapt with desire.
As who in expert is of warres, thinkes profit warres to gayne,
And pleasaunt deemes, which shortly will, be turnd to vering paine.
Armes therefore, by the generall consent of Senate graue,
Provided wearsoome harnish strong on foote, some praurers braue.
All gorgeous arm'd, by mountes. And in the name of open soe,
To king, and country both, against the rebels rout they goe.
By force of dreadfull Mars, this traitrous company quite to quell,
Was puissant Warwicke sent, who did in force of corps excell,
And courage haut of hart, who by long vse in battell fell:
Knew with what valianc stomackes bold, the Britaines hardnes growes.
Whil'st that in skirmage grim they with strong arme bellow their blows.

The Rebels refuse the kinges pardon.

This field is
is worthy
and learnedly
handled in
prose by mas-
ter Alexander
Neuill, intitu-
by the name
of Kettus.

K

The

The victorious Battayles

The third day comes, and Phoebe the wylde with creete light ouer goes.
Sicut Dudley with his warlike mates, them selues in tents no close,
So do the doughtie bandes, which London mightie Cittie peeldes,
Neare auncient Norwich walled towne, downe picke in open fieldes.
Whiche when the country cravens, rought with pale feare, had espied,
In brierie brakes, and lurking holes, in shadowy groves they hide:
In no place daryng peepe, but after boldnes fiercer grobore,
In time, that all those sodaine panges, of feare away were floures:
They rushing thicke out byake, and to a valley boordyng hpe,
No man remembryng calde to minde, the daunger preasing mye:
But arm'd stooode, with carres, and waynes, their winges incompas round,
On thother side the princes hoast, with cheerefull trumpets sound.
Procedes, and first the blowes begins, and egar sight vp reares,
But Warwicke furious wroth, with bloudy blade his foes downe beates,
At length, when beastlike backes to turne, on this side shame for bad,
On that side certayne death the rebels fuede, outragious mad:
One part resisting fierce downe falles: the other groveling flat,
Is battered, but stout Warwicke Peere respected chiesly, that
Least all at once were overthowne, those men of peruerse wit:
Howbeit of courage such as daungers none should force to flic:
He causeth through the sparciall field, an Herald loyd to cry,
If anie armour would abiect, which he most traicerously:
Had tane in hand, and for his faule would pardon humbly craue:
He should unpunisht life, and goods, and former freedome haue.
Whiche when the commonys heard, they cooles, and armour laid aside,
On bended knees, with mourning teares, and Pardon, Pardon criue.
The mercy then of Warwicke Earle, did so resplendent shine,
That penaunce of their haynous fact, he pardoned free that tyme,
No Britaine now remainde, whom Giaunt like, rebellious rage,
Did rechlesse beare away, none did from loyall duetie gage,
But to their true annoyncted king remainde and country stage.

The Princes court, from this lugubrious war, did Dudley take,
With solenynge pompe, and joy: with flicting wings, whom Fame did make
Renowned through the warlike townes, of Britaine kingdomes stout,
How in king Henries dayes, he hard aduentures brought about,
Whil'st that his thundryng gleine he rold, amongst the enimies rout,
Not of deaches drierie launce, or dreadfull edge of sword, agast,
He never doubtfull stooode, himselfe to daungers all to cast:
If great affaires, or countries cause, required him to goe,
Or best of sacred king, incensit his minde for to do so.

To Dulsion
dale.

The Rebels
inclosed
them selues
with their ca-
riages on eue-
ry side to keep
of the assaults
of the Barle of
warwicke
horsemens.

The Barle of
Warwicke
subdueth the
rebels in
Northfolke.

The Giants
in odd time
rebelled a-
gainst the
Gods, and
would haue
pulled Iubiter
out of heau.

Dolwe

of the English Nation.

Whome manie times with boies rich, and land immortall wonne,
Dro he to native soyle againe, from extreme Regions come:
His enimies battered downe: or els in fearefull flight back driu'de,
Wherby he tooall signifie, and endlesse fame atchin'de.

God prospering the event, which he begonne in luckie houre.

Wherfore as yet he higher was, extolde in Fortunes bowme:
The King him Duke creating, whom with ioy and mickle cheere,
Northumberland did title gue, and honouring loue full deere.
Him Lord chiese Stuard eke, the Princes Court embraced fayne,
Till Atrapos the fatall chyde of Edward cut in twayne.

Renowned Edward from the paps framde of his noble Dame,
Instructed in all Sciences, by learned men, became.

Who Greekish phrase, with Latine speech conioyning in shor space,
Did reape such ample fruite, that vnto none of princely race
He was inferior found, which Britaine nation forring reares,
Nor Peere he anie had, if flexible age, and tender yeares,
Ye do respect, which three times fwe, and two, had scarle exorde,
Or ready shapnesse of his wit, or iudgement, ye requirde:
In anie point to learning which, or moxall vertues bright,
Did appertaine, the Phoenix rate of Europe, and the light.
Whom death vntunely, like the flowre from tender stalle of rapt,
From Britaines tooke away, and youthfull corps in coffin lape.
Death enuies on the earth, who sacred lawes obserue, and keepe.
So boyes, and springoldes fresh, he with his dart away doth sweape,
which loue th'almightie king, vouchsafes to heauen to haue excold.

The king thus dead, him after doth a woman scepter hold,
Which Mary hight, one of the sisters twaine, sprong of the race,
Of Henry royll Monarch hight, which did within shor space:
A Fozeiner, her kinsman eke, king Phyllip Spanyard take,
In wedlocke bandes, which penstue heartes vnto the Brutus did make.
For selpome shall you marke, two realmes concordant to agree,
Which farre by landes, and seas disiungd, and legall friendship be.
Here whilste this Bridegrome new, doth with his spouse himselfe delighe
Round garded with a mighty troupe, in purple Mantles bright,
Which hemme of gold about, beset with Emeraulds glittering bright:
which wandring marchaunt had from vtmost bankes of Iudey brought,
Phoebes burning lampe the front of Leo vass, had ouerought,
And in the hye heauens region brode, now many signes o'regone:
The winter Solstice passed had with swifte course borne anone.
Secure and pleasaunt peace both Frankes and Britaines ioyntly bound,

The Earle of
Varwicke
created Duke
of Northum-
berland.

The death of
King Edward

King Ed-
ward's prais

Mary begin-
meth to raign
1553.

Queene Mary
marrieth to
king Phyllip

Sonnitum,
Mitternum is
on the eight
Calendes of
January.

The victorious Battayles

Christmas be
meaneth.

Henry of
France inua-
deth Flaun-
ders.

Preparation
of warres a-
gainst the
Frenchmen.

Divers nati-
ons in phillips
armie.

Whiche league both Spanyardes, Fleminges, eke and Phyllips kingdome: And soz because the feastfull tyme, the great peare vold about, (woud Not without solempne pompe, and mirth, the Britaine land throughout, Whiche in Decembers nipping cold still falleth ech heart bereau' de, Of faithlesse fraud, whiche secret foe, in watching bed conceauide: King Henry Celsane gyde, with yowchfull heat prouoked mad, And thic King after endles Fame, great hope incensed had: In minde, that either Phyllip none was, or but halfe a man, And stablisht sacred bandes of league, to violacie began, Whiche reaking flames, all Flaunders coastes, then wassing broad in sight, Subduing droues of beastes, and troupes of men by martiall might. Whiche Hyspaigne king prouoked wroth, and chalets raging yre, Of all the Spanish Peeres incensing, kindled light on fire. Not Autumnne yet was come, that lostie Ceres fruite might spring, with yellowish eares, and pastures large, the greene grasse fragranc bring: Not of the earth, Sols scorching heat, the moysture had vp drye, That vnder hys heauens coape all night, the souldiers myght abide: wherefore till hoped houre, of them desirous looked long, The nauy rigged is, swordes, flickering shaftes, and iavelins strong, with armour strong of proose are goe, flesh, bread, and wine, are bought, That needefull foode for valiant men, myght not be wanting lougher: But in ech tent abound, huge chestes were packed full of gold, That they which fought with courage stout deserued hire myght hold, From sondrie nations seuered far, full manie a martiall crue, King Phyllip willing so his Peeres, came to his warfare newe. Meane time the bewtious Queene, and noble spouse of Phyllip king, To ayde her husband sente a trustie troupe of men to bring: A legate sendes vnto the Frank, which dreadfull battayle had, And did vnto that nation false, rough threates mozeouer add. All Franche in vppozition standes, with fearefull tumult, on her part, All England cracht with noyce, to bleddy Mars upturn, doth stare, All Flaunders, Aspurge eke, all Burgoine, and Tirolis strong, And many a doughtie Captaine Spaigne so myghty minges among. Full many eke whom dreadfull warres, long times had vexed soze, whereby their skill in workes of Mars, through vse increased moze: In crested helmyers streming dight, all glorious to behold, Their corps in harnish strong: with shieldes bright shining brode infold. The puissant captayne present was whiche Brunsweikes title due Doth beautifie, in harnish black, whom gardes a horsemen crue, This troupe at first assault, did daunt the Frenchmen soze with feare,

And

of the English Nation.]

And downe with manly might, did many a bardhorne tumbling beare.
From Germanie likewise to aine, were sent a chafet band:
Nor doughtie warriours wanting were, from our Italia land.
Dalmatians fierce unto these wars, and active Heynowes crast.
Howbeit the chiefeſt confidence in Britaine bandes was plas.
The narrow league of frendſhip plige, and wiſe require the ſame,
To whom with her eſpouſed feere, all daungers equall came.
The Earle of Penbroke generall of Britaines rakes assignd,
Thre Earles more had linke, firſt him whom Worceſters title ſhind,
Next him whom Bedforde did adorne, with honours which beſeemd
So mighty a Peere, and laſtly him which Ruſland high eſteemd.
To theſe in like degree, for his exploites atchiu'de beforne,
Was ioynd Syr Anthony Browne, of Anthony ſier true ofſpring boſone.
With whom stout Dudleys manly race, gay ſpringoldes armour bare,
And from what noble bloud they ſprang, expreſſly did declare.
The Pakine tree cannot downe be preſt, but loftier doth extend
Her braunched top, if that with waig特 you goe about to bende,
Her bowes, with baſtrous ſtemme, and ſpringing liſtes her crest to ſtarres.
Wars purchase high renowne, great honours are atchiu'd by wars.
Hence ſpringes the Princeſſe loue, and gratiouſ fauour ofteſt growes,
Hence commons like proceedes, if unto Mauors bickering fauomes
For native countryes ſake, you boldly do obieect your brefte,
Refuſing daungers none, eþy kinde of death to venture preſt.
This was ingraft by naſtres ſkill, if no man had inſtruct,
The Dudleys, they with parentes milke, invicteſt courage ſucke.
So much it is to ſpring, from valiant ſire, and noble dame,
The chearefull Brethren thre, in armour like exaulting came.

Of which the firſt, our ſtarterib ſtreſh, of minde uncoquered bold,
With ſhoulders broad beſpred, hight Ambroſe, whom rich cloches inſold,
Of purple hue, upon his armour poſhſt ſine with gold.
Joint by his ſide, in brethren loue, linke fast, and naſtres bandes,
That muſually one might defend, the others quarrell ſtandes
Robert his brother, boſone with ſmilng fate, in lucky houre,
Who as he gentle was, ſo ſtout, and bold, his foes to ſcoure.

The third companion to theſe knit, which like loue did impart,
Was Henry, boide of ſcare, of mighty force, and hautie hart.
Theſe thre all ſtriplings gay, had ſoft lockes ſcarſe on cheekeſ ſprung out,
Such bodies ſayne, as ſeldome yeldes the like this world no dout.
A fourth, theſe Brethren had of elder age, whom ſtealing death,
In floure of youthfull dayes, batimely reſt of vitall breaþ.

The victorious Battayles

Through languishing disease, by bicker destinies cruell downe,
To mightie Syer, and Gravilier old, who like had sure become,
Inferior unto none, in high exploites, of all his line,
Such courage rare of minde, and force in hardie corps did shine.
You would him sayd to be of Hercules sturdie armes, and brest,
Such vigour great he had, where girding sooth the stafe he wroght,
On courser mounted braue, or strong in wastling might expressd.
What kinde of sap ingenerate, the Apple tree doth feede.
In Autumnne season, saunting like, such Apples well proceede.
So the courageous progenie, from valiant Dudley sprong,
Do imitate their auncestours, both he whom death hath stong,
And they which lively now do strop the Spanish Pears among.

And farther many more which were by knighthooode noble made,
With warlike weapons strong were arm'd, the Celtaic coastes to bade.
which Primates stout, teen thousand wights of Brutus race were bound,
To gard, and now the time was comne, when clangring trumpets sound,
These vncouth nations, for a part, togetheres summond round.
The season of the yeare the corne eare, raus'd, with reed, to stout,
And so the harbed sted the earth, greene pasturing burghid our.

The warlike region vall of Fraunce with sov'reign Castels braue,
Abondes ybuilt with hugie stones, out of the hard roche clane.
And every side with Cities faire, is garnish'd wondrous gap,
where towardes Spanish coastes she lookes, or clouddy Alpes, alway
With slakes of snow besyed, or rising of the sunne beholders,
Fraunce: rightly may be proude, of mighty townes, which walls infoldes.
Here is a famous Citie, that of Quintines name doth beare,
which doth in fruicfull plot of ground, her buildings stately reare,
Most plentisfull of corne, and wine, within that ample field,
King Phillip pitcht his tentes, when thus the towne besiegd bheld
Herselue with th' enemies rankes about, she stounde with cerrour staves,
And to so late the French kinges ayde, she craues the siege to rayse,
For some the earth deepe trenching, downe to teare indeuored fast,
Some for defence of rubble w a bulwarke bancke did fast,
Some scaling ladders framde, and firebrandes flang to turrette tops,
The strong stone walls, with ingines fell, some other shogging pepps.
But see, here none this secret guile, and subtile sleight espide,
For when the glomy darke night shades, mens eyes with soft sleepe tyed:
A Celtaic Captaine with a band of Frenchmen clole did slide,
Into the towne, with poulder stust great baggs ech souldour brought.
These things did luckily say, whilist entraunce he by stealth had coughe.

Saint Quintines besieged.

But

of the English Nation.

But like successe to thee did not; O Memorancy salte, I as a good man
whilst eighteene thousand souldiours stant, he after him did e all,
Through woudsy hyppathes blise, upon hilly mountaines neare to steyn:
Till that the dusky night, into the towne myghte fownd a way:
Amongh thy hardie boyls men troupe (Renowned Duke he light,
The best part of his army slayne, the remnant put to flight.
But Bransweik Duke the Captaines safe, in prison strong by cloode.
Forthwith before king Phillip, was the Captaine take repose.
Then hurly hurly sturre, and wondrousyng wry through every toun,
was spred abroade, the noysse wpreard the aerie region rent.
This good beginning, all of like successe alwardment takes,
The souldiours fierce with cannon shot, the hard walls battering shakes,
The ditches are with rubble ful, and now the plaiisirg pusht,
And losened with the vehement shot, thre hugie parres downe rushe,
And seuer all places three, into the towne gaue entaunce new.
Then out of every band, the king did take a chosen crue,
In plated harnish white, them arming all, and bad inuade.
The enemies towne, where passage free, the walls downe ransack made.
The clamoring loude of warriours then, the hys heauens coastes doth fill
The dubling dyomme resoundes, the rattling trumpets clangyng shill
Confused mixt with noysse of men, makes deafe the souldiours eares.
Here egar Almaines fight, the Italian there him doughtie beates.
On this side Spaniardes presse, by force through gaping wall to pearce,
On that side gashed strong in steele thwung thicke the Britaines fierce.
But first before the rest, did hardie Henry Dudley eend,
With course unþydeled swife, the walles downe shogde for to transcend,
So do his Brethren swaine, of puissance like, and courage found,
Howbeit of Henry, whilst he stoopt, declining to the ground,
I know not what to teare, or rip, an yron bullet brust
His scalp, broad scattering brused braines, and corps dead layd in dust.
He gentle spirite out gaspt, euen in his fresh and bloming yeares,
Whom backe unto the tentes, his mates courayd with blubbing teares
His body clad in lincloth shroude, as Christian rite requeres.
His brethren furious woode, burne in desire of deepe reuenge,
As every foe them meetes, with sharpe sword pusht, his necke he bendes
Dissolu'd in quaking deach, with raging ire, and bitter sting,
The Britaine stout in armes, like thunder dinc his foes doth ding.
On every side sh'allant, gainst wretched Citizens wretched grim,
A thousand grudging ghost are sent to gaste lie shadowes dimme.
Pale deach their hartes afrightes, whom ransackt walls in compasso roun

Saint Quin-
tines al-
so ad-

Henry Duley Slayde,

The victorious Battayles

He of the Celtnes happy is, whent gaule gaping wood,
Hath groueling bayes along to be keepte by dungs shill.
With shrikynge plaintes by hys hys, their sunfylle houles weomen fill,
And trembling in their armes, their tender sucklings do embrace,
Distract of minde through feare, and wondryng stray from place to place.
Yong boyes do wailings make of armes such gastly hysour growes,
And suppliant bothe their hands, with plaintes to heauens extensing, shewes,
With humble vopce beseeching houle, some mercy doule to cast.
But they whose naturall moissure of their brayne vpedied, was pass,
And could not weepe, whom crooked age, from death had shrowded free,
Their countreys fatall fall, and ruine of their towne to see:
They from the bottome of their hartes, do greevous grones out powre,
Till mid of day more fiercer stell, and vehement dures the stoure,
Through courage haud, and myghtie force of Phillips shoulbouts stoue,
But not without great stremes of bloud, of the enemy powred out.
The Citizens inclosd, suppose at hand the finall day,
Of the subuersion of their towne, and houre of their decay.
And now the army through the gates, wide doopt, had passage wonne,
The Frenchmen stroke with chilie feare, in plumpes do backward runne.
Some shroud themselves in cellars dñe, some beameis in houses tops clime,
A combrous rout to temples fles, themselves from deash to shrine:
And wretched wightes, in armes the alters clasping fast, insoldes.
The victor with his armed handes, the walls and strong fort holdes,
The marshall troupes, in stately buildings fayre, do hant the sway,
Whiche ther (Redoubed Phillip) seru'd the old Lordes oueraway.
The Celtnes powre is ouerhowne, both pycious robes, and gold,
And massie houles by goldsmithes art, becote, of siluer mold:
The Spanyard souldour skipping takes, the casbuttides up toke,
And pycious Arras curiouse wrought, by Germaines out was borne.
Bed rikes the feathers powred forth, along the wayes were sprad,
Set out to sayle, to byers such, as ready money had.
Fine linnen Garmentes, wollen che, in strees vnd scattred lyke,
And pannes, and caldrons huge, which were preserv'd, neede to suplye,
In seething meat, and instruments whiche kitchin ought to hold.
A brasen pot, with platters large, of pewter fine, was sold
For two grotes pris, the cryer loude proclaiming first the same.
What pycious household stufse in all the towne remaynd, that came
With Jewels, rich attire, and Dient gemmes, in coffers found,
Unto the victors pray, King Phillips laude hys heauens resouned.

Whiche

of the English Nation.

Which to his mighty Hier, in warlike honour they compare.
Meane time the common people floc to sacred temples ware,
And to the Sanctuaries of the Gods, themselves in heapes had bare.
Expecting all with trembling hart, their small gasp to breath,
No sparke of hope to them remaines, them to preserue from death.
which crying brutes of warres, in open bryoles are ouerthrone,
But God the affeters of hartes doth moue, and in his handes alone,
Are dispositions eke, of earthly Princes euy one.
What way his mighty heit, directeth forth, that way they take,
He softneth, he, their bretches, and prone to good workes hartes doth make.
As mollified waxe to euy forme, is subiect brought,
And stamps or tipes impression takes, to formers pleasure wrought.
Wherfore the Princes minde, more lenified, through quenched heat
Oferuent ire, through loues behest all iniurie doth forgoat,
And souldiours straighe commandes, for to desist from shedding bloud,
Of male and female sorte, now wondrous troupes of captiues stood.
The impotens, and tender youth, with such as wages hied,
Dismissed were, but the wealthier sort, as martiall lawes requird,
Were kept in band, mongst many Peers, esyong of worthy race,
Shattilliou, which of the towne the kinges liuetenant was:
As Captius was subdued, agayne to be redemped for gold.
A garrison of warriours then, here left the forte to hold:
The king his centes remoude & Castell strong of Haunc besettis,
which Conqueror ransackt downe, he manye forte despoyling gretis.
while that this bloody scourge did range in th Easterne parts of Fraunce,
The Admirall of th English Fleet, his title to aduance.
Lord Clynton, warlike Peere, of noble grandiers old esyong,
Unto the westerne Celiane coastes, was caried swift along.
Three hundred Tarickes vast, you might haue seen the surges hye
With brasen keele to shere, whose tall tops rought the starrie skie.
The fierie belking brasen peice, with tearing chaine shot hard,
Both pup, and side, and beaked stern, of euery ship did gat,
Distruction cheatning dire, unto the aduerte Celiane true.
There is a Tice hight Conque, which Thetis waters bluc,
With raging stoure doe wash, that takes our shippes in wisted road.
Forthwith Alarne the trumpet soundes, the souldiours fresh aboard,
Our skipping fierce, along the salt sea bantkes, were scattered thick,
Of alle the Captaunes hauie, first Winter doth on drie land stick,
Red flaking brandes of fire, to rampier topps forth hurling fast,
which ragged walls, with sinolzing flames incroching, lickt at last.

L

Not

The Castell of
Haunc taken
ransackt.

The Admirall
of England
with 300.
shippes sayleth
into Fraunce
and burneth
Conque.

The victorious Battailes

Not onely hugie ioisses, and beames unweldie matter yeld,
But Tunnes of oyle increasd the fire, then dwellers life to shield,
From dñe of wrathfull blade, flie backe, the walls with rattling noyce,
Are ouerthowne, the wounen schrich, and boyes with dolefull voyce.
And when no force for to resist preuaylo, the stronger sort
Of solide yeares, and hardy loines, all desart left their fort,
And vnoch by wayes straunge, withouten path did penitue stray.
Not pillage noble Clinton sought, or spoyles to beare away,
But glory great of warrs, both towne, and treasure, fire deuoures,
To ashes eke consumde are turnd, both bordring townes, and towres,
High blasing sparkles belching vp, in circles to the skies.
A while holde Clinton tentes downe pitcht, and in the playne fields lyes,
At last with honour great adornd, to painted deck he hies.

Meane time the Frenchmā cloking fraude vnder fayre friendshys name,
Two thousand soulbiours led, and Alderne yland ouercame.
Wherewith a nauy small yfrought with ladds of courage stout,
Syr William Winter saylo, by force the Francons to dixe out.
The Ile as soone as of the Brutes, it far aloof was spied,
In wallowyng surges rough to anker cast, the ship was tied.
Sixe hundred warlike soulbiours then of doughtie Britaines hold,
Scelected were in all, whiche cockboates swift with ores, do hold,
And on the craggie rough sea shore, on foote all safelie setts.
Here Winter prudent guide, (for long experiance wisedome getts)
That beastly hope of dreadfull flight, he cleane might ouerthow,
And greater courage kindled more, in ech mans minde might grow:
As soone as on the dry land set, his armed rankes did wend,
The empie boates, vnto his fleet, he backe agayne did send,
With speedy course to goe. Then thus he spake with countenance sage:
The puissance of our Englishmen renound in elder age,

The words of
Sir William
Winter to
his soulbi-
ours.

Me warning giues, that like mine auncestours, I nought at all,
Deaths dixerie dart regard, whiche crooked age in time doth call,
Dy is by sicknes fell, with tormentes dire, and vexings brought,
Death is of men to be contempn'd, that endlesse fame be sought.
Behold with frothing floudes and stormy waues, vs compast round,
Our enemies neare approuch, perchaunce in number far more found.
Howbeit vs Brutes in martiall seates, and courage fierce, behinde,
Fraunce mightie is, these bandes you slow, and feebled faint shall finde.
But graunt our enemies strong, with might and puissance stout indued,
We through them with our corps, and valure, passage must reclued.
Thinges of great waight, are not atchiu de, without aduentures hard,

And

of the English Nation.

And victorie oft in dolefull fight, bold courage doth awarde.

Whiche by how much more vehement, and fierce, its in yon grogne,

By so much surer (valiant harts) wee all will downe be thyswne,

To Stigyan lake this day, lesse foes by sword, or flight, we quell,

We conquest will acciue, or famous death vs all shall fell.

Stout heartes, a noble death, by mightie woundes, seeke to obtayne.

And mates let y' ame of woxthie death, as pris of life remayne.

If anie man for feare shall turne his backe which God forsend,

With shame in mid of weltring stremes there let him take his end.

No cockboce shall him shryne from death, nor plancke from drowning sauie,

(Unspeakeable reproch) no not if I the same would haue:

If anie man me disobey, he life shall lose therfore,

And to the matne maist trust aloft, with tottering windes be boxe.

Into the bickerings hard of Mars, I first will lead the way,

With stomacke bold, and first in armes, I forse of foes will say.

The heart of him that first shall come, this hand shall rive in twaine,

He sayd, :hey life, and labour cke, t'aduenture plesse forth faine:

And clamours loude vp list, the trompe Alarne resounding blowes,

The onset bidding blacke, in order Winter stoutly goes:

Before the rest, and in his fist a sharped tronch he claspt,

His bodie couered all, with glistering armour buckled fast.

Two thousand Frankes against our ranckes, themselues forth fiercely bare,

Whose Captayne marched first, and thought with ours for to compare,

Uncertaine, where with pride conceaued, or mightie valure moude,

Only but to make a shew, and backward would haue shoude,

If him his heeles to sticke vnto, forwarnde had perils dire.

But egar Winter let not backe this glorious Franke retire,

Much like Ioues mightie bird, with grasping talents fenced strong,

Wher with swift course, he chasing flies, the sholes of foule among,

The smaller soz lets slip, the mightiest birdes with clawes downe pluckes,

And fethers plumes, with nooked beake, and braines, and bloud, out suckes:

Euen so the Brute courageous, doth the Celtane captaine vge.

And for because with bunchy pike, the enimie did insurge:

With armour fencid like, and weapned like, on him fierce flies

Stout VVinter, groueling dead on ground, now Frankes conductor lyes.

The other pillage of his foe, and rich spoyles doth obtayne.

Meane time bothe parties mingling bloud, their courage stout did

And gashly wound is recompensit with greisshie stroke againe. (straine,

The Frankes retire, with flickering shaft stabd through in hastie flight,

The Iland is subdued, and conquered yeldes to Britaines might.

Sir VVilliam
VVinter mee-
ting with the
Frenche Cap-
taine slaieth
him valiantly

The French
men subdued.

These

The victorious Battailes

These thinges atchirde, and finisht thus. By Captayne Winters heit
The Mariners their helmes, towardes the ragged shoyes do wress,
Then great reportes were made, of gloucster skirmage fought that day,
Applauding euerie one, their inward hope did they bewray,
Whiche noble conquest is to mostall men wout to defray.

Callice lost.

These thinges in August done. Then after in Decembers frost,
The Frenchman it besieging, was unhappy Callice lost,
(Unspeakable mishap) whiche arge, and feble folke contaynd,
For the most part, withyn her walles, fewe souldiers fresh remaind.
Howbeit fewe souldiers, cannot force, of many men abide,
This auncient soyle neglected, and a woman Prince beside,
whome then a trecherous prelate made by peruerse councell stray,
Her noble spowse in foraine coastes dissevered far away:
Hereto, add rough and boistrous flouds which raging swelld that tide:
And farre disiung'd beyond the seas, the sandy Callice banke,
Unwilling it to take, the towne myght chyust unto the Franke.
This forressse lost, the Spanyardes wife, gan to consume away,
Whom eatng cares, with parching griesse, broughte to her fatall day.

Queene Mary
dyech.

Thus endeth the second Booke.

2. regn. Queen Mary by her b. 1553



ELIZABETH QUEENE.

OR

A SHORT AND

compendious declaration of the peaceable state of England, under the government
of the most mighty and vertuous Princesse
ELIZABETH.

¶ Wherewnto is added a briefe
Catalogue or rehearsall, of all the noble
men which being nowe dead, haue
been, or yet liuyng, are, of her Ma-
iesties Counsaile.

Written in Latin verse by C. O.

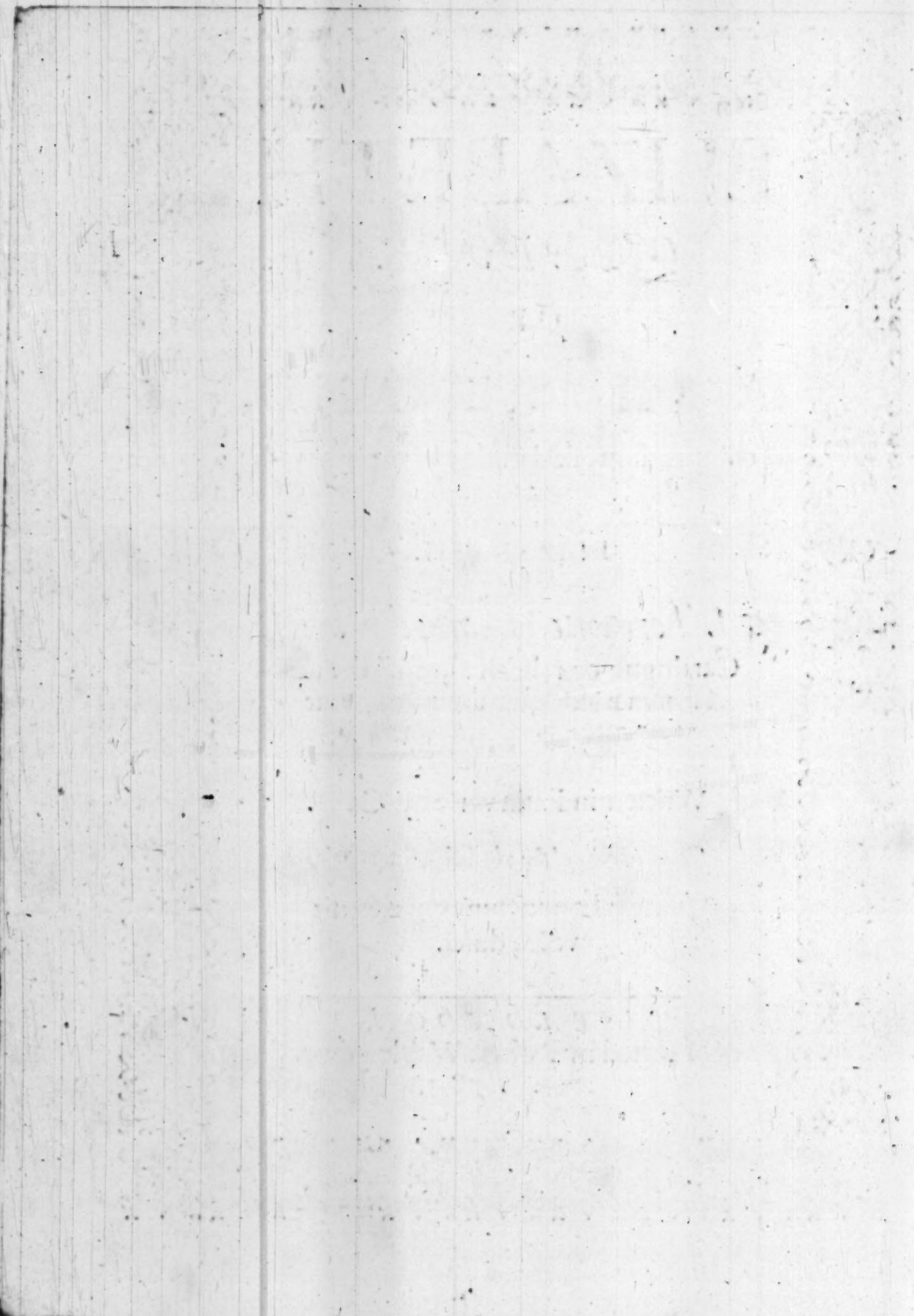
Done into English, by John Sharrock,

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit
vtile, dulci.

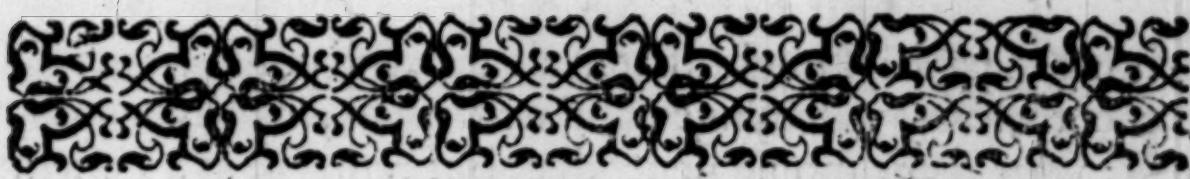
AT LONDON,

Printed by Robert Walde-graue.

Anno. 1585.



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To the worshipfull his approued good frend,

M. I O H N E S T M O N D Bacheiler of Law, one of the
fellowes of Sainte Mary Colledge: commonly called the
Newe Colledge in Oxenford.

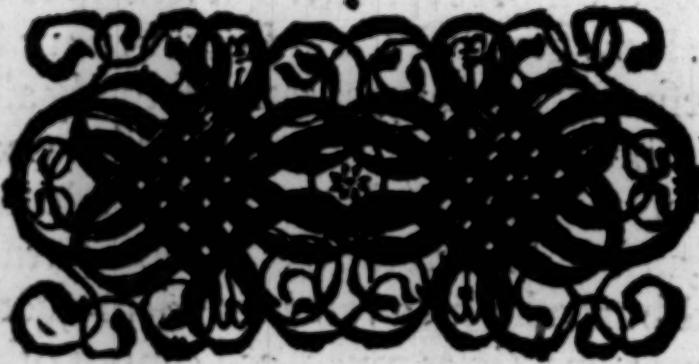
Men as at the request, and earnest instigatiō of some
of my frends, (worshipfull M. E S T M O N D.) I had
done into English meeter, the two first bookes, of
that Poeme, of C.O. cōtainyng the battailes, & high
aduentures, of the English Nation. I was determi-
ned there to stricke sayle, and to cast myne anker: knowing, that
the longer my craced keele scoured the seas, the more water she
would leake: & fearing, least that Scilla escaped, I should be sunke
in Charibdis, or Libia shunned, I should be swallowed in Syrtes.
If Cherilus that fiedlie Poēt, had brought but a brief Pamphlet,
when he dedicated a huge Volume, vnto the Macedonian kyng
Alexander, his gayne peraduenture had bēne the more, his paine
vndoubtedly the lesse, in escaping a great many lashes, whiche he
suffred, to his extreme grief and endlesse infamie. Euen so was I
perswaded of my selfe, that the more I wrote, the more want of
skill I shewed, whereby I might heape the more dislike, and so
by a consequēce the more reproch. But when I called vnto mind
(Gentle Syr). How greatly I shoud dye in your dett, for your
manifold benefites, & frendly, yea rather fatherly affection, where
with you did imbrace me, beynge your pupill in Oxon, to my no
lesse comfort, the commoditie: It were incredible, to thinke, with
what celeritic, and disdayne, I shooke of those terrifyng causes, &
how ardently I burned, with a vehement desire, yet at the least by
this kinde of writyng, (in as much, as I can not otherwise suffi-
ciently expresse my zeale and true affectiō) to testifie my good wil,
and my hart full of all humilitie, and sinceritie towardes you, and

THE EPISTLE

to bring to passe if I might, that in all ages, and posterities, as long as euer these my watchynges, and writtynges, shall liue amongst men: your name should never dye, but remayne as a patterne, to our nephewes, and offspring, of all gentilitie, courtesie, and humanitie. and that as euery fautor, and maintainer of good letters, is called AL TER MÆCENAS, an other MÆCENAS: so euery one which imbraceth his frend with faythfull loue, hateth no man, & is free from all basenes and slauerie of the mynd(as besemeth a gentleman) might be named AL TER ESTMONDVS, an other ESTMOND. Take therfore well in worth (deare Syr) these my simple indeuours, beyng a compendious declaration, and treatise, of the peaceable raigne, of our renoumed Lady ELIZABETH, coimpiled by Maister O. & by me metrized, as a certaine testimony, and the expresse tipe of my good will. Communicate them with your frendes, shroude them from my foes. This is all

I doe request, this me thinkes I already see your Courtesie, and gentlenes to graunt me. The Lord preserue you in health, wealth, and felicitie. AMEN.

Yours assured in that he may,
John Sharrock,



TO THE NOBLE, AND
most vertuous, Lady, indued with all kinde of good
Literature, excellent, both in the Greek, and Latine tongue,
the Lady M Y L D R E D, Wife to the righthonourable
Lord, Baron of Burghley, Lord high Tre-
asurer of England.

ENORMED Greece in elder age, with learned dames did shine,
Whose written workes remaine as yet, with phrase mellifluous fine:
Of Muses bright besprinkled, drawne out of Parnassus spring.
Offemale sexes swift winges, Rome, a hugie troupe did bring,
All expert in the Latine tong, howbeit they lesser prayse,
Adorned with native language waine, their fame to heauen, to rayse,
And euerlasting memorie, by writing to attaine:
Than due is to those Noble Nymphes, which seneked farre remaine,
In externe Regions wide, in tender yeares, whose matine tong,
Is to be learned, the Romayne then, by toiles, and labours long,
Of forme renarde, with limites straight, and bondes incompast round,
As English Ladys, many may of worthie name be found,
Which florish at this day, which through the world swift Fame doth blas.
Who soyne, like learned men, the Greekish tong, with Latine phrase.
Yea which is more, like skilfull Poets, in dulcet verse they sing,
Wherewith Homerus brought his booke, or Mantuan Maro.
If cause reguirde, extempore, their meeters framing fine.
O Nymphes, O noble Sisters fourre, but (Myldred) unto thine
High fauour, as the chiefest, I appeale, be thou mine aide,
And like an other Pallas, let thine Aegis strong be laide:
Before my brest, that this my booke, feele not the byting iawes,
Of Theon, Viper fell, or earping Zoils slaunderous slaves.
If me beholding with thy shinning lookes, thou wilt defend:
The Enuious, and Malicious crue, dare not me once to rend,
So, as in sanctuary shun, I shall no daunger feere,
Inferiorre farre I know my Musc unto the vertue cleere.

Aegis is the
shield of Pal-
las.

The Epistle.

Of her renowned Prince, howbeit the will of subject true,
May here appere, if that the inst, and courteous reader view,
And pondering may she morke aright, and not with confusg hand,
If that this long, and prosperous peace, hereafter to be tarte
By trompe more shril, I wish, and bid, these writings vno monthe
By sparkling flames to be consumde, meane time, I them haue brought
Renowned Lady to be shrinde, upheld, and set in stay,
By your high honour, serue not from your Client I you pray,
This doth your true, Nobilitie, and manners mocke in presse
Ingraft, this doth your Godlines, require, above the rest.

Yours in all your affaires, and in all your mayesties.

C: O.



To the gentle Reader.

If verses you delight, with stately stile, and sounding wordes
Vvhich loftie swell, fecke Poets booke, which such high thinges
You will perhance affit me, that of so high, & mighty a Queene affords,
A worke shuld of more maiestie, and stateliness be seen.
I worthie her confesse, whome Homer should insigred verse,
Or with the Notes, of warbling Lute A polly great rehearse.
I am no Poet, you pardon must me, since I pardon pray,
If that a bourden ouer vast, do downe my shoulders way.
My arte vnto the vertueyeldes, of her a Prince so great,
Vvhich shuld be sounded by a trompe more shril, with winds repleat.
If others lye in silence shrinde, why should my Muse not sing?
But when her laud, in fluent phrase, from one more learnt shal spring
Then will I these my papers voyde the fiery flames to feed,
Meane time the honour of her Grace, let these my verses breed.



ELIZABETH QUEENE.

Eorthwith in royall thron, and regall chaire, as Queene was set,
Elizabeth, a Princesse stout, whom Henry did begett.
King Henry monach high exiold, amongst all earthly Peeres.
Elizabeth, abouished euen from her teudet yeates,
With manners meeke, with learnings loye, with wisedome diuine,
Excelling in the Greekish tong, and Latine phrase so fine.
She knowes ech Countries language to throught Europe all along,
The Germaine, and the Italike, the French, and Spanish tong.
In skillfull scanning of the law, she palme deserueth well,
In comely feature, beutie cleare, her visage doth excell.
The courage of her mynde is such, as like is hard to finde,
In female sexe, celestiall wisedome pure, so deape is shynde,
Within her royall brest. The mirrour of this age no dout.
On earth a regall mace to beare from heauens dimised out.
A virgin brooking gratafull peace, gaynst dreadfull wars opposit.
Howbeit that of this Princely Impe the byth day be viselosse:
And from what happy mother sprong, so happy a byth, made glad,
The Britaines harts, through meiue grones & sobbs which erst were sad:
The Lady Anne a damsell bright, with Henry linked fast
In sacred wedlock was, his conscience prickt, and mou'd at last,
The best diuine of high Ichoue expesly to him showne,
His brother Arthurs spouset seere, to cherish as his owne.
which twentie yeares, and thre, unwittynge mighty Ioues edict,
By Moyses mouth exprest, such bandes contraceforbidding strict:
He vse had, (the Britaine Peers allowing this his fact)
Lest that so rich a dower from his denisines shold be errect
Agayne to be repayde. The Romaine Bishoppes Bull, this act
Confirmed so, that butfullly one brother might obtaine,
His brothers wife, if him behinde, suruiuour he remaine.
Howbeit fewe yeares expirde, the Approbation of such bandes,
Quite abrogated by the learned Lawyers of the landes,

Elizabeth Queene.

The Censures
of the Uni-
versities of
Italy and
Fraunce a-
gainst the
Pope.

The counte
Princes of
Europe more
or leise are
mete to be
as ten homes
vnto this
beast.

Hymeneus
or Hymen
God of mar-
riage.

A solempne
pompe at the
marriage of
Henry and
Anne.

Anne greet
by King
Henry.

Of Italy, and Fraunce (that here unshewd, their suffrage hold,
But English Doctors all, through sacred knowlge high excolde.
The Romish prelate prouid, such acces for to allow,
As though the heauenly lawes divine unto his becke did bow:
And he himselfe exempted, did not vnder lawes abide,
As subiect unto Christ the head, the very church is ride.
For head is one, sweete Christ alone, to which as coxes is knie,
His flocke vntie, two heade cannot unto one body sit.
Hence did this ugly monstrous beast, first take his curleesse wound,
One hozne off cozne, though nine remaine his front succincting round,
And doth with shuering dread, the hugie world put in a stound.
Moreover with diuine instinct inspirde, a prophet sage,
Hath song the time to come, in which this hellish fende shall rage,
Unarmde, his other hoznes off cozne, which earthly Monarchs shall
For time prescribde for sake, being spotted blacke and rough withall.
Wherfore in good, and luckie houre, by helpe of Ioue almighty,
Are worthily solemnized Hymeneus sacred rightes,
Twixt Henry king, and Anne, with royall pompe, of honuer due,
Which more adorne, of Britaine Peeres a huge and stately stue,
With troupes of men beset, in silken vesture brauely clad.
The States most pretious robes, with red gold spanges imbrodered had,
And massie chaines of fined gold, on shoulders fouldred bare.
The Court-like Ladies blasing gemmes, their hands besemming, ware,
Their neckes, with Jewels glimmering bright, adorne, and ouches rare.
On auncient beames bespyed, was cloth of Arras curios wrought,
Such as by Pallas proper hand ywouen, you would haue thought.
All thinges did mirth portend, bothe boyes, and men of elder age,
And virgine troupes, with solempne Hymenes, did good successe presage.
The holed boxe pipe fild with wine, doth platers will obay:
Then might you see the springoldes fresh, in streetes to skip, and play.
These open signes of commonys ioy, might well the Queene delight,
And with his new espoused feere, reioyce the king by right.
But after that of seede conceau'de, through wombe extended hye,
Undoubted tokenes to the world, the pryncesse did descrie:
Almighty God, what wondrouis ioy, the heartes of Britaines rought,
What ardent hope, what deepe desire, eche noble stomacke coughe,
That to the king into the world a male childe mighte be broughte
For: bwith vnto the antike tower, of Caesar mighty king,
The Queene with condigne pompe, a troupe of noble peeres did bring.

From

Elizabeth Queene.

From whence she came, according to this nations guise of old,
To take the princely Diademe(imbolde with stones) of gold,
The people all exlayming. Ioue your blisse, and ioies increase,
God graunt you liue king Nestors yeares, God giue you good successe.
And whil'st she did triumphalike, in gorgeous chariot passe,
With trampling milke white steeds, of courage fierce, which caried was,
With yeomen tall, of sturdie loines, in purple decked neat,
Strong garded, as a prince beseemd: perfumes in euerie streat,
We are made, as erst in elder age, when men in temples praide,
Sweet smelling myrrh, and frankensence, were on the altars laid
And as in time of Autumne when the round, and stiring stalke,
Standes bolt upright, in furrowes large, that passers as they walke,
Cannot discerne the ground, so thicke are sprong the reedes of corne:
The eares all wauering with the windes, now here, now there are borne:
None otherwise in euerie streeete the people presse apace,
The waies vp chynging thick, that scarce remaines a standing place:
Eche eie directly bent, vpon her gratiouse heauenly face.
The Condites eke, which liqued stremes, accustom'd erst did scourse,
Did Bacchus sacred gifte of wine fresh frothing bolls out poure.
The outside of eche house, faire hanging carpets broidered dight,
And balmed odours eke of fragrant flowers. breede much delight.
Whiche ioyes augmented more the chearefull countenaunce of the Queene,
And thousandes thick of people, which ranne stragling to be seeue,
Most wondrous thrust on plumpes, from street, to street, insuing fast,
And musickes skill, the eares did fill with many a chearefull blast.
Now Phoebus hastning for to shyne in Ocean flouds his face,
Beholdes the iourney of the Queene, as to the roiall place,
Of Henry King she hied, in westerne side of London sett,
The next day comes. The princely traine to Peters church doth set,
Wher breathles corps, of Britaine kings, intomb'd are went to lye,
The nobles first before, in syder two and two do hye,
As Princes Court requires, and Britaine nations antike rite.
A king at armes, ech sets in roime, as honour doth invite.
His fellowes eke, in auncient coates of Armes resplendent dight,
The solempne pompe doe much adorne, and bewise the sight.
The troupe of Heeres insuing next, a stately Wagon shewes,
Whiche palstaires white as driven snow on bright bits champing drawes,
The Queene, unto the commons all, in robes of purple fine,
With Diamondes, and Emerauldes beset, whiche glistering shone,
With countenaunce full of modestie, adorne, and seemly grace.

26
Anne crow-
ned which
hapneth to
none but to
the heires of
the kingdom.
Nestor liued
three hundred
yeares.

The condites
ran with
wine at the
coronation
of Queene
Anne.

VWhittemall
Sainct Peters
at VWestmin-
ster.

Elizabeth Queene.

Who with a troupe of courtlike Dames, which after her did trace,
Into the temple wendes, with heart, and hand to Ioue extolde,
Where in the midst of prayer time, a pretious crowne of gold,
Her temples bright doth garnish braue, the priest with solenypne bowes,
Beseeching God, with fruit to spynge, to blesse this late made spowes.
These sacred rites performed thus, eche noble in his roome,
Returnes vnto a royall feast, in order as he come.

Thomas
Duke of
Northfolke
made chiefe
Steward of
England.
Krie of Arun.
dell T. ster.

These Steward then of England was the Northfolke Duke assynd,
The dignitie of Tarter, th Earle of Arundell did binde,
High Ch. Amberlaine the Oxford Earle did decke as title new,
The remenant comme of royall race perform'd their office due.
In massie bolls, of fined gold, God Bacchus giftes were brought,
And plenteous store of cates, was laid on tables curious wrought.
This solenypne banquett, time with certaine limites finisht quite,
When Phœbus neere the euening starre, began with rates to smite,
The Ocean salt sea flouds, and downe in deepes his front to hide,
Declining yronc towardes the coastes of Libia Region wide.
The princely Court of Henry king, with murmuring noyce resounds,
At the returning of the Queene, such wondrous ioy abounds.
Nine times her glimmering light, the lampe of Phœbe had renued,
And after the solenyns o day, the tenth moneth fast insyed.
Don Titan had not yet, the face of Virgo ouerpasse,
Remaining in the aspect, of that heauenly starre, where placst
Hermes, as in his mansion house, to be doth chiefe delight.
Great learning wandring Hermes doth forshew, and manners bright,
But chiefly he portendes a happy witt, and iudgement quick.
But if that Ioue exalted be, linkt in coniunction strick
To Venus, and with them in friendly aspect Sol be tied:
O goodly God, which so the course, of heauenly starres doest guide
And force doest giue, and take again, as likes thy sacred best,
The childe borne shall be fortunate, with honour che inuest:
Shall royall scepter hold, and still in flowing wealth abound,
Rewardes bestowing still, nor end of giuing shall be found,
With heauenly wit indued also, adornde with counsaile sound,
The vertuous worke attempting bold, in bryntes of Mars renound,
God this doth, bring to passe, not Planets which their course do take,
Within the Spheres celestiall, for Planets courses make:
By powre of Ioue divine, without whose aid they nought preuyale,
Nor good effect can woijke. God in them is, which thoucen faile
Doth certaine houre of birth appoint, to euery mortall wight,

Phœbe two
fillables vised
for the
Moone.

Elizabeth Queene.

As him shall please, that Autbor was, which formed them aright;
As other thinges, so Planets were the woyke of God almighty.
The seventh of Decembre, (Ioue omnipotent to passe,
This doutlesse brought by course of yeares, the day of Sabaoth was,
Wherin king Henryes noble spouse, in childbirthe trausild soze.
As griefe augmentes, so skilfull aged wife insisted moze,
About her charge, sage matrons eke, of worthy race applied,
Their industry to aid, when labouring Princes gan to slide
In fainting panges, through burden ripe, delivering unto light,
Howbeit vndoubted tokens were foreshewed, of somer myght.
But after that into the world a childe of bewtious hue,
Was brought, with members straignt composit: as softned waxe, a true
And perfit image fashioned beares: the people wondring much,
The cunning workmans skilfull hand, in forming to be such:
The aged Graundame cries amasse, her handes to heauen vp throwne,
Ye people present praise the Lord, Christ Iesus laud alone,
A Virgin doch her mothers blisse, her fathers ioy increase,
In time to come this Virgine shall procure the Britaines peace.
This is the onely hope, and solace of our English land,
The king his foosteppes fetching fast, him hasteth out of hand,
The mother, with her tender Impe to see, and woydes doch speake,
Of comfort to his spowes, sick, and through fleshly frailenes weake.
For with for baptisme of this babe, the king his nobles had,
For to prepare, the Northfolke Duke chiese rule, and guidance had,
Who in his hand a slender rod of Iuerie whitenesse boze.
All thinges prouided, as the king commaunded had before:
The Duke them willing, fift the Barons wene, an easie pace,
In porclike guise then Earls, then myghtie Dukes did after trace.
The noble Duchesse in her armes, the infant small did hold,
In swadling sheetes of lincloth soft, her tender corps infold.
A precious mantle brodered rich, vpon the which did shine,
with golden gard avond, imbosde with stones of hasper fine:
which eyes of the beholders dimmed, with dazeling glauncing rayes.
Full many a noble Dame issues, and crutie seruauntes stayes
At every booke to runne, about the temple bores alwayes.
Amongest the stately Peeres, the London Bishop present came,
With milke white stole inuest'd, as auancient age requireth same.
Faire fountaine streames were pouzed, in pretious font of siluer myght.
The Godfathers, and Godmothers, their promise freely plighted
That in the lively corps of Christ, Elizabeth united:

Elizabeth
borne on the
seventh day
of Decembre
being the Sab-
aoth day.

Elizabeth
baptised and
confirmed in
the true
f.uth.

Elizabeth Queene.

Her sureties
were the
Archbishop
of Canterbury, the du-
chess of
Norfolk and
the Lady
Marques of
Exeter.

Elizabeth pro-
claimed heire
unto the
Crown by
an Heraule.

The surties
give gifts of
pure gold.

Should him receave as head, whose corps the holy church perfited:
And purged cleane from filthy drosse, and superstition, was.
The Archbishop of Caunterbury, who did in honour passe
The rest, chiefe Primate of this Land, and Northfolke Duchiess bright
with Exon Lady Marques then, did bow to Ioue almighty,
In her behalfe, that she should loue his preceptes, and his loue,
when unto age mature in time, she should attaine therfore.
Forchwith she was constreine, in faith of Christ our carefull guide.
When as a king at Armes, with voyce uplifted lofie cried.
Long may the royall offspring liue, of her renowned sire,
Elizabeth, long may she liue, and to all blisse aspire,
" And to the Crown her father dead, let her succeede at heire,
" The people all Amen exclaiming, noyce to heauens did reare:
which by the aire reverberate, causde all the towne to ring:
The witnessesse, of happie daies abodementes good, did bring
Unto the infant severally, rich gifteis of fined gold,
By skilfull Art ingrau'd, with shapess, of Britaine Monarches old,
In which the Virgine come to yeares, triumphing did delight.
Three hugie chargers stet, did warlike Dudley lift in sight,
(Soz from the sacred tembles borne the royall offringes were,
By princely state in solempne sort, as custome did require)
The second gifts aloft, redoubted Haward high extold,
Three mightie standing holles. Three malleie cuppes of pretious gold,
Bessudded thick with stones, and radiant gemmes from Indy brought,
Thou third Fitzwater wens, before thy breste brest listing loft.
The fourth, and last (D Worcester) thy Earle succeeded straight,
whose wearied armes, of curious place ingrauen felte the waight.
And now the regall court was thronged and full of people prest,
The Primateis lookes bewaid their ioyes, conceau'd in royall brest,
with all their noble Dames, and Lordes, and Barons of the land.
The Celler doores, with wine repleat, to all men open stand.
God Bacchus holles deepe cares do quell, and ioyes in heart makes flowe,
These thinges thus finisht, on the rout the king doth thankes bestowe,
And many sendes unto their homes: howbeit the greatest part,
Of noble race espyong, from Princes court do neuert start.
Couragious springoloves eke, collect'd from all partes of this land,
To bend, and bow at every beck, all waiting ready stand.
Moze to constreine their loue, towardes this Impe conceau'd in mine:
with plighted oth on sacrament, themselves the people binde,
Establish, firme to stand, in fatchfull duetie to her knit.

Elizabeth Queene.

Not one, but all, this region coastes throughout, bow not to flitt.
Meane time the Virgin adding groth vnto her tender yeares,
Increased in fauour eke, of heauenly powers, and earthly Peeres,
Whom commons loue succeeds. But when her mother song she knew,
Expressing signes of wondrous wit, and Judgement to issue:
She at her prudent sayinges, made astonisht men to stand,
And bookees desirous to be caught, would alway haue in hand.
She scarse the letters with her eyes intentiue did behold,
Their seuerall names, but thrise before by her instructor told:
But perfect them at fingers end, as two monthes caught, she bare,
Their figures diuerse made, decyphering well, by iudgement rare.
Yea in few dayes (a marueil great it is to speake no dout)
The Princely impe by industrie, such sap had sucked out:
That without councell to assit, she any thing could reed,
So nothing intricate is found, nor difficult in deed,
To willing mindes, deceauing toyles the loue of vertue true.
Her mothers solace great, this Virgin bright of roseal hue,
Did ample hope foreshew, what helpe she shold to Britaynes bee:
The Equinoctiall line, which dayes, and nightes, makes to agree
In true proportion like, Don Phoebus lampe had vanisht farre,
From this our Climate, chasing fast towardes the Northarne starre,
Then ready so to take a signe celestiall by the way,
which Venus mansion house to be, Astronomers do say.
Then pleasant syring, appeares on earth, and rough hayle shoures deppiues,
Expelling nipping coldes, and into th' hard earth moisture dries.
Then feldes do fragrant shew, than all things budding blossomes beare,
Then Nightingales with chirping notes, melodiously do were
Away the linging darksome night, and please the watchfull eare.
Now was the tyme when gratefull rest, had layd in drowsie sleepe,
Men mortalls weried bones, and bodies close in couch did keepe.
The king therfore him hies to bed, so doth his royall Queene,
His chamber he, she takes a rowme, ioynt to an herbour greene,
With floures of sondry colours deck, most pleasant to be seene.
Where long and tedious houres she spendes, whilst studious she her booke
Revolving turnes, which custome use, of tender yeares she tooke,
Till drowsie sleepe, her daceled eyes, soft stealing on, by closde.
But when she thus a great part of the night had spent, reposde
At last in lostie bed of state, (as Princely Ladies are:)
With bowes devout, of soule, and corps, she prayes high loue take care.
Then drencht in deepe sleepe rest she takes, forgetting fancies past,

The English
people by oth
vowe their
loyaltie and
obedience
vnto Queen
Elizabeth.

The toward
nes of Eliza
beth in her
childhood.

20
21
22
Description
of the spring
tyme.

Elizabeth Queene.

Now mid of glomish shadowy night, expired was, at last,
Deepe silence dogges, and men, and beastes of saluage kind, had rought,
when Morpheus in her gransiers shape, the God of dreames him brought,
Unto the Queene, (which long before, was in Sepulcher layd)
With beard downe dangling long, and head white hoar, and thus he sayd.
O Anne (which layd in deadsleepe sound yet thought herselfe awake,) Feare not my daughter Anne, nor at this vision trembling quake,
Behold thy Grandsier I, here present stand, of poze well knowne,
From all contagion earthly free, I dwell in heauenly thone,
Wherewith loues sacred ministers, I endlesse life obtaine,
To liue so, is to liue in deede, thou liu'lt to dye agayne.
Prepare thy selfe with Sainctes in ioyes celestiall for to come,
To Christ, which heauenly boures hath built, and sittis in highest towne,
Desirous that his flocke, with him should raigne, Peace endlesse blisse,
Tranquillicie secure in deede, no chaunce, nor chaunge there is.
What earthly honour can preuayle: what glory great of kings:
What pompous wealth abundant: what rich precious vestments bringes:
What profite can bright purple robes: what glistering gemmes and gold:
Can they mens mindes once bretter: or the sting of plagues withhold:
Can they Deathes threatening dare, or vexing chaunces keepe away:
All earthly thinges perfwade thy selfe, to frayle fall in decay,
On heauenlyne eyelids firmlye fire, seeke heauenlyng kingdomes hie,
With for Christes saythfull flocke, prepared are vndoubtedly.
Now to what end this talke doth tend, with minde attentiuue know:
Foule enuie start with poysoning snakes, from gastly shadowes low:
With hatreds handes the wold perturbes, in Princes Courtes her nest
Erecting strong, that who so God, and Justice, fauours best:
And gracious in his Prince his sight, with credit great doth grow:
So much the rather on his flesh, will engioun vipers gnow,
And woake will with such secrecie, that he shall not perceave,
The venomous sting, till Atrapos his vitall breaue,
And by dire destinies fatall doome, he be entombd in ground,
Thou knowest the mighty Britaine guide, by stablisht lawes profound,
In his hye Court of Parliament (where mixt in Counsell seat,
Both Peers, and People of the land, i e earnest did intreat:) His subtill undermining fraude, now set abrode, and knowne:
The Pope, with his Supremacie, out of his land hath thrawne,
And that no Bulls, from Rounish seat hereafter shoulde be sought,
Wherby his pompe might be maintaing, by them in thosands bought,
Wherfore the pynante Monarch, hath from his dominions all,

Him

Elizabeth Queene.

Him quite expell'd, howbeit in Court his wilie sautoys stall,
And faultring d'ead left that their fraude detected, and betrayde,
Should in her glosing colours be portraide, and b'rote bewrayde.
They shiuering feare, lest that thy rule, their rage to ruine b'ring,
If fatall destinies in thy Prime thee with their bane should sting:
(For that those traitrous villaines b'ue) they would triumphing sing,
No farther dout, or daunger, then suspecting to impend.
Howbeit about the hugie wold, Sir Titan shall not end,
Two times his wand'ring course, before that by the Counsailes hestes,
All Idolls, props supporting both the Pope, and shauen crestes:
Shall by deuouring greedy flames, be burnt, and turnde to nougat,
And Images be b'at'nes downe, with stonnes, of marble wrought.
The flosye of Ioues most sacred house, shall purg'd, and scoured bee,
Meane time O happy England through thy Region by decree,
Of Henry mighty king: the Crier shall promulgate loude,
That unto carued stockes, or stonnes, no knee shall once be bowde.
These wondrous thinges thou shalt not see aliue, to come to passe.
But relikes of the Challice, and such d'reggs, and trumperie trash,
Shall not till after Henries death be bauisht backe to Rome,
From whence, as from the fountain head, and wellsp'ring, first they come.
A boy then with coylsant vertue deckt, deuoyde of crime,
Againe shall b'ring (to Sainctes celestiall deare) in happie time,
The sacred wourd of high Iehoue, then superstition vaine,
A soule, and filchy errour shall all desolate remaine,
For seuen yeares space, which so doth sticke unto religious side:
As doth the clinging Tuie thrombe, fast to the Cline abide.
Almighty Ioue, to heauenly blisse shall first this springold call:
Before the woldes frayle glory, shall his hart seduce at all,
Or lustyng flesh incense him, by suggestion unto sinne,
A flattering foe, in floud of Acheron to plundge him in.
The seuentheare of his raigne, shall him bereave of regall mace.
Whom after shall a married Queene succeed, in ropall place,
The Pope reducing. Then shall wofull England sliding backe,
Fall prostrate downe to blockes, and ripp agayne the Romish pack.
If any man do mutter once, by conscience tressur stong,
Or once reuolue the testament, w'rite in his mother tong:
Or out of it conuince the Pope to swarue from law, and right,
In bauing his autoritie, equall with Ioues almighty,
With diuylishe pride by pust: he shall with scorching b'ands be burn'd,
With raging fiers consuming force, his bones to ashes turnd.

A foreshew
yng of the
extermina-
ting and ro-
ting out of
Idols.

Restitution o
f the Religio
n by kyng Ed-
ward.

Acheron or
of the ffeue ri-
uers of hell,
where scul-
are torment-
ed.

Maries gou-
ernement.

These

Elizabeth Queene.

These goary woundes, thy tender impe at length shall cure agayne,
And comme to riper peares, shall Princely crowne, and rule sustaine.
A comfort to her countrie soyle, and solace to her frendes.
In whose most blessed raigne (such luckie fate, from heauen descendes)
Shall Britaine people live in blisse, and England happy bee,
And vnder her good guidance lie, in long tranquilltie.
With Indies pretious marchaundise, the people shall abound,
The Pope reject'd, and bannishd home, to coasts of Latian ground.
Shall onely for his owne precinctes, and bandes, be bad to care,
And in prouid Rome, the sinke of vice, to set to sale his wate.
Here of the Popes Supremacie shall be the finall end,
Thy offspring shall with cureles wound, his power vsurped rend.
Thenceforth, it shall not lawfull be, to Idolls for to bende,
Of pretious myrr, and Frankensence, on Alteris to perfume.
Hereon in bayne the Pope, incensed woode, shall fret, and stume,
With gnashing teeth, and eke attempe by trecherous meanes to spill.
Thy blessed offspring, lou'e of loue, whose Godhead guiding still,
And shielding her from scath, she shall her enemy quite downe bryne:
In peace her kingdome rule, and age with honour high adorne.
Here yet against this Rumpf, his furious rage he shall not stay,
Blacke venome belking out, and Aspis poysone dire alway.
(Who would beleue) to heauenly blisse, their soules he shall betake,
In wordes, which due obedience shall of their true Prince for sake.
But downe in deed to tormentes fell, them headlong shall deterr.
Who rules in heauenly globe aboue, her shall from scath protect.
Elizabeth of Britaine soyle the guidance great, and stay,
Of female sexe, the noble name, and palme shall beare away.
But thee mine offspring deare, unlike in happy destinies bwe,
Unto thy daughters fate on earth, shall better fate insue.
God which with becke, the course of things doth rule, by power diuine,
Thee from the mid' of worldy pompe, wherein thou now doest shine,
And earthly honour, shall extoll with halences in heauen to dwell.
There are no blubbing teates, no mortall tong for etch can tell,
No of those everlasting toys, mens mor: all eares have hard,
Not to be chaungd for pretious gold, a high, and rich reward.
Be not in minde dismayde, though messeigne message I for shew,
The houre unlooke for of thine end, with swift course on doth draw,
For within thirtie dayes, thou shalt ouergasp thys vitall breath.
Howbeit this solace great, of me receave, before thy deaile:
Elizabeth through wondrous actes, to stars shall lift the name.

Elizabeth
hall gouerne
Peace in En-
gland.

The day of
Armada
forepolde.

Worh

Elizabeth Queene.

Both of her selfe, and mightie Hier, and most renowned dame.

He sayd, and swifte the flickering ghost, in thinne ayre fled away,
Forzthwith resolide in chilly feare, the Princes members lay,
Long strugling with her selfe, in crying last the sleepe ofakes:
With soddatne noyse abounde, her chamber Ladies straight her takes,
Demanding of her grace, why so upstart she stood astray,
But silent, she all mestine stapes, and rolling castes her sight.

At length, tell vs (quoth she) where am I stood our hys before,
(For all the auncient Britaine Kings, and Queenes haue vs of yore,
To be by seruaunts watcht, whilst soft sleepe doth their eyelids fold.)
They aunswering, that they heard noyce, nor shape did once behold:
Then more agast, with grones, from harte rootes forth, she silly sayd,
O highest, mightiest God, some mercy take of thy handmayd,
And through thy wondrous clemencie, thy seruaunts sinnes blot out.
These wordes with voyce sabinisse she spake, and turnd her selfe about.
Hore you my Ladies (for a troupe about her present weare)
I bid you all till morayng gray, with radiant beames appeare,
Repose your selues agayne to sleepe, and take your quiet rest.
Some of the matrones through long vse, moxe wisedome shind in hress,
And neare the stately bed, with carefull mindes sat watching still,
Attending what she shall require, commaund, or what she will.
Calme silence now eth wight, throughoute the royall chamber rought,
The Queene her voyce vpclosed, and much revoluing deepe in thought,
Not to the dearest of her frendes, she did her dreame bewray.

Now day light bright appeares, devouuring cares which vipes away.
When Phœbus with his glittering rays, reioyseth mortall hertes,
And sicke, and pensiue wightes, incenseth on to pleasant partes.
Howbeit the bewtious Queene, in secret closet mestine droupes,
Nor fragrant herbours gladsome seekes, attended with her troupe,
Of damsels bright, (as custome erst) but yeldes to grief as thall.
when that these dolefull newes were blazde, in mighty Henries hall:
The Princely peers with courtenance sad, demisoe, their mone exprest,
The Courteours pensiue were, the king great grief conceau'de in hress,
And goes his feare to see, and her salutes with smiling cheare,
But when of these her dolefull panges, which ruchfull did appeare:
He could not wring the cause, with brenish teares his cheekes bedewd,
He turnes his face away, and much this heuie hap he rued.
But slering time, with lingring tract, doth dierde dolours were,
And darts of wounding cares, their pointes recorted, backe doth beare.

C

When

“

Elizabeth Queene.

Anne decla-
reth her
dreame vnto
a noble ma-
trone.

When that the noble Princesse, had the matter peisde aright,
And calo to minde, that daungers such and huckelless chaunce, as might
Not be eschewe, must suffred be, and not bemaile with gries:
Few dayes expirie, in robes of state, and Princely vestmentes chief,
All shining downe he comes, and musing, walke in hathour greene.
By chaunce a Courtlike Lady than, prostrate on both her kneene,
I know not what petition made, of topall stocke esprang
Of mighty Peers, whose zelous loue, and secret truch erst long,
In sonuy poinces she had forswide, to whom the Queene thus spake,
O crussie Lady, manifest do not our secretes make.
None present stands, we are alone, and leisure serues to talke,
(For far apart, the poxlike troupe, of britaine nymphes did walke)
(And opes her lipps so to proceede, and faltering shutes againe.)
At length she spake, when dulcett sleepe, me close in bed had laine:
My maydes secluded all: In rolo in earth, in elder yeares,
Ay me my Grandsier old, in antike forme, so brim appears
As when he drew his viall breach, he was vnto me knowne,
And in a long processe, my fayall houre hath to me shoune:
Whiche in this month, insuing next, she destinies will procure.
The noble dame, stale trickling teares, bedewing her lookes demure:
Astoynsh, sobbing sayes, now God avert this bitter lot,
The fancies of your troubled braine so hayne, remember not,
But quite roote out, such parching thoughtes, as macerate your hart,
Out of a gladsome minde, fresh florishing age, doth bloming start,
Perplexing gries, hart strings of mortall men, vntimely treat,
And in his pinssers holding fast, their mindes with coxure beats.
Meane tyme a page doth warue, the royall king so to approach,
But Anne desirous of her grief, the cause to set abzoch
Unto her crussie frend her dreame in order doth declare,
And what the diuine oracles concerning England weare.
Moore of king Henries mightie race, what shuld be the successe,
Then of her tender Impe, in fine the fate she doth expresse.
Her willing, truch, and faythfull loue, toward her to maintaine,
Yet yong of yeates, which in processe, might recompence her payne.
Then to the goodly Prince her spouse, she lowlie doth incline,
For honours sake, who tokens great of loue, exprest that tyme:
Both ioynly syde, by syde, the fragrant garden trace about,
Whiche sight the hartes did gladsome make, of all the vulgar rout.
Hic Titan Venus gloriouſ house, in heauenly coape had past,

An

Elizabeth Queene.

And some degrees incroching made, in signe adiacent fast,
Renowmed Anne for endelle life, a shorȝ deach doth exchaunge,
Deuouring gates expelv, and in celestiall coastes doth range.
Leatne you that line, what can, backbiting malice gobling fell.
Blache Enuie, gasty hagg, neare happy liuers, still doth dwelle,
Whiche filchynome blew, of viperous tonges, insues as mate.
Religion, and worship true, of mightie loue, which late,
All dwolnd, much like a burning coale, vp rakt in embers dead :
In happy dapes, of virtuous Anne, disclose her burnisht head.
Of Anne, whose hand so bountifull, gaue almes unto the poore,
Ech day, and feeble creeples lame, and people blind vp boze :
De walyng widowes do lament, the black and dismal day,
De chiloren eke of diuers brest, which tooke this Queene away.

Annes dyeth.

Annes prayse
for almes giv-
ing.

The Lady Lane, of Seimers bloud, stout Henry mightie king,
In holy wedlocke rices espouso, from which a babe did spring,
A boy of wondrous cowardnes, and manly vertue cleare.
He was by sacred muses rearv, and fostred vp most deare.
To him in tender age, Elizabeth coequall clest,
A boþ to soone in sprynging peares, of noble dames brest.
Howbeit that carefull prouidence, in Henries brest was shred,
That he a man of knowledge deepe, them to instruct assynd.
The day in diuers parties was cut, for diuers studys sicc,
Euen with Sy Titans sprynging lampe, they at their bookeþ doe sicc.
These vertuous Impes, now this, now that, with mindes intentiue reed.
First Iesus Christ, instilled was, their endelle blisse to brec,
The life, the rocke, the tracked path, to them which dread the Lord.
Then bookeþ of ciuill gouernement, which preceptes did afford,
And other noble Actes beside, for royll children meet.
Sound knowledge daily did increase, and ripe wit polisht neet,
Renowmed Henrys ardenc loue, towardeþ them kindled more,
And fauour of the Britaine Peers obtaind, and commons loue,
Elizabeth thre yeares by byrþ, her brother wenc before,
Inferior in her sexe, but for bicaus of riper age:
Desirous laud, and prayse to winne, free from fell eniuious rage :
And that her brother Prince, incenst by her proceeding, might
Be spurd more ardent, to attaine to Vertues sacred light:
She here desistes, and qualties beseeming her degree,
She practiso els beside. Now silken vesture holdeth she,
In lilly handes, and ficing fine, with pliant fingers small:

Henry mari-
eth Queene
Lane.

Edward
borne,

Welch

Elizabeth Queene.

With needle wōke imbrodereth rich, and ouerspreadereth all.
Mineruacē pretious webbe, the bewers would haue boucht it sure,
The hemmes distinguisht with a gard, of glistering mettall pure.
Now doth she exercise her selfe, of solempne Lute to play,
On warbling stringes, now moze, now lesse, sad dumpes to drieue away.
The Nightingale her chirping boyce, so diuers scarle could make,
Dividē into sondry tunes: as she most sweetly strake,
With quauering fingers small, and gentle touching of the strings.
All men admiring much, whence that celestiall Musickē springs.
Wherē daintie cates on tables spred, they were to take repast:
Or after viandes all remoude, in galleries they wast,
The time: or els in gardens fresh, of fragrant sauour walke,
Of vertue, of Religion true, of sayings wise, her talke
Should still be framde, both godly speach, and true, she alwayes vnde,
A token plaine, how that her hart, the spot of vice refusde.
In old Palæmons learned Art, they both most skilfull weare.
The Prince, and Lady eke, so deepe ingraft in minde did beare,
The Greekish phrasē, with Latine speach conioynd, that in shōrt space,
Once reeding would suffise, to understand the hardest place.
That of the hugie world so vast, where Phœbus globe hath flande,
The lab the Phœnix might be calld, the virgin Pallas name.

Meane time with crooked age effeble, Henry yelde the ghost,
Whose death as hartes of Brutes it rent, and mindes perplexing cost:
So doth his heyre apparant then, with ioyes their brestes comfort,
Incensing them to solempne mirth, and ioyes and pleasant sport.
Elizabeth reuenerewes large, takes by her fathers best,
Which her, of yearely rentes, beseeming her degree possēt,
Of Princelike houses stately built, and massie heapes of gold.
Wherfore far from the roiall Court, in countrie she doth hold
Herselfe alone, accompanied with her most carefull guide,
A woman of great maiestie, of noble bloud beside,
Which alwayes in societie, to this yong Impe was tide.
Admonishing with councell good, and exhortacions wise,
What as conuenient, she should brooke, and what agayne despise.

Of twise seuen yeares, the tender age she scarle had fully tract,
Wherē that mature, the virgin might, for spousall rites exact,
When as behold, with poyle like trayne, one winkle to the king,
Himselfe unto her Princely house, in pompous sort did bring,
And doth the tender Lady bright, with much ambition woe,

Prince Edward, and
Elizabeth
skilfull in the
Greeke and
Latintong.

Henry 8.
dyeth.

Edward 6.
crowned

Foxe.

Elizabeth Queene.

Forthwith through shame, with blushing he we, her eares did burning glide
Attending not what hymen ment, nor what this wooing Peere,
With earnest suē did pray. Wherefore he parcteth nothing neere.
But he insistes aganer, and vrgeth moze his suē to winne,
Till from the princely Nimphe, he had that small answeare givē,
Declared by her gouernesse, he labour lost in vayne.
Moze, that it better were, from his attempts soone to abstayne.
That fyrst it fane in royall brest, of the high Lady b̄right,
Not to be linkt, in wedlocke bandes, to any Britaine wight,
Of Lordes estate: forgetting not, her father, famous king,
And from what mightie auncestours, she by descent did spring.
Who would not here admire the noble courage of her minde?
Yet lost through tender yeares, of roiall kinges, the gentle kinde.
Who would not wonder at her stomacke haue: far from the lare,
Of Cupids bow, which offered bandes of wedlocke, night procure
Hereto accept. wherefore she seelde out from her stately boutes
Proceedes, or ruling B̄other greetes, or Londons pompous toures,
Doch ride to see, leſſe called forth, on matters of great waight.
Unto the Prince his maiestie, she then declining straighe,
Th'almightie king of kinges doth pray, for to p̄sere his grace.
Forthwith, with swift course batke retiring to her dwelling place,
On pleasaunt hill erect, which champion fieldes, of Flora Queene,
Adiacent doth behold, neere fountaines b̄right, and riuers greene:
Beset with trembling Aspe, and Beech, and Okes of wondrous bight.
There Nightingales with chirping tunes, melodious b̄reede delight,
And whistling Throssell, which frequentes the brierie shubby thorne.
Hereunto studys such aduict, as chieſly might adorne,
The daughter of so great a Prince, with loue, and laud of all,
Where they estates of hye degree, or meaner Fortunes thall:
The royall Nimphe, the sliding tract, of her life doth concre,
(When sacred rites of funerall, performde to Henry were)
While Phoebe thou with thy furious steedes, whose nostrils sparkling
Out blastes, in heauenly pole fift times the signes, thou overtakes. (flakes,
Sometime the greuous plaines doth make, of valiane dire bereft,
Her selfe all left alone, the fickle woldes collusions left:
Which of the greatest part, are wondered at, and high extold,
In ciuill b̄oiles, and combrous rosles, which doe themselues infold,
Whereas from such vexations free, they may at home remayne,
Sometime her spirits reuives, her brothers prosperous state againe.

Matfield.

Periphrasis
ſixe yeare
for the Sunne
once a yeare
ouerḡ es the
xii signes, ſo
that he mea-
neth by ouer-
taking the
signes vi.
times vi.
yeare.

Elizabeth Queene.

Her fature Deftnes is witting not,procured by powres devine,
That she a regall port should bear, and great in glori shone,
Amidst the troupes of Britaine Peeres, though now the freuence hase.
In the seuenthe yeare, that capall Prince, did yeeld to vicerie fate
The vertuous Edward, Britaines stay, and comfort of their land.
The raynes of regall gouernment, straight Mary taken in hand,
And popish compary preggis, establish setis againe a loose,
By Parliament, confirming lawes, new for the Popes behoufe,
Such as her famous brother had set downe, extincted cleane.
Here straight a rablement of priestes, with oile annoyned gleene
Throughout the land, like Bacchanalles and fiuers, with red bloud feed.
If any godly were, and Iesu loude, he had for meed
His bowels brild with strokbing brandes, and bones consume to nought.
But some by warning sent from God (for so belue we ought)
And harkening to the powres devine, by flight their safegard sought.
Their native country, Parentes deare, and frendes forsaken quicke,
Whiche, chaunge succeeding Edwardes deach, a manber did incite,
Whiche heartes, estrangis from Britaine soile, to live in foraine landes.
He fled in extrepe nations strates, he hating bloudy hands,
And rage, of that macturing crue, seekes meanes thole euils to quinne,
Whiche here (out, out, for shame) a great conuincion was begunne,
The deadliest rage, and sharpest scourge, that can on kingdomes fall.
Now these, now thole, the quest attainted doth of treason call.
In prisons strong, a wondrous rone, of Brutus race were pent,
But manie more to glomy streames, of Stigie lake were sent.
Whiche in the mighty Tower as soone as Courtney Earle by close:
Was to his certaine day of triall, to descend repose:
The gloriouſ Prelate prouid, outragious inochaid freeling chause,
Whiche troublous conscience vext subuersion breading, of thinges saue
Whiche were not to be feard. Me bicer Hatreds poysned King,
Thee, and thy state, Elizabeth, did in suspiccion bring,
Of craced faith, towardes the Crowne, That thou deuoyd of erisie
Hast liu'd, whose brightnesse of the minde, did so glaucant shone,
That Enuies eies, with radiant beames, it dazled till his time:
Ach, swoln with venomis malice fell, the holy soyle forgeres,
Whiche vyle impatent crue, with wraughtfull anger furious frettes,
Till that the siclie lambe (howbeit her keepers, courteous were)
(For God the wolves had driven away: hyrencht, in deepe dispaire,
In prison close was kept, all liberties freedome rane away,

This

Edward the 6
died.
Queene Mary
ruleth.

The Bishoppe
of VVinchel-
ter.

Holie sori I-
ronia cuius
contrarium
venit ad

Elizabeth Queene.

That light affliction, and this gentle penaunce, doth display
The better knowledge of the Lord, that so she might incalme
Wisedome more neare, which trace of time, to mortall men doth gaine.
Such like affliction, mixt with griping care, thy graundiers olde,
To wondrous wisedome rare renowned Henry seveth exalte,
which of an other Salomon, the noble name doth hold.
Even as a daire tree downe deprest, doth loftier lift her top,
And how much more with boistous blastes, Sir Edm. surres to stop,
Her perching grot, by so much more, in highte the listes her bowes:
So through backbiting viperous tonges, the Lady nobler growes.
And whome pernicious Enuies poise, downe keepe, her Vertues light,
Through constaunce minde exalles, to starre region, shining brighte.
Howbeit the vyle malle muncting true, lamented at their hart,
That th'end expeced had not tang, their false, and trecherous part,
Wherfore new guales they do deferre, whil a tyme more fit,
And to themselves this kingdome vowe, in hope, if that it hit,
That in their secret trappes now laid, the Britaine heire voe fall:
Meane time their furious rage doth roame, and tortures vseth all,
Aboundant streames of Christian bloud, most ruthfull, molsthes the land,
And goarie clouds, alacke in pooles, of hit reseed, stand.
Ay me, and waile a day, young chilidens corpes, fire brandes denouces,
And difference none put twixt their sexe, both men, and weomen, scoures.
For he gainst Ioue almighty, is a soe outragious thought,
If anie man his enemie, the Romish bishop coughe,
Out of the word of God, which takes away Christes honor due,
And falselie, whiche that thing affirmes, which is of dusky hue.
Pea so his heynous trecheries, with gloses couered beene,
As at no tyme, our graundiers olde, in elder age haue seene.
That doth the sense of touching, and of tast, doe fading sayle.
If that ye take that pruylidge from bodies, what anayle,
Can th'are, or twinkelg eie, unto what vse shall singers stand?
Aa, ha, in deepe Charibdis gulfe yplungd, the Britaine land
For very grief doth groane, and ginnenes of safetie to dispaire,
Howbeit the ghoste diuine of Ioue, her pityng vnaware:
which with his becke the heauens, and seas, and earthly regions shakes,
For the afflicted English race, a gracesfull plaistre makes.
For from their hie usurped seates, prouid potentates are drawne,
Downe headlong to the ground, which reverent worshyp to be shewne,
Bad vnes Idols wrought in woode, or forged of moultien brasse

Elizabeth Queene.

Her future Deserie witting not, proceede by powres devine,
That she a regall port should haue, and great in glori shone,
Amidst the troupes of Britaine Peeres, though now the freaturte haue.
In the seuenth yeare, that capall Prince, did peele to vicerie Face
The vertuous Edward, Britaines stay, and comfort of their land.
The raynes of regall gouernment, straight Mary taken in hand,
And popish compayny dregges, establisht sets againe a loose,
By Parliament, confirming lawes, new for the Popes behoufe.
Such as her famous brother had set downe, extincted cleane.
Here straight a rablement of prieses, with oyle annointed gleene
Throughout the land, like Bacchanalles and fiuers, with red blood seed.
If any godly were, and Iesu loude, he had for meed
His bowels brayld with scroching handes, and bones consume to nought.
But some by warning sent from God (for so beleue we ought)
And harkening to the powres devine, by flicht their safegard sought.
Their native country, Parentes deare, and frendes forsaken quite,
Whiche, chaunge succeeding Edwardes deach, a number did iuste,
Whiche hearter estrangd from Britaine soile, to liue in forraigne landes.
He fled in extreme nations strates, he hating bloudy handes,
And rage, of that massacring crue, seekes meanes those evill to shunne,
Whenehere (out, out, for shame) a great remouerion was begunne,
The deadliest rage, and sharpest scourge, that can on kingdomes fall.
Now these, now those, the quest attainted both of treason call,
In prisons strong a wondrous rout, of Brutus race were pent,
But manie more to gloomy streames, of Stigic lake were sent.
Whiche in the mighty Tower as soone as Courtney Earle by close:
Was to his certaine day of triall, to descende repolle:
The gloxous Prelate mou'd, outragious wch did frenting chaufe,
Whiche troublous conscience vert subuersion dreading, of thinges saue
Whiche were not to be feard. Nea hitter Hatreds poysnew King,
Thee, and thy state, Elizabeth, did in suspition bring,
Of craced faith, towardes the Crowne, That thou deuoyd of erthe
Hast liu'd, whose brightnesse of the minde, did so amusane shone,
That Enuies eies, with radiant beames, it dazeled till this time:
Ach, swoln with venomyd malice fell, the holy sorte forgeries,
Whiche vile impatent crue, with wchfull anger furious frettes,
Till that the siele lambe (howbeit her keepers, courteous were)
(For God the wolves had driven away:) ydrenche, in deepe dispaire,
In prison close was kept, all liberties freedome tane away,

Edward the 6th
dieth.
Queene Mary
ruleth.

The Bishoppe
of VVinchester.

Holie sorte I-
ronia cuius
contrarium
venioit est.

This

Elizabeth Queene.

That light affliction, and this gentle penaunce, doth display
The better knowledge of the Lord, that so she might accorde
Wisedome more deere, which trace of time, to mortall men doth gaine.
Such like affliction, mixt with griping care, thy graundiers olde,
To wondrous wisedome rare renowned Henry seventh exalte,
which of an other Salomon, the noble name doth holde.
Even as a date tree downe deprest, doth lostier lift her top,
And how much more with boistous blastes, Sir Ed. surresto stop,
Her perching groth, by so much more, in hight she listes her bowes:
So through backbiting viperous tonges, the Lady nobler growes.
And whome pernicious Enuies poise, downe keepe, her Vertues light,
Through constane minde excolles, to starrie region, shining byghte.
Howbeit the vyle masse mungring cruse, lamented at their hart,
That th'end expected had not rane, their false, and trecherous part,
Wherofe new gurses they do deserve, vntill a time more fit,
And to themselves this kingdome vowe, in hope, if that it hit,
That in their secret trappes now laid, the Britaine heire voe fall:

Meane time their furious rage doth roame, and tortures vseth all,
Abundant stremes of Christian bloud, most routhfull, molstes the land,
And goarie fouds, slacke in pooles, of hit reected, land.
Ay me, and waile a day, young chilidens corpes, fire brandes denoues,
And difference none put twixt their sexe, boch men, and weomen, scours.
For he against Ioue almighty, is a soe outragious thought,
If anie man his enemie, the Romish bishop caught,
Out of the word of God, which takes away Christes honor due,
And fassely, white that thing affirmes, which is of duskyh hue.
Vea so his heynous trecheries, with gloses couered beene,
As at no time, out graundiers olde, in eldet age haue seene.
That boch the sense of couching, and of cast, doe fadyn sayle.
If that ye take that pruiledge from bodies, what auayle,
Can th'are, or twinkling eie, unto what vse shall singers stand?
Aa, haa, in deepe Charibdis gulfe yplungd, the Britaine land
For very grief doth groane, and gynnes of safetie to dispaire,
Howbeit the gholl divine of Ioue, her pityng vnaware:
which with his becke the heauens, and seas, and earthly regions shakes,
For the afflicted English Quee, a gratesfull plaiſſet makes.
For from thet hte blupped seates, proud potentates are drawne,
Downe headlong to the ground, which reverent worshyp to be shewne,
Babuſe Idols wrought in woode, or forgo of moulten brasse

Elizabeth Queent.

Mary dyeth.

Queene Mary late in moling, the Prelate doth bawarte, alas,
In dolefull plaines, scarce daring no mane muttering word to speake.
And he which lately raging wroote, wroote out in rayling breake,
Against the mightie sonne of God, now muttering, mournes his fall.
Much like, as when the greedy strok, with peck of nooked bill,
The Captayne Frogge with bloudy wound, his corps dispoyled, doth kill.
The puddle neere adioynt is abhust, the Commons croking trap,
For very dead stiches in their lawes, their leader made away.
Their trembling heartes affowsthe makes, and mindes doth fare aefay.
Such is the inconuenience, to be bereft of guide,
Therefore the Popes supporters chiefe, subuerted, and destride,
The Princelle eke by destinies done cut off, his suest stay.
He banisht is this land, Elizabeth in happie day,
Obtaines her fathers royall seat, as Morpheus had before,
In vision brymme exprest, A time which merites to be hore,
In everlasting memroy, and euer solempne thought.
Whereto the princely Diadem, this verquous Lady roughe,
Reuising Britaines heartes, in sobbing sigbes, and brymish teares,
I plangd erst Nouembris day, which seuententh bryght appeares,
As happie, vnto Brutus race, so celebraz shall be.
In which the Queene to London Towre, with solempne pompe, and gles,
Most royally was brought, with horsmen troupes ygarded round.
Before her aged Sires, young men, and children, all the ground.
Despreyding, crampling fast, and Lords, and seruantes, chynging chynges.
If that I had an hundred marches, so many sounding tonges,
If that their learning, Miles nine, yea Helicone spring,
Had powrd into my brest, I could not Britaines joyes here sing.
With which they stod in every street, nor yet their bonfires tell,
which burnt throughout all Albion coastes, and thousandes signes aswell.
Of gladsome mirth, which were exprest, in eche page of the land,
what shall I here declare, how thousandes thick in plumpactid stow,
In every streete: our Cypers voyce in midst of London blowne:
Long may remaine on earth, the Nymph, suruiour, let alone,
Of her renowned Sier the onely heire, long may she live,
Full many a yeaer to Britaines, lawes let her thet Princesse give:
Elizabeth, and conquerour, triumph on all her foes.
In honour of whose house, is gin the white, and purple rafay,
Forthwith a solempne pompe was made with celebration gredie,
Both Prelates, Dukes, and Earles, and Barons, readymada.

Queene Eliza.
beth crow-
ned.

Their

Elizabeth Queene.

Their dutties to discharge, in glistering purple curious bight,
By which the Queene was to be crown'd, with Piademe blasing bight:
And with devotion pure, on chandring Ioue high chankes bestowe.
At length in Peters sacred house, her Grace was couched lowe.
The assembly all did pray, Elizabeth devoutly prade.
A Crowne, with precious stones imbos'd, vpon her head was laide.
The people bowes out powring, and the priest, beseeching Ioue,
That he would favour her attemptes, and her proceedings loue.
Supporting what she enterprised, and her indeuours beare.
According to this nations guise, when all thinges ended were:
The royall banquett finisht eke: for which was mention made,
Of common weales affaires, of bringing backe the Christian trade,
In worshipping th' almighty God, which faine was in decay,
Defilde with filchie blot; as rust, with time on Ire doth lay.
The Counsayle sage, with prudent mindes, indeuouring still: at last
The noble Queene breakes vp, from sacked temples masse out cast,
Religion chefly was respect'd, next common weales affaires.
Forthwith Gods word Divine, in th' English tongue, the Prince repaires,
By whose great bountie, honour hie, the Clergy had them shoune,
which did affirme by knowledge prepe, that in a language knowne
we ought to pray, and mightie Ioue, for needfull thinges beseech,
In vulgar tongue, that every man might understand the speech:
That was the same, that learned Paule most earnest did perswade,
Proue, and inculke into mens heartes: in bayue that bowes were made,
Unlesse the inward heartes affect, with the outward signe agree.
As with the sweett of labouring swaine, the light chaffe by doth see,
By force of faune, into the airc, the barne floo'res purged cleene:
Or as a gorgeous house, of Cobwebs clense, more neece doth sheene:
So first the Idolls battred doolute, are sacred temples swept,
with broomes, vndecent popery d'egges, and filchie d'osse surrepte:
with nooked teeth of rake, which did repugne the wox divine.
Religion settled on her feete, poli holt vppighe did shine,
Our saviour Christ, the very lambe of God is knowne to be,
The fragile world, from all offence, and sinne, which quited free:
Not Indulgencies from the Pope, which money may obtaine.
Now, that with greater prouidence, she holy rites agayne
Right in Ioues house repaire, and Iesus worship stablish right,
And that her own, and kingdomes sake, she circumspectly might
Have seene unto, (now this was done, but by Ioues mighty hand)

Affimers of
this proposi-
tion were
Edward
Grindal Archi-
b of Can D.
Sandes Arch.
of Yorke R.
Horne of
VVinch.
John Story,
bishop of
Herford: R.
Coxe of Ely.
A. Inshall: R.
John Palmer of
London: D.
VWhitehead.
VVorcester.

Elizabeth Queene.

The Prince with deepe perseveraunce, selected of the best
Of Britaine states, & fewe which long vse had with wisedome brought,
And learning eke, Parnassus Nymphes to deck their wits had brought,
By which propes of eternall fame, vnder a mayden Queene,
Renowned England through the wold, is bright blazed to be seene.

Nicolas Bacon
Lord pri-
ncipale.

First of her Counsayle Bacon was a wise and prudent Knight,
Of polisht wit, who Britaine lawes, by judgement scand aright,
Whose sweete and sugred eloquence, in midst of Counsaile sage:
Hath such his endles fame atchin'd, that though Fates headlong rage,
Him hath destroide, he liues, and after death his vertues blaze.
Lord Chauncelour he of England, and the Brodescales keeper was.

Thomas
Bromeley
Lord chau-
ncelour.

Whose honourable seat, Sir Thomas Bromeley doth be seeme,
Thought worshie of that dignicie, by censure of the Queene.
The prudent troupe of Senatours, their suffrage yealding like,
Whiche lawes in equall ballance weyes, and cancelling out doth strike,
Whiche ouer ponderous to him seemes, that, which is good, and right,
May thereof spring, and middle place possesse may. Virtue bright.

William
Paulet Mar-
ques of Win-
chester.

Next thy Lord Marques (Winchester) his worshie seat did take,
Renowned whom the title high, of Treasurer did make
A man of wondrous grauitie, whilst that he ran his race,
On earth, but crookt through age at last, to destinie he gane place.

Lord Cicill
high treasurer
of England.

Before allthese came forth, blacke frowning Fortune spurning back,
Whose safth in danger dire at hand, from sincere heart extract,
The Prince had tried, Lord Cicill, and of all the Counsaile sage,
By Princesse verdict chiefe assynd, now stroke with drowping age,
And woe in peares, with study leane, and sickly on his seat.
For great affaires, whiche hoary heares and crooked age to fleet,
Doe cause before their time, whiche then scarce fortie peares had brought,
Seldome to sleepe additt, from slender diett seldomie brought.
Still graue, and modest found, at no time gauen to dallyng play,
Where that he talke, or musing sare, it earuest was alway.
A fauor of religion true, of right he studious was,
In this our age, thinges of great waight, borne for to bring to passe.
Whose loue towardes his native soile, and fauor, towardes his Queene,
Whose wisedome, busied still about his countries causes seene:
Beyond Europa borders, hath a'chin'd him endles fame,
Nor here he first to aid his Prince, with learned counsell came:
For in king Edwardes noble Court, he wondrous credite manne,
And Counsellour to his leich to be, in bloming yongh began.

open

Elizabeth Queene.

When mongst the Britaine Peeres, he hurye hurye tumultes, wrought
By prudent circumspection, to quale, and bring to nought.
And whil'st some others furrowes deepe, in gurrie channels cast,
Their hollow hulls rold, and turmoild, with Eolls whurling blast:
And sometime downe with headlong fall the infernall pits do see:
He both his honour, and his seat, and name preserueth free.
How wary in Queene Maryes daies, he did himselfe behaue,
And sailes which hung aloft at Malt, to windes relenting gaue,
Because it better is, to yeild, to rough and mightie force,
Of raging floud, then stand agaist, and to resist his course,
which doth a deadly perill prest, and certaine harme procure:
By iudgement platne, apparant doth expresse his wisedome sure:
That for sixe yeares, amidst his foes, unhurt he vpright stode,
Though persecuted with the hate of Cayphas wicked broode.
In euerie way, in every streete, in London royall mart,
To all mens bew proceeding forth: when as the greatest part,
In forreine nations bannishd Straide, him loue preseru'd at hand,
For th' honour of our noble Queene, and profite of our land.
He externe Princes Legaces, heard attenteine, whilst the best
They of their Lordes declarde, and sunswere prompt againe expell,
In counsell graue a Nestor, which now noble Burghley hight,
Of woodes, and auncient armes, and Castles strong, adiacent pight,
which doth the common Treasurie of goods confiscate keepe.
He being full aduertised, of waightie causes deepe:
It woxth rehersall is, forthwith with what industrious care,
He doth dissise the strife, and right ascribes, by iudgement rare,
Not aboue two daies space, deferring it, or three at most,
Unlesse of pointes so intricate, the matter stand composde
That without longer tract of time, it may not be vnfold.
which laud as chiefeſt, veriſt eke, let this high Lordling hold.
The mightie Earle of Arundel, is in this order ride,
The Penbrooke prudent Peere inſuing ioyntly by his ſide,
Both Stewardes of the royall house, of their renowned guide.
The warlike Maſt of the Queene; carne Clinton to thy care,
whereof full thynge yeares agoe, thou haſt cuition bare,
Now to thy licle honour it redoundes, thre Princes ſtrong,
That thou haſt ſeru'd, thy ſelfe of bloud of auncient Peeres alſo ſtrong.
Achieuing many hard exploites; a ſhipborde, and on Shore,
Lincolne this warlike Earle, hath with ticle gree upboore.

As his God
the windes

Baron of
Burghley.

The Earles o
Arundell an
Penbroke
Stewardes o
the Queens
house.

Clinton Lord
Admirall
Earle of Lin
colne.

Elizabeth Queene.

William ho-
ward.

he Earle of
sussex high
hamberlaine
England.

he also was
aferenant in
reland.

Robert Dudley

Castor & Pol-
lux, hatched
of an age by
Leda whom
Jupiter ravish
ed in forme of
a swanne.

Master of the
horse.

Achates com-
panion of Ae-
neas in all his
triles & tra-
ualks.

Earle of Lec-
ster.

Next, of the Princes Chamber, was Lord Haward chiefe assygn,
A man to anger prone, howbeit of gentle courteous minde,
Whose vncle title high of Duke, and Nephewerst did binde,
Whome dead, in like degree, the Earle of Suffex did succeede,
A most redoubted Peere, of courage hauie, and bold indeed.
Thy royall Parsons gardon strong, and faichfull tride alwaies,
Elizabeth, prest to attempt, the bunt at all assayes.
In fearefull Mauors bickering iars, through minde unconquered hauie,
Who oftentimes the salvage Rerne, subdued hath in assaie,
Whom noble victorie did adorne, in bloudy warres attchiu'de,
Yet from a righteous Iusticer, he chiefest laud deriu'de,
When Mary did her flickering sp'rite out breathe, the Britaine guide,
By chaunce at Hatchefield, with her troupe of Ladyes did abide,
Her noble parson, with a true of peomen garded strong.
Lord Dudley, on a paltry fierce, by mounted swift along
Doth thicher post, his colour white as winters snow, tall pight,
His buttockes bode bespred, his brest, and backe, most faire in sight.
As mightie Alexanders steede, throughout the wold renown'd,
Bucephalus, or courser fierce of Castor, whom men sound
Of Ledaes egge espong: this in all pointes, resembling those,
So with his hookes carreing in the chinne aye swift he goes.
For of a stripling tought that arte, by riders, till this time
He doth delight, on lofie steedes, all fierie, fierce, to clime.
Where when he came, and license had to come vnto her sight,
On bended knees, he prostrate falles, and duetie doth aright.
Here Robert Dudley, then of comely cōpes, and stature tall
Whome fresh, and blooming youth, commended goodly therewithall:
Assigned maister of the horse, by her most royall grace:
Doth alwayes on her maestie, attend from place, to place,
As often as she rides, and like a true Achates kinde,
His mistres serues, her person next, insling ioint behinde.
And takes for guerdon of his paynes, and meede for vertue true,
An honourable name, with large reuenewes thereto due.
With portlike houses faire, and stately turrets huge in bight,
Whome Leycester her Earle acknowledgeth, and whom by right,
With honour due all Albion land, doth worship and imbrace.
For he exaltes up aloft, and set in royall place,
By lowly minde, and courteous deedes, hath wonne the Britaines heartes.
Pale Envy, and of mallice fell the sharpe and poysoned darts,

The

Elizabeth Queene.

The myndes of many noble men, with venome blacke bespotted
Howbeit this Peer is free, from raging Enuies siling droppes,
He labreteth all to helpe, not damage on poore men to heape,
Wher that he can, hath still redound, unto his glory great.
Most bountefull, with stretched hand, he allmes devout doth giue,
Wher that aged and decrepit folkes, erect'd for to relive
His hospitall, at Warwicke, shewes, with annuall rentes thereto.
And Couentry can testifie, where godly Preachers doe,
Continually the blessed word, of hys Ichoue set downe.

To these annexed comes, wherch Huntington with chieff renoune,
Adornes, and guidaunce great, of Britaines Northarne borders large,
Wherch Fame augmented high ex:olls, wherof long time the charge,
Wherch Counsaile race, much grauitie, and faith vnspotted, bore:
To him deserued prayse hath wonne, and Princesse fauour more
Increas'd, and native Countries peace, and safetie, made succeed.
He in his yong and tender yeares did auncient autho'res reed,
Wherch wisedome, and Philosophie, in Greeke, or Latine tong
Containde, play mate to Edward Prince, of auncient race esproung,
Of mighty kinges, their bookes, and grauer studies layd apart.
The Preachers word, this Potentate, hard with attentiuue hart,
Whose life with vertuous manners most coruscant, glorioius shind.
The Warwicke Earle renownd in armes, of mighty Warwicke's kind,
From noble stocke of Grandsiers old esproung, of stomacke stout:
In skirmage grim, despising death, and glory seeking out,
More pretious then his life: And Bedford Earle, wherch Justice seedes,
And godlynesse doth dayly sow, religious in his deedes:
Professour true of Iesus Christ, a fosterer of the sickle,
And needy soules: in Counsaile boch, to Britaine Monarch sticke.
To these that mighty Lord, renowned Hunsden ioyntly ioynes,
whose noble aunt, the gracious Queene, deliuered from her ioynes,
Espous'd in Hymens sacred bandes, to Henrys reyall grace.
what should I all recite: one yet remaynes, who in this place,
Demer'its not, with sinallest laud, to be remembred here,
Of noble stocke, of grandsiers old, yet he himselfe a Peere,
Far more renownd then they. Sir Henry Sidney, prudenc knight,
With the most noble order of the golden Garter dight.
Whom Ireland, thise Embassadour, holding the royll mace,
Hath seene, and executing lawes, set in his Ladies place.
Nor onely seene, but felt, yea feard, and eke imbrac'd with loue,

Hospitall
built by the
Earle Leceler

Earle of Hun-
tingt on liefe
tenaunt of
Yorke

Scoolefellow
and plaimare
with kyn.
Edward the 6

Earle of war-
wick

Earle of Bed-
ford.

Lord Hun-
don liefete-
nant of Bar-
wick.

Queene Anne
aunt to the
Lord Hun-
den.

Syr Henry
Sidney.

That

Elizabeth Queene.

That no man hath (as true report, and fame the same can prove)
That Region entred in, with greater fauour of the same,
Gouernde in greater awe, or with more wailing from it came.
Nor onely externe Irish coastes, his noble land resound,
But Wales on part of Albion land, which doth on Seuerne bound,
(Seuerne a mighty floud, which twixt the bordes, sliding flowes)
Her Presidentes most worthy prayse, with trompe of Fame out blowes,
Under whose prudens gouernement, she long hath shouen, free:
From daunger, that it doubtfull seemes, where they moxe happy, be
Beyng there President, crult, or equall Judge, reioyse.
Long since renownd Elizabeth Fraunce had his sagred voyce,
Thy Legate being than, of goodly stature comely sett.

Lord Presi.
dent of wales

Thom^{as} Par^y

Now Par^y shall I thee, yorenche in Lethe floudes forgett,
Whiche in extreme aduersitie, a faithfull counsailour wast,
When Fortune had not yet the crowne, vpon thy Lady cast.
And shewdest thy selfe a seruaunt true, which safetie didst respect,
Of thy deare mistresse, when thou didst thosse traitours guiles detect.

Into this sacred company the Duke of Northfolke chose,
Euen in the floure of all his time, his vitall breath did lose.

The Duke of
Northfolke,

Syr Thomas
Smith.

Syr Frauncis
Knolls.

Smith boch with pregnante witt adornd, commended eke before,
With all the noble sciences, whose councell hath bene ride,
Both iust, and sound, by destinies rane, doth closd in Tombe abide.

Syr Frauncis
Knolls, in Q.
Maries dayes
fled into Ger-
manie.

Let here Sy^r Frauncis Knolls, obtaine his seat amongst the roue,
A man of wondrous constancie, religious, graue, a steele
Defendour of the fayth, who least he shoule destruction dire
Beholde, and godly men consumde, with scorching brans of fire:
The bloudy English Clergy then intent with outrage fell:
He fled his native soyle, in externe coastes and chose to dwelle,
Amongst the Germanes, rather there, to lead a lothsome life:
In mestue grief, and there to dye, then painted Idols, rife
In sacred temples see. Nor happy England had at all,
Him backe retournd beheld, nor rich possessions home could call:
But that renownd Elizabeth, her fathers regall crowne,
Most gloriouſ did sustaine, on whom her nece, in duetie bound,
Sir Frauncis loyall spouse, attendant seru'd at euery decke.
The valiant courage of their mynde, his auncestours did decke,
Aboue three hundred winters past, and corps most goodly yight,
With dread, not to be daunted when of yore that mighty knight,
Edward the third, did bloudy warres, agaynst the Celanes reare,

Then

Elizabeth Queene.

Then doughtie Knolls most valiantly,himselfe in armes did beare,
And did attchiue such hard exploites,as may the myndes delight,
Of such as reed our Cronicles,whose noble offspring,bright:
Yet florishing at this day,shall make their nephewes yet to come,
To florish moxe,if mighty loue which sits in highest come,
The godlines, and righteous minde,of the aged, hier regard.

Next Ambrose Caue insues. Then Hatton, which the Princes gard,
Of yeoman tall doth lead, with chearefull hart,to Studentes pore
A liberall Mæcenas, none Religion fauouring moxe.
What should I tell the giftes ingraft within his vertuous mynde:
Of sharpnes of his witt, if cause you bryge it out to finde:
In hearing of the Senate grane with what mellifluous phrase,
And dulcett voyce he speakes, how louing he doth all imbrace
And valiant,men couragious doth affect, and hurtes no wight.

Ralfe Sadler with his penne, and Gwalter Mildmay scanning right,
The Arithmeticians Art: both cunning Clarkes, whome vertue gaignd
By long use,hath extold, and wisedome in most chinges attainde:
They both in Senate house perswade, and Counsaile graue downe lay,

Croftes,in his royall mistrelle house, controller now doth say,
And with his valiant burly corps, adoynes the Princes hall,
Whiche erst,in campes of dreadfull Mars,did force the foe to fall.

In Englanedes chief affaires , one Secretarie to the Queene
Is Walsingham, who Legate then, of Britayne Prince was seene.
At Paris, when the slaughter great and dire destruction was,
And such effusion vast was made, of Christian bloud alas.
A godly man of courage high, with bribe not to be bought,
Nor by corrupting chaste from path of Justice to be brought.
Most happy sure, which suppliant doth talke with the heauenly king,
But secretly, as soone as clad he from his bed doth spye.
And of ech day by vowes devout, doth good abovements take.
O wold that many such great kings wold of their Counsaile make
Then should no doubt ech common weale in blessed state remaine,
And old Saturnus golden age wold be renewde againe.

Commended eke with sondry vertues rare the other was
Willson, whose flickering ghost of late to aerie coastes did passe.
These doth the Princesse use, these Counsaillours hath she use of yore,
For what is happy end with good successe may well be boxe:
If that with wauering minde you holesome counsaile do despise,
Ech state into subuersion runnes deuoyde of good advise,

Syr Ambrose
Caue.
Syr Christo-
pher Hatton
master of the
Garde.

Sir Raph Sad-
ler.
Syr Gwalter
Mildmay.

Syr James a
Croftes.

Secretary
Walsingham

D. Willson.

Elizabeth Queene.

And Counsaile graue, which ballaunced in Justice equall wights
So that without extorting fraude it ech man give his righes:
The peoples blessed state, and kingdomes happiness will insue.
Foreleyng wisedome towres vpparees, and Castells fayre in view.
By which eke earthly monarches hym in happy blisse remaine.
Peace shineth in those landes, and plenteous stoe of fruite and grayne
Throughout the fayre broad fieldes, with fragrant heaberbes adornish growes,
Such blessings from his heauenly thone almighty loue bestowes,
Both on those people, and their land which doe his name adore
And dread with suppliant hartes, and of hym loue obey the loze,
And wise are in the Lord: for this trule wisedome is in deede,
To know Iehoue, and Christ his sonne, which from him did proceede.
Descending downe into the earth from filchy sinnes to clese,
Those which beleu'd, and to preserue from hells infernall dennes.
O native land, God graunt O England that thy wisedome bright,
Perceyn appeare, that Gods good gifte thou doe acknowledge right,
And meekely thankes condigne bestow, on him with gratefull hart.
What better or what greater gift may loue with thee impart:
A guider of chine Imperie adioud with heauenly minde.
He gentlie hath bestowde, both learned, wise, senere and kinde.
Of maiestie to be honoured, chaste bold, and to be feare d
Who since she bore the regall mace, such profit hath vp rearey
Unto thy roastes, as never haue chine auncient kings of yore.
Gods worship true she hath restorde, suppresto, and drownde before.
And hath procurde that for the space of twentie yeares and threc
Thy people wander may on land and surging salt stremes free
From direfull harmes, which gashly peoples of Mars procure, and beape,
Nor onely in tranquillitie she doth her subiectes keepe,
At home, but world with all her hart, and her indeuour eke,
The externe peoples furious rage compasse, who dayly seeke
Thei rounre destruction fell and teare by vre adfull skrimage still,
Wher cin with mutuall wound the brother doth his brother kill
And neighbour doth with goary knife his neighbours hart bloud spill.
Under the wings of loue almighty consistes men mortalls will,
No man his owne desire performes, without Gods fayre nowre.
Perchance that the impious sort of men do penance serve more sowre,
The cause lyes hid, by sole is knowne to God the eternall guide,
Whose strong hand did erect, the starie regions ingine wide.
A noble and most excellent bright vertue, mercy is.

Though

Elizabeth Queene.

And shall I hope triumph as long as Debora did raigne,
Whose tracte of life, whose thoughts, whose crowne, almighty loue maine.
For many peares, blessoyd preserue, in calme peace to remaine: raigne,
Then after mortall life, these wondrous thoughts, and crowne forloyne,
With endlesse life, divine affectes, and heauenly crowne adoyne.

FINIS.



